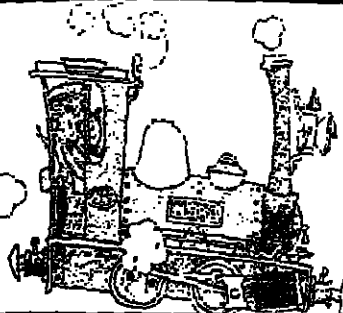
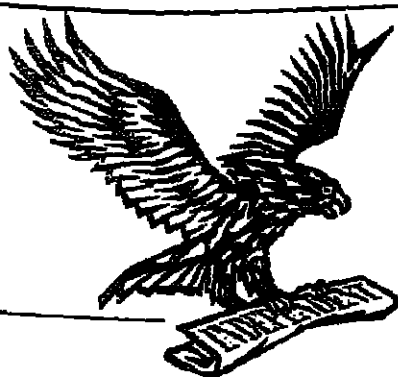


Fur flies in TV pet wars

Page 3



What will your child read today?

Weekend

Lights, camera, popcorn

Magazine



THE INDEPENDENT

3,032

SATURDAY 6 JULY 1996

WEATHER Sunny spells and heavy showers

50p

Champagne and sun lotion as MPs take a free trip to Malta

We're all going on a summer holiday

Archbishop strides into moral maze

The Archbishop of Canterbury has delivered a stern warning on the state of the nation's private and public morality. Speaking in the House of Lords yesterday, he appealed for a return to the bedrock of the Ten Commandments and their "rich moral legacy".

Dr George Carey's latest moral campaign, which began with an interview in the *Independent* last month, has attracted widespread attention. Yesterday, however, he demonstrated the difficulties of preaching certainty to a fast-changing world. When asked on Radio 4's *Today* programme about the royal family and adultery, he equivocated. Pressed with the question "People say, shouldn't the Archbishop say that adultery is wrong?" he replied, with what sounded distinctly like a touch of moral relativism, "I do not want to go into that."

The Archbishop's equivocation suggested that he too is following more than the Ten Commandments - among the more liberal rules used by modern Britain, "thou shalt not be too judgmental of others" is an important one. Today's church speaks little of hellfire and is more at ease with the gentler doctrines of forgiveness and turning the other cheek.

Even so, the Archbishop's words may touch a national chord. A Gallup poll published yesterday offers a snapshot of collective moral anxiety. Three-quarters of the population believe that too much moral choice is left to individuals and the same proportion say that society is less moral than it was 50 years ago.

What this poll could not reveal, but social historians have shown time and again, is that it is a part of the natural human condition to imagine we are in a perpetual moral decline. Each generation tends to believe that children are worse than their parents. The myth of some golden age 50 years or so ago, when society was much better, has always been with us.

Yet a recent survey found that most people could only remember four of the Ten Commandments. We may still live by many of the fundamentals of the Judeo-Christian tradition, but other modern values clash with the old world of the Bible.

In particular, the Enlightenment introduced ideas that struck at the very heart of the biblical world of fixed moral certainties, attacking the moral universe of the dark ages - feudal, differential, superstitious. The language of rights and democracy sits uncomfortably with ancient beliefs in the virtue of obedience.

Tolerance and understanding are modern, post-Enlightenment virtues that jar with Old Testament moral damnation. So does the idea that we have an inalienable right to the pursuit of happiness - a word no-

THE INDEPENDENT

tably missing from the Ten Commandments.

Some of our new commandments are born of modern moral history. Nuremberg showed the danger of following national orders. After Freud other aspects of the old morality came crashing down. Honouring your father and mother has been replaced by a duty to cherish the child above all else. Child-centred meant a new moral upbringing focused less on duty than on self-fulfilment: selfishness was no longer unequivocally bad.

Freud made simple blame more difficult, for once we understood the catastrophic effect of a damaged childhood, it took the edge off good, old-fashioned responsibility for sin. The causes of wickedness became clouded by psychology. These days, the sins of the child are often, rightly, blamed upon the father.

Greed - covetousness - roundly condemned in the Ten Commandments, became the business ethic of the Eighties, renamed as the virtue of "enterprise", the *sine qua non* of national economic survival.

So what are the modern moral precepts, the pyramids of public and private behaviour that sustain us in our search for certainties? *Independent* writers have collected some that seem to resonate as wise statements of our common beliefs, in a post-religious world.

"All men are created equal" - Thomas Jefferson, the Declaration of Independence

"Do unto others as you would have others do unto you" - Jesus Christ

"I disapprove of what you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it" - Voltaire

"The only thing necessary for the triumph of evil is for good men to do nothing" - Edmund Burke

"No man is an island... any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in Mankind" - John Donne

"The ballot is stronger than the bullet" - Abraham Lincoln

"Ask not what your country can do for you - ask what you can do for your country" - John Fitzgerald Kennedy

"He who passively accepts evil is as much involved in it as he who helps to perpetrate it" - Martin Luther King

"The world has enough to meet everyone's needs; not everyone's greed" - Mahatma Gandhi

"A degree of austerity is not only desirable but essential" - Lord Nolan's committee on standards in public life

"To thine own self be true" - William Shakespeare

"Forgiveness is the key to action and freedom" - Hannah Arendt

"Always let your conscience be your guide" - Jimmy Cricket

STEVE BOGGAN
Malta

Four MPs and a member of the House of Lords are spending this weekend at a luxury Mediterranean resort as all-expenses-paid guests of a foreign airline.

The parliamentarians - who have been told to take their bathing costumes and sun lotion - have been flown by Air Malta to a five-star hotel in the Maltese resort of Sliema, where they will be wined and dined, shown the sights and offered a helicopter ride to the nearby island of Gozo.

Lady Olga Maitland, Tory MP for Sutton and Cheam, Gerald Kaufman, the former shadow Foreign Secretary, Simon Coombs, Conservative MP for Swindon, Barry Sheerman, Labour MP for Huddersfield, and Baroness Hooper, a Tory, have been invited to the island to celebrate Air Malta carrying its 10-millionth passenger.

Lady Olga and Mr Sheerman defended the trip yesterday, as they sunbathed by the side of the hotel swimming pool, pointing out that all five had reason to be there. Mr Sheerman, Mr Coombs and Lady Olga were members of a variety of "Friends of Malta" or "Anglo-Maltese" groups, they said.

Lady Hooper said she may have been invited, with her sister, Angela, because she is a member of a parliamentary delegation to the Council of Europe at a time when Malta's main priority is to join the European Union. "They probably want to get some people on side," she said.

And Mr Coombs is chairman of the All Party Group on Tourism.

Last night, however, a source



Globetrotting: Lady Olga Maitland joins fellow passengers at Heathrow airport yesterday

Photograph: David Rose

close to the Commons Select Committee on Standards and Privileges told the *Independent* that the trip might be the last of its kind. It is understood the committee's long-awaited Code of Practice for members will be presented to Parliament as early as next week.

"It will include guidance on accepting hospitality," said the source. "There are genuinely useful fact-finding missions and there are other types where you

question the value of information that can be gleaned."

The parliamentarians met at Heathrow Airport yesterday morning and were ushered through the "Fast Track" check-in to the Club Class lounge. Once in their £538 seats, they were given complimentary champagne and a choice of lamb or beef.

On arrival in Malta, they were whisked to the £160-a-night Holiday Inn Crowne Plaza

Hotel. Within 15 minutes, Lady Olga and her husband, Robin Hay, were in the pool, followed five minutes later by Mr Sheerman. Last night, the party were taken to a reception at the Upper Barrakka Gardens in Valletta hosted by Joseph Tabone, chairman and chief executive of the state-owned Air Malta.

Today, Mr Tabone is due to speak at a breakfast meeting at the hotel, hosted by Budget Rent-A-Car Malta, after which

the party will be flown to Gozo for lunch at the luxury Ta Cenc hotel. Then they will be taken sightseeing.

Tonight, they will be taken to a "Farewell Dinner", again hosted by Mr Tabone, at the Maritim Selmun Palace Hotel. Tomorrow, they will travel to the south side of Malta, where they will visit the Hagiar Qim neolithic temples before lunching at the Marsaxlokk fishing village and flying home.

Mr Sheerman, chairman of the Friends of Malta group, said he intended to spend the weekend meeting as many businesspeople as possible who could help firms in his constituency.

"There is a big Chamber of Commerce exhibition here next year and I want to ensure that there will be places in it for firms in my constituency," he said. Asked whether the trip could be considered a junket, he replied: "No. There are lots of meetings all over the island and it will be very useful." He said he had decided not to go on the helicopter trip to Gozo because he would be too busy.

Lady Olga said: "If you want to debunk this and jeer about it, then you can. But this is about trying to boost Malta and our links with it."

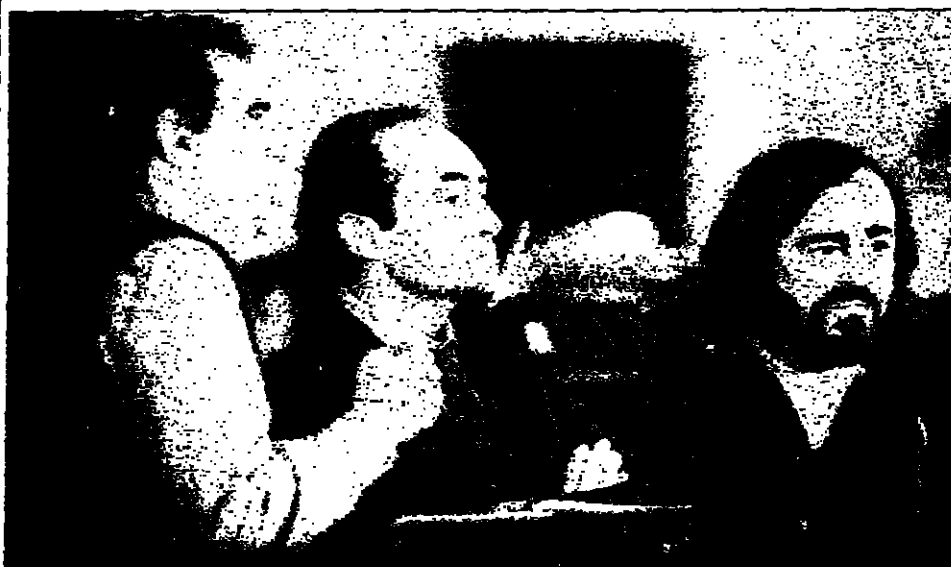
"This is how things get done in business and in the City. It is about communication and building links to bring in more business." Asked why the entire trip involved dinners, lunches and sightseeing, she said: "Because Malta is all about tourism."

Airline sources told the *Independent* that the parliamentarians have been told all their expenses will be met except telephone calls, laundry, room service and drinks from their mini-bars. "They were also told to take bathing costumes and sun lotion," he said.

Air Malta was the main sponsor of the visit, with the assistance of Holiday Inns, Maritim Selmun Palace, the National Tourist Organisation of Malta, Meli Garage, Air Supplies and Catering Company Limited, Emmanuel Delicacia Wine-makers, Lowenbrau Beer, General Soft Drinks and Corinthia In-flight Catering.

"Lazy" MPs, page 8

Trio of prima donna tenors hit sour note



Egos united: the tenors rehearsing in London yesterday

Photograph: Dillon Bryden

DAVID LISTER
Arts News Editor

In the end it came down to pulling power. John Major is unlikely ever to fill Wembley Stadium but yesterday he proved a bigger draw than the Three Tenors.

Messrs Pavarotti, Domingo and Carreras were scheduled to visit Mr and Mrs Major in Downing Street yesterday. But shortly before they were due to set off from their Wembley rehearsals their management asked that the Majors come to them.

With both sides mindful of the photo-opportunity in prospect, delicate behind-the-scenes negotiations were set up. "The level of security around Pavarotti, Domingo and Carreras is too high to allow them

to come into central London," a surprised civil servant in Mr Major's private office was told.

The two sides debated who were the bigger VIPs and who had the more involved security requirements. In the end the Prime Minister scored a rather striking victory and the three mountains came to Mohamed.

Meanwhile, other VIPs - those able to pay £955 for a best ticket and after-concert "dine with the stars" package tonight - could face a shock when they arrive at the stadium.

Most of the best seats are in the open air, and with a forecast of scattered showers tonight the £1,000 bottoms may be wet ones by the time they get to eat with the Three Tenors in the Wembley Banqueting Hall. Although this is alleged to be

the last time the Three Tenors will perform together anywhere in the world, 4,000 of the 58,000 seats remain unsold. Normal prices range from £35 to £350, and, despite the unsold tickets, box-office takings will top £7m.

A spokesman for the promoters, Hoffmann Concerts, said: "Tickets remain unsold in covered and uncovered areas. The forecast is good and people should not worry."

"The staging will be beautiful and the singers are in a very good mood. I saw the concert in Tokyo last Saturday and some people were so moved that they came out crying."

A selection of popular classics, including the inevitable "Nessun Dorma", are promised. John Major and his wife, Norma, are expected to attend, their VIP status not in doubt.

QUICKLY

Drug cancer risk

A range of top-selling drugs used to treat high-blood pressure has been linked with an increased risk of cancer, according to a study which has prompted calls for a moratorium on their use. Page 3

Major woos Scots

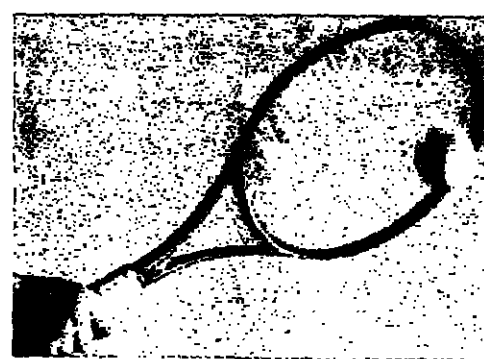
A new £40m investment from Taiwan will create 1,000 jobs in Lanarkshire, John Major told the Scottish Grand Committee in Dumfries yesterday. Page 2

Rushdie's love story

Salman Rushdie's next novel, due to be published in 1999, will be a love story about an Indian Orpheus in the Western underworld of rock 'n' roll. The author, in hiding since 1989, said that the work was not autobiographical. Page 9

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MATCH POINT



OPENING SERVICE

Wednesday's Tenors Concert	21 June 7.30p
Rehearsal for the Three Tenors	22 June 7.30p
Three Tenors Concert	23 June 7.30p
Rehearsal for the Three Tenors	24 June 7.30p
Three Tenors Concert	25 June 7.30p
Rehearsal for the Three Tenors	26 June 7.30p
Three Tenors Concert	27 June 7.30p
Rehearsal for the Three Tenors	28 June 7.30p
Three Tenors Concert	29 June 7.30p
Rehearsal for the Three Tenors	30 June 7.30p
Three Tenors Concert	1 July 7.30p
Rehearsal for the Three Tenors	2 July 7.30p
Three Tenors Concert	3 July 7.30p

Veuve Clicquot

CHAMPAGNE OF THE SEASON

Blood pressure drug is linked with cancer

LIZ HUNT
Health Editor

A range of top-selling drugs used to treat high blood pressure has been linked with an increased risk of cancer, according to a study which has prompted calls for a moratorium on their use.

A study of 750 people with high blood pressure by teams in the United States and Italy has suggested that those who were taking calcium channel blockers were twice as likely to develop cancer as those taking

other anti-hypertensive drugs.

The findings are the latest in a series which have raised questions about the long-term safety of calcium channel blockers, which include the world's second best-selling drug, Adalat (nifedipine).

American researchers last year said that patients taking such drugs had a 60 per cent greater risk of heart attack compared with those on cheaper alternatives such as beta-blockers.

The news sent share prices of some pharmaceutical companies plummeting, and called

into question their marketing methods. Calcium channel blockers are believed to have gained their market position through a combination of positive marketing and over-emphasis on the side-effects of rival medication.

Following the heart attack study doctors in Britain began rethinking their strategy for treating high blood pressure which affects 25 per cent of adults in the country - about 14 million people - and is a lucrative market.

Then another study published in the *Lancet* journal earlier this year suggested that calcium channel blockers caused increased gastrointestinal bleeding in elderly patients.

Now the new findings, published in the current issue of the *American Journal of Hypertension*, have uncovered a possible link with cancer.

In a group of 212 elderly patients on three different calcium channel blockers there were 27 cancers, 13 more than would be expected, according to scientists from the National Institute on Aging in Maryland and the

Catholic University in Rome.

A US cancer specialist, Janet Daling of the Fred Hutchinson Cancer Research Center in Seattle, says there is a "biologically plausible" explanation for the role of the drugs in cancer development. They are known to inhibit the death of cells and could, in theory, allow cancerous cells to persist in the body.

Doctors here said yesterday that the safety of calcium channel blockers was an "issue" but definitive answers would not be forthcoming until an Anglo-

Scandinavian clinical trial reports in six years time. They urged patients taking calcium channel blockers such as nifedipine, verapamil, and diltiazem, not to panic and to continue with their medication.

Gareth Beever, president of the British Hypertension Society, professor of medicine at Birmingham University School of Medicine, said: "The American/Italian findings are interesting but they do not constitute proof of anything. We need proper randomised, controlled clinical trials. Until then we

should treat these claims from retrospective trials which are subject to biases with tremendous caution."

Professor Beever said that the cancers reported in the elderly patients were a "mixed bag... If they had all been one type, such as leukaemias, then I might feel differently". Calls by some US doctors for a ban on the use of the drugs for treating high blood pressure were "premature", he added.

Dr Graham Leighton, head of medical affairs at Bayer which makes the drug Adalat,

said that the drug had been used in 90,000 patients worldwide over 20 years and there was no evidence of any problems.

He said the new study was in too small a group of patients to be significant, and that the earlier studies linking calcium channel blockers with heart attacks and bleeding, had been disputed by other independent researchers. "Our first concern is to make sure that patients are not put at risk, and that they don't come off their drugs on the basis of questionable findings," he said.

Animal crackers: TV presenters go into battle as Johnny Morris condemns popular BBC show as disgusting and unpleasant

Fur flies as performing pets receive a clawing

LOUISE JURY

The fur flew, the claws were out. The man who brought the natural world to life for generations of children had gone on the offensive on behalf of the animal world.

Johnny Morris, the presenter who gave voices to characters such as Dotty the Lemur and Brody the Umbrella-Cockatoo in the classic television series *Animal Magic*, condemned *Pets*

'Animals like dogs are used to being with us and doing what we ask them to do. But pussy cats, say, don't like strange situations. They want to be at home'

Win Prizes. BBC's hit Saturday evening show, as "disgusting". *Pets Win Prizes* features animals playing games and performing stunts to the joy of their owners and amusement of 5 million viewers.

But Mr Morris, now 80, said it was "not pleasant for the animals and not nice to watch."

"This is a case where animals are being used for the benefit of the presenter and little con-

sideration is given to the animals".

Certain creatures suffered stress much more than others and the warning signals could be difficult to spot, he said from the home he shares with three cats in Hungerford, Berkshire.

"Animals like dogs are used to being with us and doing what we ask them to do. But pussy cats, for example, don't like strange situations. They want to be at home."

His objections were nothing to do with the argument that the animals were made to look foolish. "They don't know what that means," he said, dismissively.

Mr Morris suspected the real fools were the viewers and the producers. "I'm concerned about the level of intelligence of the audience going to watch this programme. And the BBC are definitely out of their minds. They are bloody bonkers."

Mr Morris and the BBC parted company on the subject of animals some 13 years ago when the 21-year-old children's classic series *Animal Magic*, based at Bristol Zoo, ended amid acrimony over the corporation's attempts to update it.

The former presenter still receives scores of letters from people asking for a return to the old days - "when I think we paid respect to animals" and children were informed as well as being entertained.

"We all knew what our families liked and we considered very carefully what we did. *Pets Win Prizes* is devoid totally of any concern or consideration to animals."



Not so magic: Johnny Morris - at home with his cat, Charlie - has launched an attack on 'Pets Win Prizes' and its presenter, Dale Winton (right)



Photograph: Stuart Harrison

Dale Winton, the 41-year-old *Pets* presenter adored for his camp asides, was stung by the criticism. "I'm upset - Johnny Morris is such a lovely man. I'm a big fan of his," he said.

He issued a public appeal to the veteran presenter to pay a visit. "I wish I'd known he was thinking that because I'd have had him down on the show," Mr Winton said.

"Half the games are what the animals do at home anyway. For Johnny Morris to criticise it is terribly unfair, because if you look at the way the animals are treated, you'll see they are looked after better than the artists."

The BBC affirmed the animals' welfare was paramount. Terry Nutkins, the naturalist, and Mary Nicoll, a vet, were on hand to ensure their well-being. "We have no doubt that the

millions of people who enjoy *Pets Win Prizes* appreciate that great care is taken to ensure animals are properly looked after," a spokeswoman said.

Bill Swann, assistant chief veterinary officer of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals said the society had written to the programme over incidents in the past, such as when hamsters were placed inside plastic spheres and when pigs were brought into the studio to hunt for truffles.

"One of our basic guidelines is that animals should not be put in circumstances where they cannot extricate themselves if they become frightened or distressed," he said.

Personally, he did not approve of animals being used in this way. "I don't find it suitable family entertainment," he said.

Game of chicken ends in arrest

DAVID USBORNE
NEW YORK

Played out almost daily in shopping malls and back alleys across America, it is the kind of situation every American police officer dreads: a stand-off with a suspected felon who, in a last desperate attempt at self-preservation, seizes a hostage and threatens instant murder unless the law backs off.

In Uniondale, Long Island, however, the script was less *The Taking of Pelham 123* and more *Woody Allen or the Goodies*. "Stop right there or the rooster gets it," might have been the

demand of Roderick Baker, as police detectives and state sanitation officials arrived at his quiet suburban home.

The fuzz were chasing Mr Baker not because he was accused of any dramatic sort of crime. Rather, his neighbours had simply complained about the chickens in his backyard. The birds were malodorous and noisy and were threatening the otherwise cosy atmosphere of the street, they said.

But Mr Baker, 70, a self-professed antique dealer, did not take kindly to the intrusion. Feathers flew (and more) as he vowed to kill one bird every

minute until the fuzz went away. The authorities refused to comply and, you might say, a bloody game of chicken ensued. Before Mr Baker was finally rushed by the startled officers, three minutes ticked by and three birds met an untimely end.

More shocked than anyone by the brouhaha were the neighbours, who had filed the police complaint in the first place. "He is such a quiet man," said Angela Avila, who lives next door. "Nobody liked the chickens running around, but he was always very polite. You wouldn't expect this."

Bird lovers were also less than

delighted by the episode, even if they considered it was Mr Baker who had behaved in a cock-eyed fashion, not the police. "He just went whack," said Larry Wallach of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals after the drama.

Once inside, the police found no fewer than 50 hens and roosters crammed into Mr Baker's small back garden, which was also filled with other assorted urban junk.

Mr Baker, meanwhile, was sent to the coop. The precise charges against him are not yet known. Fowl play in the first degree might be appropriate.

The PC that isn't PC is lost for words

JOHN WILLCOCK

Bill Gates' company Microsoft has been forced to perform a humiliating U-turn after Spanish users of the computer giant's Windows 95 dictionary attacked it as racist, fascist, sexist and offensive.

The company has suffered a deluge of complaints in recent weeks from customers who have been angered by a plethora of outdated and insulting definitions. According to the magazine *Computer Weekly*, the word "lesbian" is defined as "perverted and vicious" while "homosexual" is described as merely "perverted and deviant".

Suggested alternatives for "woman" do not even include "human being" or "persons". The dictionary does, however, suggest "doncella", which means servant or virgin. "Senorita", the Spanish for "Miss", Venus and Eve.

Indigenous peoples around the world also get a rough ride. Alternative words include cannibal, savage, barbarian and kaffir, alongside aborigine, Indian and Bedouin. In contrast a "Westerner" gets a glowing, if sexist, description that includes

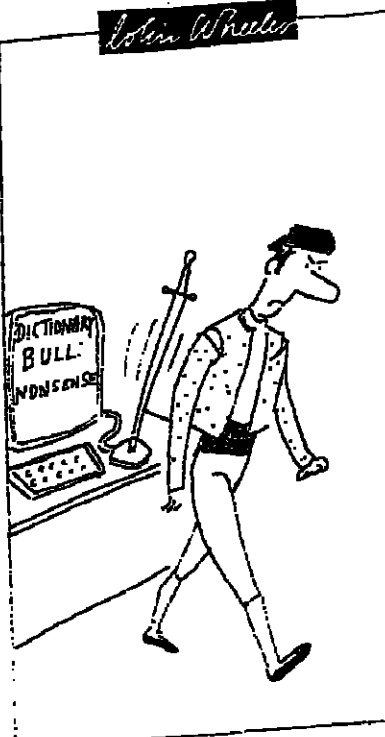
"a European man, Aryan, white, civilised and cultured".

The Human Rights Association of Andalusia in southern Spain was one of the first to lodge a formal complaint with Microsoft, calling the definitions racist and sexist. Newspapers such as *El Pais* then took up the issue and Microsoft launched a damage-limitation exercise.

Bill Gates, who is one of the United States' richest men, is acutely conscious of his public image and he is keen to be seen as a progressive.

A Microsoft spokeswoman in the company's European head office in Ireland said yesterday: "It's not our dictionary thing again, is it? We are very aware of the problem. We are in the process of correcting it. We welcome any input from customers in compiling the new dictionary."

A Spanish linguist has been hired and the new dictionary has been prepared in just over a week since the scandal broke. However, local critics complain that it still does not contain any Andalusian or Catalan dialect synonyms for everyday words.



Microsoft claims that the original errors must have been caused by the use of an old dictionary in compilation. But this excuse is of little comfort to teachers and parents who say that millions of youngsters have already been able to access the offensive words.



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JACK DANIEL'S TENNESSEE WHISKEY

CAREY'S CRUSADE

'It's a do-it-yourself morality. We've



Dr Carey: 'The vocabulary of moral discourse - virtue, sin, good, bad, right, wrong - has come under acute suspicion'

Photograph: Tom Pilstin

ANDREW BROWN
Religious Affairs Correspondent

The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr George Carey, yesterday claimed that the tide was turning in favour of objective morality, and against the notion that moral questions were subject to personal preference. Speaking to an attentive House of Lords, he said that passive immorality was damaging the moral health of the nation.

"Non-smokers may be affected and even damaged by the lifestyle of others who do smoke. The same is true when it comes to the moral health of a nation. There is a widespread tendency to view what is good and right as a matter of private taste and individual opinion. Under this tendency God is banished to the realm of the private hobby, and religion becomes a private activity for those who happen to have a taste for it."

"The traditional vocabulary of moral discourse - virtue, sin, good, bad, right, wrong, moral, wholesome, godly, righteous, and sober - all these terms have

come under acute contemporary suspicion."

However, having painted this picture of moral desolation, the Archbishop said: "When we see how people react to an event such as the Dunblane massacre, we see that the assumptions of moral relativism do not reflect what virtually everyone actually believes."

He urged schools to teach morality by example as well as exhortation. "The moral and spiritual dimensions of education should be present in the teaching of arts, music, literature, science, and the use of science."

Dr Carey dealt only briefly with the question of whether the values missing from society should be religious. "We take it for granted, my Lords, that you cannot play a game of football without rules. Rules do not get in the way of the game; they make the game possible. Rules which make life worthwhile and keep relationships faithful and true are inextricably linked to the deepest things we believe about God and the values which transcend us all. Our nation, steeped deeply in the faith and values of the Judeo-Christian tradition, has been shaped by the Ten Commandments, and the teachings and example of Jesus Christ. We are in danger of squandering this inheritance."

Other peers were franker about the difficulties of such a

project. Lord Morris of Castle Morris wanted religious education to be in the hands of teachers who practised and believed one of the great faiths. However, he confessed that this would be impossible in practice: there just weren't enough believing teachers.

The chamber, which had been nearly full for Dr Carey's speech, thinned out rapidly as speakers took their objections for a Friday morning session.

Lord Longford, for example, spent four minutes congratulating those who had spoken before him. He then moved on to sex, a subject Dr Carey had carefully avoided. "If you ask 10 humanists about adultery, you will get 10 different answers," he stated. The mind reeled. What sort of answers? No? Depends on the circumstances? Tuesday next week all right?

The noble Lord continued: "On sexual morals there has been a steady decline. Sex before marriage leads to divorce. Divorce leads to broken homes. Broken homes lead to crime."

I twisted around to see how the packed public gallery was taking this. Most just looked bewildered. But one middle-aged woman was rubbing tears away from her eyes with a fingertip, as if pierced to the heart by Lord Longford's analysis. Her anguished face was a sudden, violent reminder that even the most plonking public discussions of morality are really about private lives and private pain.

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Humphrys versus Carey

...over the...
...the House of...
...speech and the...
...advice...
...want to say that...
...two things...
...through issues to...
...made us all, any...
...should not the...
...adultery is wrong...
...that...
...a very important...
...important for us all...
...responsible...
...involved in the...
...family...

Approval mixed with suspicion

The Home Secretary, Michael Howard, said he "strongly welcomed" the call for better moral instruction for children. "There can be no greater influence for society's good than giving young people an unequivocal moral framework for their lives."

"Nowhere is that clearer than in dealing with crime. There must be much greater emphasis on the part which schools and parents can play in teaching children the difference between right and wrong."

But David Deeks, general secretary of the Methodist Churches' division of social responsibility, said: "The Archbishop has underestimated the huge gap between his starting point and where most people are in society in terms of values and interests and aims."

"Parents do teach children values. They teach them values which the Archbishop disapproves of," he said.

Terry Dicks, Tory MP for Hayes and Harlington, said: "It'll become a churchman to say that we should go back to traditional values when he allows pervers, such as homosexuals, to preach from the pulpit. On that basis, this seems an illogical and hypocritical stand for a churchman to take."

Professor Bernard Williams, professor of Moral Philosophy at Corpus Christi College, Oxford University, said there was

Politicians and theologians are divided, reports
Michael Streeter

a problem with who had the moral authority to make pronouncements on the way people lived their lives. "I think a list of things from authoritative figures is not likely to make a tremendous impact on that."

"The fact that something is drawn up by a Bishop or his associates or his advisors is not going to make a great deal of impact on people because the question arises of what their authority is in these matters."

Speaking on BBC Radio 4's *The World at One*, he said it was "humbug" to extol the virtues of the individual and their success in society and then say that we should all be nicer; most people were aware of morality in their own way.

Sir Rhodes Boyson, MP for Brent North and an ex-headmaster, said the 1944 Education Acts on religious assemblies should be more strictly enforced. "The intentions of the Act have been largely betrayed with little or no protest from the churches."

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lost our sense of right and wrong'

Few children turn to religion for ethical lead

CLARE GARNER

Morality is a multi-coloured mishmash for 15-year-olds at Moulsham High. "There are no black and whites. It's very multi-coloured. There's black, yellow, white, orange... everyone has their own opinion. Everyone has a different colour, if you like," said Alex Hassell, the son of a Church of England vicar and a practising Christian himself. This is, he says, a "good thing". "Everyone should be individual," he insisted.

Pupils at the 1,500-strong mixed comprehensive in Chelmsford, Essex, say they turn to their parents first for moral guidance but also rely on their teachers to "help, enhance and back [their parents] up". But nothing and nobody is going to bamboozle these children into believing anything they don't agree with.

Few take their moral cue from religion and they would all be happy to rewrite the Ten Commandments. "By our age you don't go by the Ten Commandments," said Liza Coffin. "You go by what's right and wrong. Sometimes my parents will say I'm wrong, but I've got my own views."

CLASSROOM VIEW

Others don't know where they stand and are happy to admit it. "I don't know what I believe," said Jonathan Elliott. "I want to do what I want to do. I take every day as it comes."

Many of their morals depend on circumstances. There are no out and out no-nos except for murder. Divorce is "fine" if you don't love each other any more - you shouldn't "fake it", Liza, a practising Christian, took a strong stance on the subject. "Divorce shouldn't be so easy but it should be an option," she said.

Twice a week the pupils have a 50-minute lesson called Religious Personal Development (RPD) which covers issues such as drugs, sex, careers and religion. "It's definitely helped me," said Emily. "At the moment, we're doing drugs. We're given the information and we make our own minds up." Alex disagreed. "To be perfectly honest, RPD hasn't shaped my opinions at all," he said. "It's not because I think the teachers are wrong but I have quite detailed opinions."

Each child attends assembly twice a week. The format depends on who is taking it, but the head teacher, Dr Chris Nicholls, 45, likes to give a brief talk designed to convey a moral message and to end with a prayer. "One of [assembly's] functions is to bring to youngsters an opportunity to gain some contact with issues of spirituality and faith," Dr Nicholls said.

But the message doesn't seem to be hitting home. Assembly, the children say, "does nothing at all". No one has respect for assembly, said Jonathan. "There are so many people sitting in a room listening to someone talking. It's boring." Instead, they learn from inter-action with teachers individually.



Parents first: Children at Moulsham High, Chelmsford, Essex, said they relied on teachers to back up guidance received at home Photograph: Brian Harris

Parents an obstacle to early lessons

FRAN ABRAMS
Education Correspondent

Schools already teach children right from wrong and the Ten Commandments, teachers said yesterday. They claimed a large part of their jobs already involved explaining to children why they should not steal or tell lies, adding that their jobs were often made more difficult by unco-operative parents.

John Dunford, head of Durham Johnston Comprehensive school, County Durham, said he often based assemblies on the Commandments. "I might give a series of short readings... We might then discuss ways in which stealing is wrong," he said.

Dr Carey had probably gone to school in an age when schools, parents and society were all pulling in the same direction, he said. Now, the school's good work was obstructed by other pressures including those from films and television. "We only have the children for five or six hours a day, 200 days a year. It must be society's expectation that the main responsibility should fall on parents," Mr Dunford said.

Other teachers agreed with him. The Ten Commandments were already in the Religious Education syllabus, and other religions studied by children had many similar rules, they said.

THE TEACHERS

John McNicholas, who retired at Easter as head teacher of Molescroft Primary School on Humberside, said a distinction should be made between moral teaching and doctrinal teaching in schools.

"Morals have always been taught in schools, and parents are happy with that. I think we have got to stick to the values accepted by parents," he said.

Liz Paver, head of intake First School in Doncaster and a member of the Church of England's General Synod, welcomed the fact that Dr Carey had raised the issues but echoed the sentiment that schools were already doing their bit.

Michael Russell, head of Junior School in Bow, east London, said parents often failed to back up the morals taught by schools. "The difficulty we have is that the partnership between parents and school is often based on tenuous ground. Parents don't necessarily accept that the behaviour of the child is important," he said.

But Nigel de Gruchy, general secretary of the National Association of Schoolmasters Union of Women Teachers, said schools should leave morality to others and get on with teaching the curriculum. "There's too much preaching and not enough teaching," he said.

'He stood up for what he thought was right'

A bus driver who died after chasing a gang of youths who robbed him suffered a fatal heart attack, it was disclosed yesterday.

Harry Oakley, 45, of Speke, Liverpool, was discovered dead on Thursday in a block of flats in the city centre after he pursued eight to ten youths who stole the cash dispenser from his bus.

He was found in a pool of blood and his death was initially being investigated by murder squad detectives but yesterday a post-mortem examination revealed Mr Oakley, married with a 21-year-old daughter, had died of natural causes.

He had a cut to his head, believed to be caused as he collapsed on the third-floor landing. However police are still treating his death as suspicious.

Police yesterday interviewed a 16-year-old about the incident. The chase occurred after a CMT Transport number 122 red bus had stopped in Byrom Street, in Liverpool city centre, at about 11am on Thursday, when youths jumped aboard.

They snatched the driver's cash dispenser and takings and fled, but he gave chase, leaving the double-decker unattended.

Police believe that Mr Oakley ran through nearby streets

A CASE IN POINT

A man's death is tragic grist for the debate, writes Jason Bennetto

In pursuit of the gang and entered a block of flats in Juvenal Street, about 400 yards away. Detective Chief Inspector Frank Thompson said: "He was found by a resident of the flats face down in a pool of blood on the third floor. Paramedics were called but he was dead when they got there."

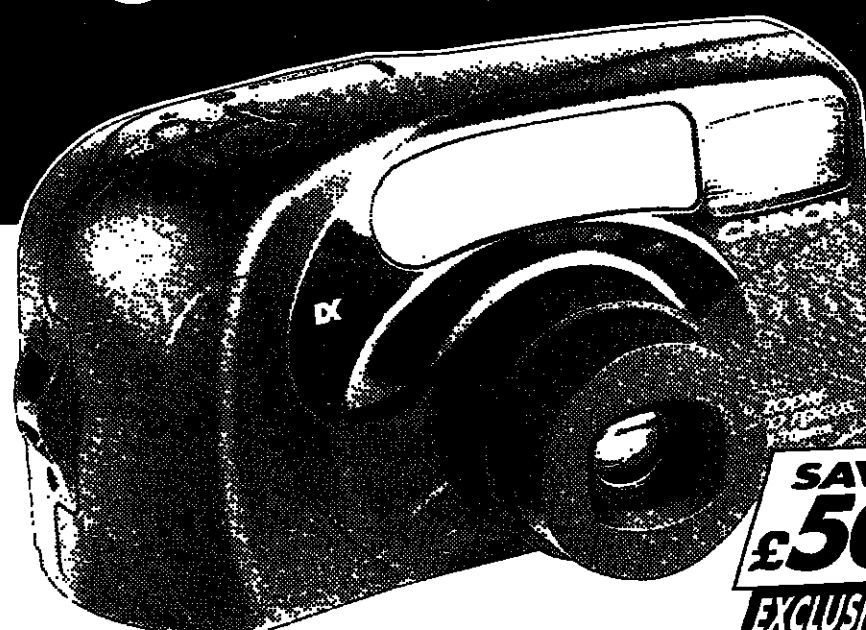
Mr Oakley's widow, Audrey, said later: "It is hard to speak about what has happened. We're just hoping the police catch whoever committed this crime. My husband was a lovely man."

It is understood that the post-mortem examination revealed that Mr Oakley had scarring on his heart caused by a previously unknown condition.

Jeff Grant, a director of the firm Mr Oakley worked for, paid tribute to his heroism. "It was typical of Harry to stand up for what he thought was right," he said.

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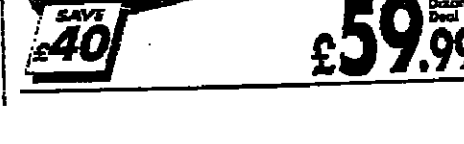
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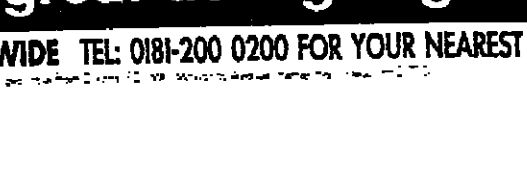
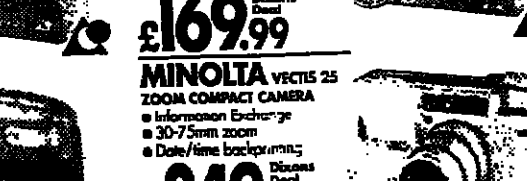
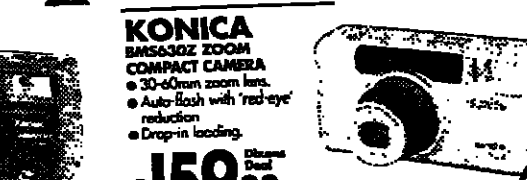
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news

Jersey's people are made kings of their castles

PHILIP JEUNE

Britain has finally decided that two great castles, built on the Channel Island of Jersey to keep French invaders at bay, are no longer needed.

The ownership of Mont Orgueil Castle and Elizabeth Castle is to be transferred from the Crown to the people of Jersey today when Lieutenant-Governor General Sir Michael Wilkes, the Queen's representative on the island, hands over the keys of each castle to the Bailiff of Jersey, Sir Philip Bailhache.

Sir Michael will be accompanied at the two ceremonies by a guard made up of members of the Company of Pikemen and Musketeers which forms part of Britain's oldest regiment, the Honourable Artillery Company. Their usual role is to provide a bodyguard for the Lord Mayor of London on ceremonial occasions.

Mont Orgueil - Mount

Pride - which overlooks Gorey Harbour on Jersey's east coast, is an imposing mediaeval castle in an excellent state of preservation. Built in the 13th century to defend the island after King John lost Normandy, which is just 14 miles away across the sea, it was successfully occupied by the French on several occasions over the following centuries.

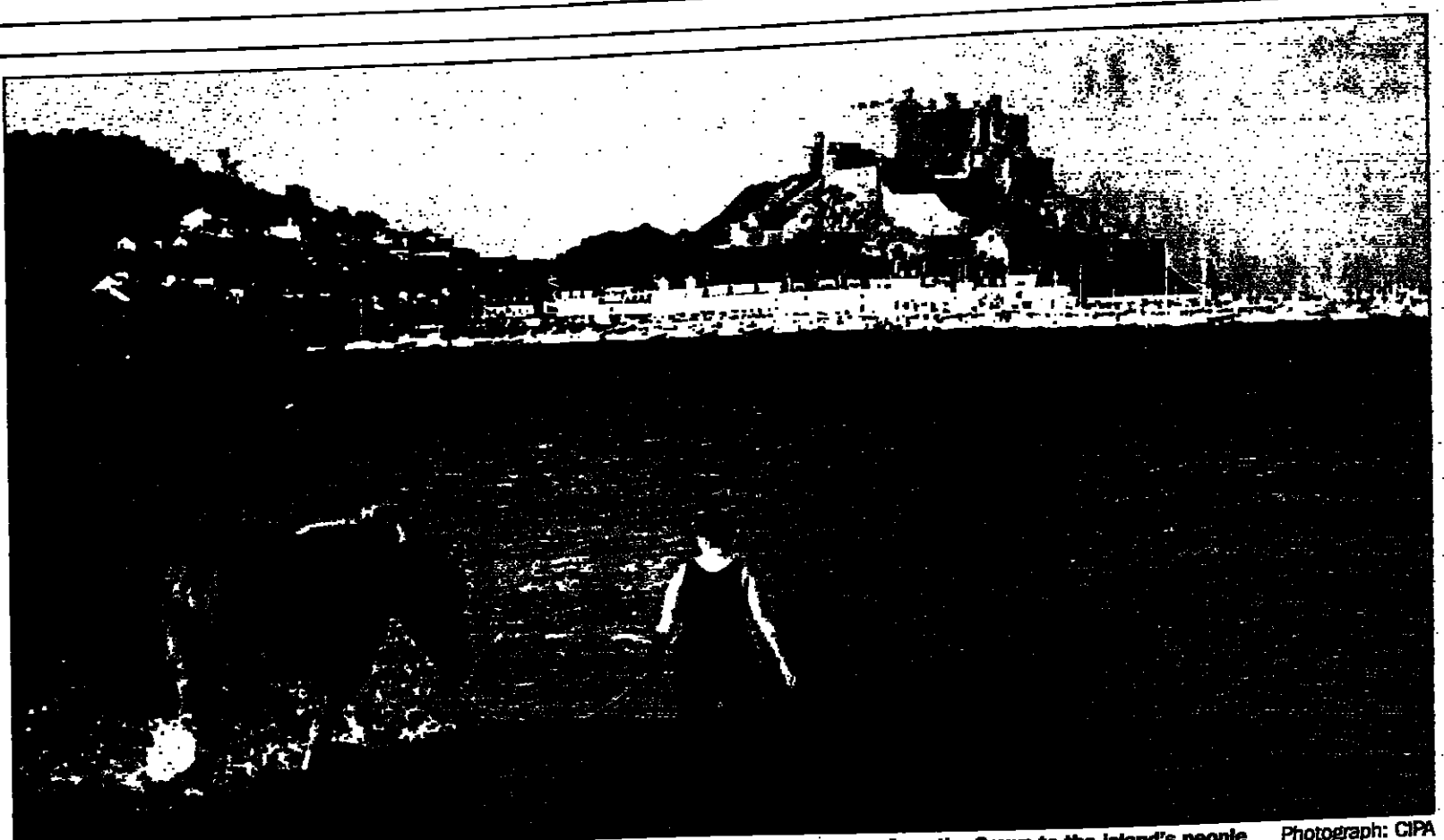
Elizabeth Castle was built at the end of the 16th century half a mile out to sea from St Helier, which was rapidly developing as the island's centre of trade. The castle was built on a rocky outcrop where the Belgian hermit Helier lived in the 16th century before he was murdered by pirates.

Like Mont Orgueil, Elizabeth Castle was used as a residence by the island's governor. One of the first to live at Elizabeth Castle was Sir Walter Raleigh, who flattered Queen Elizabeth I by renaming the castle Fort Isabella Bellissima. It was Raleigh

who secured a future for Mont Orgueil by blocking plans to demolish it, Elizabeth Castle having taken over the defensive role. The most recent invaders of the castles were the German forces who occupied the Channel Islands during the Second World War; both now feature gun emplacements, bunkers and observation towers built by captive, mainly Russian, labour.

Earlier this century the maintenance of the castles was handed over to Jersey, and, following an approach by the island authorities, the Queen recently agreed to the transfer of ownership.

Over the centuries the castles have seen visits by Charles II, Queen Victoria and King George V. Today, however, the castles' military duties as defenders of the realm come to an end, leaving them to face the more welcome annual invasion by tens of thousands of less regal visitors.



Keeping watch: Mont Orgueil, one of two castles on Jersey whose ownership will today pass from the Crown to the island's people Photograph: CIPA

You must be serious about Self Assessment

A vital point to remember for everyone who usually receives a tax return form. The first Self Assessment tax year has begun. There's no disputing that to stay ahead of the game you should be keeping a full record of your income and expenses.

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How to avoid penalties.....

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Glasgow calls time on street drinking

JAMES CUSICK

Glasgow, the former European City of Culture, which has pushed hard in recent years to portray itself as a civilised city where alfresco wine bars sit happily alongside old-fashioned pubs, has decided to take the drastic step of making its streets alcohol-free.

Worried about the growing rate of street assaults and breaches of the peace related to hard drinking, and the use of beer bottles as the portable weapons of violence, the police and the city's Licensing Board have passed a new by-law which introduces street prohibition and aims to fine offenders up to £100.

The by-law legislation is now in the hands of the Scottish Office and will become law by the autumn.

Since January this year, according to police records, drink-related violent crime in Glasgow has soared, especially in city-centre areas where it is up by 50 per cent.

The chairman of the city's Licensing Board, James Coleman, confirmed the creation of a city-wide alcohol-free zone was intended to solve the problem of drink-related crime. However, Mr Coleman does anticipate a problem with the "displacement" of committed street drinkers who will simply move to other areas.

There is also real concern among some city senior officials and police officers at how the ban will be enforced. One city official said: "... no one is quite

sure how this prohibition will work."

Concern over drink-related violence centred on the numerous pubs and clubs in the streets and squares around the city centre. The trend towards the consumption of bottled beers, drunk without a glass, has meant many customers taking their purchase with them as they leave the pub. And if there is subsequent trouble, a ready weapon is to hand.

The ban aims to stop the removal of beer bottles, but how it would apply to citizens lawfully buying bottled or canned alcohol from off-licences, and drinking them peaceably, is something the council and the police will have to address.

Chief Superintendent James Guy said his force's concern was with violent street crime, especially in the Argyle Street, St Enoch's Square and Charing Cross areas of the city, where violent crime involving the use of bottles has increased.

Yesterday, however, away from the city centre, in the park area of Kelvin Grove opposite Glasgow University, impromptu picnics were taking place. Ian and Eileen, two undergraduates, seemed astonished at the prospect of street prohibition. Ian said: "Pardon? A drinks ban? You mean this picnic could become an illegal gathering?"

Eileen, on the other hand, appeared to take her prohibition lessons from the United States of the 1920s. "We'll just have to hide the stuff in the vacuum flask, won't we?" she said.

'Cruel and barbaric' cockfighters jailed

Three men arrested when police and RSPCA officers swooped on a cockfight were yesterday jailed for what were described as "cruel and barbaric" offences.

Stipendiary magistrate Ian Gillespie told them, and three other offenders at Durham City court, that it was "quite incredible that on the eve of the 21st century I should be dealing with such illegal and barbaric practices".

William Ross, 49, of Kelloe, Co Durham, was jailed for four months after admitting cruelty to a cockerel, permitting premises to be used for cockfighting, and possessing equipment for cockfighting use.

Joseph Kelbie, 34, of Newark, Nottinghamshire, and John Hawthorn, 42, of Merton, Co Durham, were sentenced to 10 weeks and eight weeks respectively after admitting assisting in cockfighting. All three were banned for life from owning cockerels. Kelbie's offence, the magistrate said, was aggravated by the fact that he took four birds to fight and had his eight-year-old son with him.

Thomas Waugh, 32, David Littley, 34, and John Bell, 27, all from Co Durham, admitted being present at a cockfight. Bell was fined £800, and Waugh and Littley £200 each, plus costs.

All six pleaded guilty at a hearing last month.

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Students count cost of study: a £3,000 debt

FRAN ABRAMS
Education Correspondent

Students owe an average of almost £2,000 in loans and overdrafts, a rise of more than 30 per cent on last year, according to a survey published today.

The fifth annual Barclays Student Debt Survey shows that the amount owed by the average undergraduate has doubled since 1992. Two-thirds

of the money is borrowed through the Government's student loan scheme; the rest comes from banks, parents and credit cards.

Most students now think they will be £3,000 in debt by the time they finish their courses. The full student grant, £1,885 a year for students outside London, has been cut over the past five years, while the loan, £1,385 a year, has increased.

More students now save money before going to university in order to try and avoid getting into debt. Half arrive at university with some money in the bank – an average of £1,074.

More students take part-time jobs to support themselves. This year 32 per cent did so, a 2 per cent rise since last year. On average, they worked 12 hours a week and earned £52.

Researchers who interviewed almost 1,500 students from 16 universities found that those on maths and science courses were the deepest in debt, while those studying more than one subject owed least. This probably reflected the cost of books and equipment on their courses, Barclays said.

Arts students were less likely than others to have term-time jobs, but were more likely to have chosen their

degree subjects because they were interested in them.

Social science students expected to earn the highest salaries after they graduated, but their expectations were unrealistic, the survey found. They thought they would earn an average of £14,400 a year after graduating, while in fact last year's social science graduates earned an average of £11,700. Students on vocational courses

earned the most, taking home an annual average of £13,600 in their first jobs.

The researchers said students were becoming increasingly realistic about the debt they were likely to incur while at university. Four out of 10 said they were worried or angry about being in debt, whereas 61 per cent were resigned to it.

More women students than men had jobs, but their hours

tended to be shorter and they earned an average of £46 against £61 for men.

Richard Harvey, head of youth strategy at Barclays, said students had sought to replace shrinking grants with money from a wider range of sources.

"The message coming through the media or from brothers and sisters is that students will be in debt, and that the more they can do to

help themselves, the better. Students are supplementing their incomes by turning to their parents or banks, either as a stop-gap or as a long-term measure," he said.

Douglas Trainer, president of the National Union of Students, said, "This survey proves what we have been saying for some time. A series of grant cuts has left students financially devastated."

Mickey Rourke joins the catwalk for a day, reports Tamsin Blanchard

Britain's designers bring out the stars in Paris

British menswear is making its strongest impact yet on the international fashion scene, as five designers cross the Channel this week to show their collections for spring/summer '97.

Two other British names have already made their mark at the menswear shows in Milan: Katharine Hammett, and Vivienne Westwood with her wild combinations of traditional tailoring and high-heeled shoes.

On Thursday, Oswald Boateng, the newest, sharpest tailor on Vigo Street just off Savile Row, led the way with his third bespoke couture collection, a fusion of ready-to-wear designs and traditional tailoring, at the Cirque d'Hiver. The collection took *Mission: Impossible* as its theme, the mission in this case being to "keep the crease in your trousers at all costs".

Tom Cruise, star of the film and the man every designer wants to dress, chose to wear a suit by Jigsaw for Men, price less than £200, at the premiere in London on Thursday.

The show attempted to reenact the opening sequence of the *Sixties* cult spy series with a burning fuse, a self-combusting tape recorder and a shoot-out. As for the clothes, Boateng's collection is not for casual dressers. His suits are leanly tailored, and a brightly coloured, unbuttoned shirt worn with a pair of skinny trousers and finished with cufflinks is as close to easy dressing as this designer gets.

John Rocha, the Dublin-based, Hong Kong-born designer, followed with a collection of clothes inspired by another television series, *High Chaparral* – with a touch of Californian beach party thrown in for high summer. He also introduced a less expensive jeans collection designed to attract younger, more fashion-conscious customers.

Yesterday Nigel Curtiss, 38, who was born in Worthing, Sussex, presented his first catwalk show. Mickey Rourke, star of *Weeks Part II*, due for release this autumn, modelled the clothes. He has sworn his allegiance to Curtiss since the designer dressed him for the movie. "Nigel is a good friend," Rourke said later, but "I wouldn't have done the show if I didn't like the clothes."

Also modelling for this designer was Joel Cantona, younger brother of Eric and also a French football star.

Nigel Curtiss has built up his name in smart UK menswear boutiques such as Strand in Newcastle and Jones in London's Covent Garden. Shirts sell

at £195, but this does not deter newly-aware aficionados who will buy a shirt whatever the price as long as it has the right detailing or brand name. Like many other home-grown menswear labels, Curtiss has a loyal following in Japan, where he is based. His turnover last year was £2.5m.

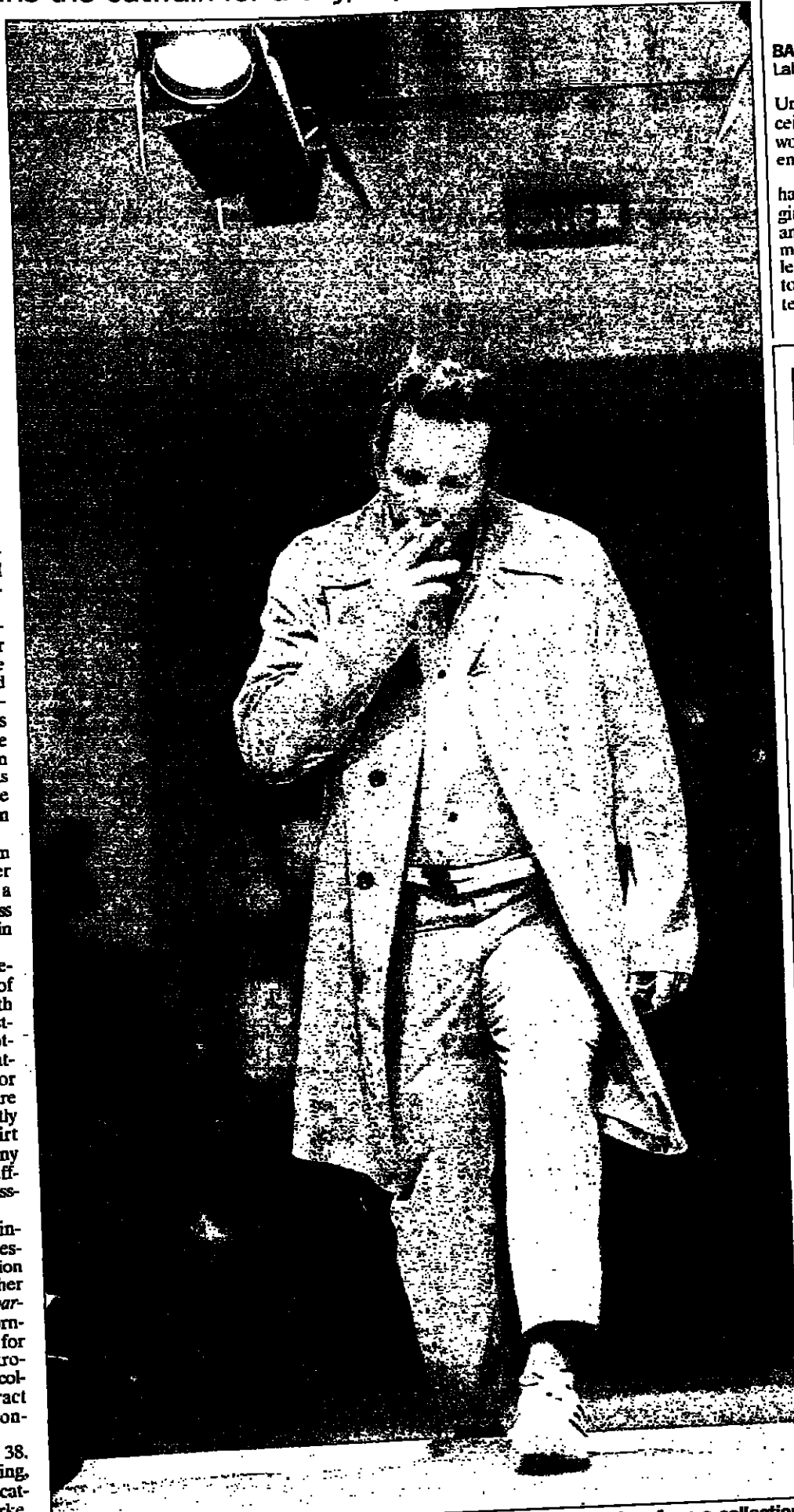
Also showing over the weekend is Griffin, the utility street-wear label launched in 1993 by Jeff Griffin, which won the

BRCC fashion weekly newcomers' award for export. The show is sponsored by Eurostar. On Sunday Joe Casey-Hayford presents his collection, which concentrates on menswear rather than womenswear.

Paul Smith shows his collection today. The designer, who is celebrating his fiftieth birthday, is the UK's leading designer export, with a turnover last year of £109m. He has 162 Tokyo outlets, and can barely

keep pace with demand. Many UK menswear exporters, well established in continental Europe and Japan, lack a platform for their collections in London.

In September a new trade show, Arena, is to be launched at Olympia as the menswear equivalent of London Fashion Week. Here relatively new names such as Designworks, Burro and Byrne, will show off the commercial and creative success of British menswear.



Dressed to thrill: American movie star Mickey Rourke models clothes from a collection by Nigel Curtiss on the catwalk in Paris
Photograph: Sheridan Morley

Union takes stand on 'fat cats'

BARRIE CLEMENT
Labour Editor

Union "fat cats" who stand to receive huge severance packages worth up to £500,000 are threatened with a grassroots revolt.

Two senior Irish officials have left the Amalgamated Engineering and Electrical union and are urging thousands of members to follow them, while left-wingers are urging activists to set up "democracy committees" against the leadership.

Concern over the stewardship

of the union has mounted since the *Independent* revealed the unprecedented early retirement packages.

Members of the ruling executive have since placed a "gagging order" on Davey Hall, the union's newly-elected president and the only member of the executive not to be covered by the deal.

Activists are furious that a democratically-elected president with a 24,000-vote majority has been prevented from speaking about the severance deal.

The latest issue of the *Engineering Gazette*, a journal produced by left-wingers at the AEEU argues that the union is being "fractured beyond repair" and urges members to fight against "petty dictatorship".

Under the early retirement package agreed some two years ago, £40,000-a-year executive members can opt to leave the union 10 years early on the equivalent of full pay. On leaving the union they would also receive lump sums of up to £50,000 and be allowed to keep

cars worth more than £20,000. At the age of 65 they would also draw a full pension.

The deal was worked out to reduce the council from 22 members to nine following the merger of the electricians' and engineers' unions four years ago. It is now down to 13.

While leftist elements in the union are the most vociferous critics of the "hampers" as they are known by executive members, both left-wingers and right-wingers on the ruling council stand to benefit.

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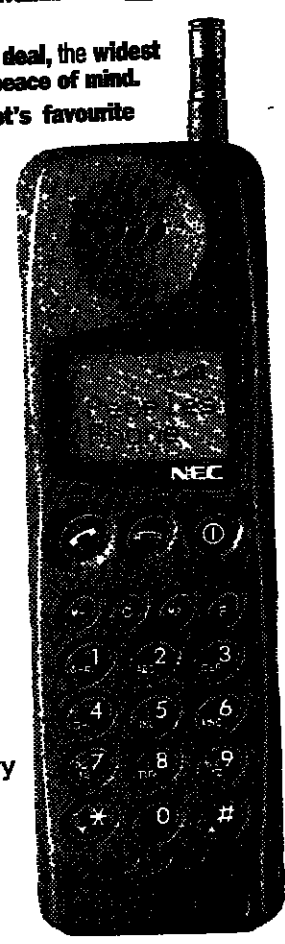
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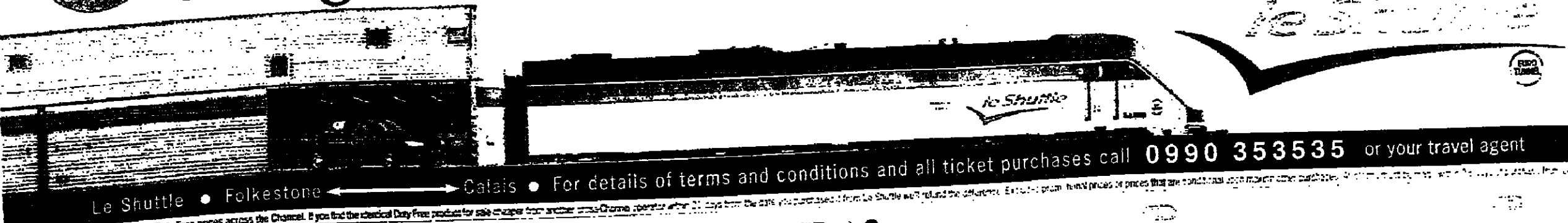
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politics

Pay review shows up the 'shirker' MPs

ANTHONY BEVINS
Political Editor

Four MPs have confessed that they are working less than 35 hours a week for their current salary of £34,085.

During Commons holidays – which accounted for 17 weeks in the last full parliamentary year – more than 50 MPs said they worked less than a 35-hour week.

As MPs prepare to vote themselves a pay rise in the Commons on Wednesday, with a choice between John Major's call for a restrained 3 per cent and the 26 per cent recommended by the Senior Salaries Review Board, some backbenchers might be embarrassed by the revelation that colleagues do so little for their money.

But questionnaires filled in by MPs as part of the review body examination shows that 1 per cent of the 411 backbenchers who replied volunteered that they worked less than 35 hours

Time and motion – the inside view

What a survey of 411 MPs discovered

Those who believe their work is worth less than £35,000	4%
Worth more than £50,000	61%
Worth £70,000-£90,000	4%
Worth more than £90,000	2%
Those working less than 35 hours a week in session	1%
Working less than 35 hours a week in recess	13%
Working less than 50 hours a week in session	5%
Working more than 70 hours a week in session	46%
Working more than 90 hours a week in session	8%

a week – even when the House was in full session.

The self-confessed shirkers are likely to be among the 28 per cent of MPs who did not spend any time at all attending select or standing committees, which carry out the critical scrutiny of Whitehall work and the line-by-line examination of legislation.

Among the more assiduous, more than 30 MPs said they worked more than 90 hours a week when the Commons was in session.

The review body says: "For constitutional and practical rea-

sons we have discounted the possibility of performance-related pay for MPs, whatever its utility may be elsewhere." Having supported the system for the rest of the public service, Parliament is to be excused.

But the report does add that the review body will "consider further... whether to make recommendations on the structure of additional remuneration for holders of certain positions of additional responsibility in the House."

That could mean a cash bonus for Opposition front-

benchers, and MPs who chair committees.

As for backbench pay, more than 60 MPs told the review body that they were worth twice as much as the current salary of £34,085 – and about 8 MPs said they were worth more than £90,000 a year.

Conversely, more than 30 full-time secretaries, employed by MPs, said they were paid less than £10,000 a year. Of the 477 staff who replied to questionnaires, only 6 per cent got more than £25,000.

The report said: "There is no doubt that the workload of conscientious MPs is heavy, but heavy workloads can be found in many walks of life and at different levels of salary."

"Pay cannot be set by reference to a recognisable 'market rate'. There is no evidence of a shortage of persons willing to seek selection as candidates... nor is there any way in which the quality of MPs can be readily assessed."



On track: Tony Blair tours the tunnel built for the Heathrow-Paddington express rail link. Photograph: Peter Macdiarmid

Blair puts out the welcome mat for Tory defectors

The voters who defected from Labour and switched their support to Margaret Thatcher in the late-1970s and early-1980s were "coming home" again, Tony Blair claimed yesterday.

The Labour leader told a meeting in Gloucester that Labour, unlike the Conservatives, was speaking for the whole country, not just a wealthy section of it, and he added: "People who deserted us are coming home to Labour."

"People who bought into the Thatcherite dream of choice, freedom and opportunity have seen that dream destroyed by tax rises, negative equity, job insecurity, rising crime, [and] failing public services."

Evidence of a surge of interest in Labour was provided by a telephone conference line set up by Labour after a party political broadcast on its newly-launched manifesto draft, *New Labour: New Life for Britain*, on Thursday night.

With 1,000 lines made avail-

Voters are 'coming home', the Labour leader claims. Anthony Bevins reports

able, 147,697 people called in the hope of speaking with Mr Blair.

"The calls were friendly, but some obviously had concerns," he said yesterday. "They want to be sure that New Labour is real. They want to know that the policies in our document are the policies they will get. I can assure them, they are."

Having spent the morning at Heathrow Airport, during which he toured the tunnel for the new Heathrow-Paddington express rail link, Mr Blair went to Gloucester, a Tory marginal, with John Prescott, the deputy Labour leader.

Mr Blair told a meeting in the constituency that the Conservatives represented "the politics of fear", and he said they would fight both a "dirty and negative" election campaign.

Yesterday, the Conservatives placed full-page advertisements

in a number of national newspapers – including the right-wing *Daily Mail* – to warn about the "new danger" posed by New Labour.

Labour was bemused that the Tories were so proud of what it called their "dirty work" that some people needed a magnifying glass to read the words: "Published by Conservative Central Office."

Labour also published a four-page pull-out section for the *Daily Mail* and the *Sun*, setting out its five basic pledges, including the promise to use "money from a windfall levy on the privatised utilities" to finance a programme to get 250,000 youngsters off the dole and into work.

That pledge attracted a welter of attacks from leading ministers, with Michael Heseltine, the Deputy Prime Minister,

saying that the "magic tax" was falling apart. It would not raise anything like the amount Labour hoped for, he said, and if it did, it would have to be financed by customers, shareholders and reduced investment.

Kenneth Clarke, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, attacked the pledge to finance a cut in infant-school class sizes "by using money saved from the assisted-places scheme."

"The most they would save would be £37m," he said. "It would cost more than £180m to cut class sizes to 30 or under for 5-, 6- and 7-year-olds."

Ministers have ordered statisticians from the Department for Education and Employment to work on those calculations, but Andrew Smith, Labour's Treasury spokesman, said the estimates were based on the ministers' version of Labour policy – which alleged immediate abolition of assisted places, rather than the phase-out that Labour has promised.

Redwood rounds on Euro court

The Tory leadership contender John Redwood yesterday warned that people would be breaking the law by working more than 48 hours a week, if an imminent European Court case enforces British implementation of a Brussels directive, writes Anthony Bevins.

In the Commons on Thursday, five Tory Euro-sceptics flagged their acute interest in the issue with demands for a full-scale debate if the European Court rules against a Government challenge to the directive next week.

The Prime Minister reminded the House that he intended to fight for the strict letter of the Maastricht agreement, under

which it had been accepted that the social protocol – which, Britain argues, covers the 48-hour working week – would not be smuggled into law under the cover of health and safety provisions of the treaty. In a veiled hint of further, beef-style non-cooperation ahead, he added:

"Our colleagues in Europe need not expect that we will reach further agreements at the next intergovernmental conference unless, at that conference, they are prepared to restore the agreement that I reached at Maastricht."

However, Mr Redwood yesterday called for a tougher British stance, saying: "The Government should now look

at other contingency plans. Britain should be prepared to keep this directive away from our shores, whatever the court may say."

He told a Conservative meeting in West Derbyshire that the working week directive would ban or limit the amount of overtime people could work. "Far from protecting people at work," he said, "it would make it illegal for them to work longer hours for more money. An employer would have to say 'No' to an employee who wanted extra overtime."

"It would be an especially cruel blow to workers in seasonal employment, who need to work long hours when the op-

portunity is available. It would also mean some of us would have to break the law if we wanted to carry on working more than 48 hours a week in order to do a good job."

The Tory Euro-sceptics plan to launch a national campaigning group at the Conservative Party conference this autumn. The new body – Conservatives Against a Federal Europe – is designed to take advantage of what the Tory dissidents see as the growing tide of public opposition to closer EU ties. It will be unveiled by the Westminster Group of Eight former whipless Tory MPs at their fringe meeting at the party conference in Bournemouth, in October.

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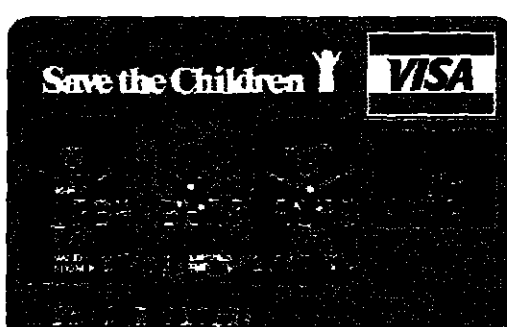
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Rushdie's love story wins a sweetheart deal

JOJO MOYES

Salman Rushdie's next novel will be a love story, billed as the adventures of an Indian Orpheus in the Western underworld of rock 'n' roll - although the author said yesterday that it was "not at all autobiographical".

The Ground Beneath Her Feet, due for publication in 1999 will be a story of "love, death and music". It will be the seventh novel by the author, who has lived in hiding since becoming the subject of a *fatwah* in 1989. Jonathan Cape have bought the rights to publish the book at a sum rumoured to be £750,000.

Mr Rushdie said it would be a departure from his previous novels: "It's a love story...I felt this book brought what I'd previously been doing to a point. One of the things I most liked was being able to write a series of love stories and put a love story right in the centre."

Mr Rushdie described how his involuntary confinement had not affected his ability to write.

"I more or less do it like an office job," he said. "And I'm not very good early in the morning."

He denied that living under a persistent threat had affected the tone of his writing. "Everyone told me that *The Moor's Last Sigh* has been the funniest thing I've ever written," he says.

Mr Rushdie, who on Thursday night gave a sell-out talk in Oxford, yesterday conducted his first open-book signing in seven years, autographing paperback copies of his novel for a queue of approximately 200 fans at Dillons book store in Gower Street, central London.

Staff at the bookstore said that at one stage the book, which has sold more than 130,000 copies in hardback, was the only thing being bought in the shop.

He spent an hour chatting to customers and posing for snaps under the watchful gaze of four security men. The signing was the first without tickets since the *fatwah* was issued, following publication of his book *The Satanic Verses*.

Despite the apparently relaxed tone of his public appearances, Mr Rushdie said he had been advised that the *fatwah* was still very much in place. The European Union campaign to remove the threat against him was still being pursued "as enthusiastically as ever," he said.

"But I think it's important to show that the business of literature is not derailed by this kind of threat and that writers will write, booksellers will sell, and readers will read, and that goes on," he said.

Also at the signing was Caroline Michel, who published Mr Rushdie's paperbacks at Vintage. She revealed that the author was also busy editing a compilation of Indian writing from the last 50 years, to coincide with the 50th anniversary of Indian independence. *The Vintage Book of Indian Writing 1947-1997* will be published next summer.



Out and about: Salman Rushdie taking a break during his first open book-signing since the *fatwah* yesterday Photograph: Philip Meech

Wet blanket for Mackintosh

Sir Cameron Mackintosh opens the biggest blockbuster musical of the year next week when *Martin Guerre* premieres on Wednesday. The show, which has some of the most high-tech computerised wizardry yet seen in a musical, hit problems this week. I was among the 1,600 people turned away from the preview on Tuesday which was cancelled owing to "a fault in the three-phase electrical distribution system". Though an alternative date was offered, I feel that these problems should be sorted out in rehearsals before preview tickets go on sale to the public, whose fares and babysitting costs are not refunded.

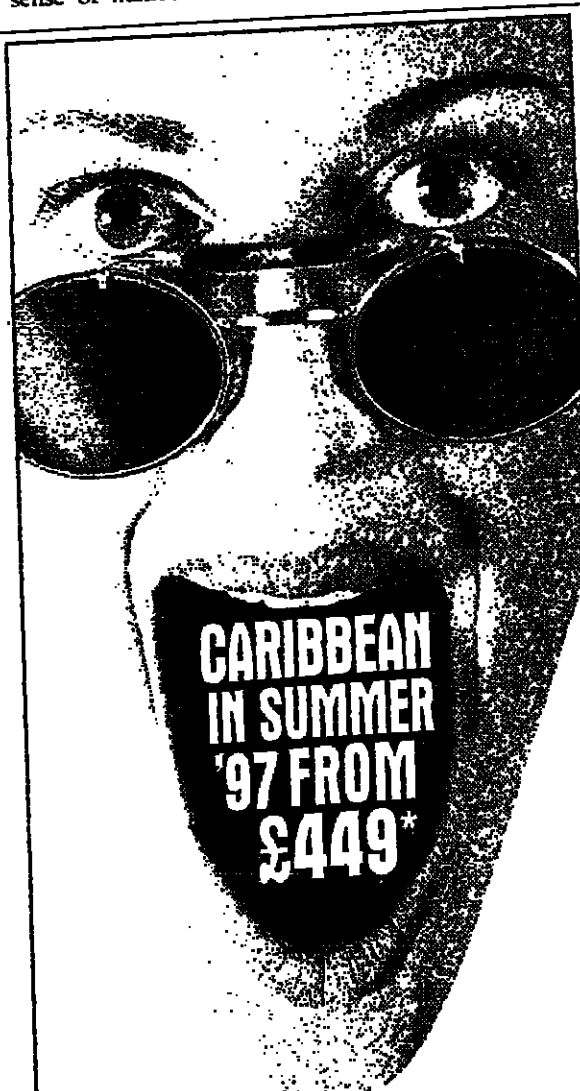
Roger Daltrey's "black eye", which saw him sporting a target eye patch at the Hyde Park concert last weekend, was much more than a black eye. When Gary Glitter caught Daltrey with a swinging microphone stand the night before the concert, Daltrey was unconscious for five minutes. He suffered bleeding in the eye and has a fractured eye socket. But I'm told that he did not suffer sense of humour failure.

Artspeople
with David Lister

One aspect of Genista McIntosh's appointment as chief executive of the Royal Opera House that appears to have gone unnoticed is that three of our four national companies will from next year be run by people who trained and achieved high office at the Royal Shakespeare Company. What influence will their common RSC heritage have on the running of the arts? Merely, of course, that they will all dress in black leather and continually be asking for more money.

When his distraught wife rushed on to the stage and tried to rouse him, shouting "Who are you, who are you, tell me who you are," he replied: "Mick Jagger."

Susan Ferleger Brades has been appointed director of the Hayward Gallery in London. Ms Brades, an American, has been deputy director at the Gallery for three years.



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international

Kurdish chief's death brings civil war nearer

PATRICK COCKBURN

The killing of a senior Kurdish tribal leader may be a signal that civil war is about to return to Iraq's Kurdistan which is protected by American, British and French aircraft. In fighting over the last two years 3,000 people have been killed and wounded. Tensions increased in the mountain enclave, home to 3 million Kurds, after a night attack last month by the Kurdish Democratic Party on the village of Kalat al-Hussein. Agha al-Sourchi, the chief of the Sourchi tribe, and at least 15 other people of the tribe are still missing.

The assault on 16 June by 3,000 militia men, savage even by the standards of warfare in Kurdistan, may indicate that the two main Kurdish parties are squaring up for a renewed round of fighting over control of some £130-150m in aid which Kurdistan is to get from Iraqi oil sales in the next six months under the United Nations oil-for-food plan.

Iraqi Kurdistan, from which Iraqi troops withdrew in 1991, is divided between the KDP of Massoud Barzani, which holds the north-west of the enclave, and the Patriotic Union of Kurdistan of Jalal al-Blabani, which holds the south-east. The attack

on the Sourchi, who live in an area held by Mr Barzani, apparently happened because one of its leading members, Zaid Omar Sourchi, was accused by the KDP of spying for the PUK. "It is an unbelievable thing to happen," Jawhar al-Sourchi, the son of the dead leader, said. "My father was expecting Massoud Barzani to come to lunch, not to attack him. He was sleeping in his house protected by just three or four bodyguards when they attacked." He says the KDP used artillery and multiple rocket launchers.

During the fighting, Hussein Agha clambered on to the flat roof of his house, presumably to shoot back. "He was hit by a rocket," Jawhar said, and later shot to death as he lay wounded. "His men were given one hour to bury him along with other bodies," he said. The survivors were taken away and 48 are still missing.

Laith Kubba, an Iraqi opposition intellectual, says: "The \$150m from the UN could be used either to set up a civil administration in Kurdistan or as the occasion for renewed fighting as the main parties try to get control of the money." Jawhar says that the issue of taking revenge is not really in his hands, but that the honour of the Sourchi tribe is at stake and it

can put 10,000 armed men into the field.

A fresh outbreak of the Kurdish civil war would be embarrassing for the United States, which has been trying to mediate between the KDP and PUK. The vacuum of power in Kurdistan has led both Iran and Turkey to increase their involvement in what they consider an area of critical strategic interest. The intercommunal fighting has also discredited the idea of the self-determination of the Iraqi Kurds who have fought the government in Baghdad for more than 50 years.

The cause of the civil war has been the tribalism, warlordism and poverty of Kurdish society. Hitherto the main source of revenue has been taxes on all sales to Turkey and profits from smuggling to Iran, both largely controlled by Mr Barzani. Mr Barzani has less money but holds the two main Kurdish cities, Erbil and Sulaymaniyah.

The Sourchi tribe live close to a strategic pass which carries one of Kurdistan's few roads. The KDP presumably believed they were being spied on since they demanded the handover of radio equipment. But the scale of their attack suggests that they see the Sourchis as potential enemies who might betray them if the civil war resumes.



On watch: An Israeli officer in Hebron, which is home to some 450 Jewish settlers among 150,000 Palestinians, scans the town centre for Palestinian stone-throwers after a soldier was wounded by a bottle thrown at his patrol. Photograph: Reuters

SIGNIFICANT SHORTS

Germany won agreement from Vietnam yesterday for the repatriation of thousands of immigrants suspected of involvement in Berlin's escalating gangland war among cigarette mafias.

According to a deal announced by officials of the two countries in Hanoi, Vietnam will speed up the paper work that has been holding up the return of some 40,000 of its citizens living illegally in Germany. The two police forces will also coordinate their battle against organised syndicates, whose members have so far claimed the lives of 35 gang members in Berlin.

Vietnamese immigrants control the market for cigarettes in eastern Germany, which is estimated to cost the state DM1bn in lost revenue every year. Though the racket was started by Vietnamese students and guest workers, the pioneers have since been squeezed out by hardened criminals. *Joan Karpas - Bonn*

A ban on a tell-all account of François Mitterrand's career was upheld by a court. The author, Dr Claude Gaudin, the late president's former personal physician, was given a suspended sentence over the book that stirred debate over the French public's right to know. He had faced up to a year in prison and 100,000 francs (\$20,000) in fines for breaching confidentiality laws by writing *The Great Secret*. The book told how Mitterrand for years concealed the prostate cancer that killed him in January. Mitterrand's family said, claiming the book breached his right to medical privacy. *Piers - AP*

Details of a massacre of Tutsi villagers by a Hutu militia in Burundi emerged. Sixteen charred bodies of women and children lay in one house in the north-west of the country. Outside on the road, UN human rights observers counted a row of 22 dead men, women and children. In all, more than 60 corpses were found, victims of an attack two days earlier by Hutu rebels fighting the Central African country's Tutsi-dominated army. *Tessa Burdett - Reuters*

At least 1.3 million people died worldwide from AIDS-related illnesses last year and the HIV virus is on course to cause more than 3.1 million new infections in 1996, the United Nations said yesterday. But the UNAIDS programme, which issued semi-annual figures on the eve of a major global conference in Vancouver, pointed to "encouraging trends" in the fight against the pandemic. "There is growing evidence that behavioural changes such as increased condom use, reduction in the number of sex partners, and later initiation of sexual activity contribute to these hopeful trends," the Geneva-based programme said in a statement. *Geneva - Reuters*

Detained Nigerian opposition leader Moshood Abiola wept when he was told that his senior wife had been killed a month ago, his assistant said. A group met the Muslim millionaire businessman on Thursday and told him that his wife Kudirat was shot dead. Olu Akerele said. "He wept profusely when he was told," Akerele said in the capital Abuja, where Abiola is detained at a secret address. Mrs Kudirat Abiola was gunned down while driving on a Lagos street on 5 June. She had championed the campaign to free and install her husband as president based on the results of the annulled 1993 presidential election. *Abuja - Reuters*

Canada geese, once imperilled, are back on the menu in America. Thirty years after scientists warned that Canada geese in North America were close to extinction, it seems subsequent efforts to protect them have been too successful. In some areas of the north-east, populations of the geese have doubled every five years. So too has the volume of droppings. Concerned about public nuisance, three states - New York, Michigan and Minnesota - have authorised controlled killing of the geese and the use of their meat for food for distribution to the poor. Clarkstown, NY, rounded up 251 geese and had them made into "geeseburgers". *David Osborne - New York*

Embarrassments mount up for Netanyahu

ERIC SILVER
Jerusalem

Ultra-Orthodox Jews, whose swing vote put Benjamin Netanyahu in power a month ago, yesterday blocked his appointment of the steamrollering former Defence Minister, Ariel Sharon, to a new hybrid National Infrastructure portfolio.

After confident official predictions that a deal would be presented to the Cabinet at its regular Friday meeting, the issue was postponed till Sunday.

This is highly embarrassing for the Mr Netanyahu because his rebellious Foreign Minister, David Levy, has threatened to resign if Mr Sharon is not in the government before Mr Netanyahu leaves on Monday for his first official visit to Washington.

The United Torah Judaism party is refusing to give up a slice of the Housing Ministry, which it controls as a partner in the six-party coalition. Reports in yesterday's Israeli press suggested that Mr Netanyahu might call

the ultra-Orthodox bluff and present the Sharon appointment without their acquiescence. He woke up thinking better of it.

The Sharon saga is part of a general unravelling of Mr Netanyahu's authority as he discovers that being Prime Minister of Israel is not like being President of the United States. "He's getting on-the-job training," Dr Gadi Wolfsfeld, a Hebrew University political scientist, commented last night.

"He has moved out of the fantasy land of opposition into

the reality land of government. Like any young, inexperienced leader, he's learning what the job entails - and he's making some mistakes."

His discomfiture is compounded by the soap opera of "Nannygate", which began last Sunday when the Prime Minister's wife, Sara, sacked the nanny, Tanya Shaw, for burning a pan of soup.

An earlier Netanyahu nanny, Heidi Ben-Yair, a 22-year-old immigrant from Manchester, surfaced yesterday and com-

firmed Ms. Shaw's tale of a mean employer obsessed by hygiene for her two sons, Yair, five, and Avner, one-and-a-half. Ms. Ben-Yair quit after one week two years ago.

"During the whole week," she told the Israeli tabloid *Ma'ariv*, "she allowed me to leave the house only once. She had a rule that you had to wash your hands before going into each room. If a blanket fell on the floor, it had to be washed."

"I went around hungry. On one occasion, she yelled at me

for 20 minutes because I ate a tomato. She told me that tomatoes were expensive, and I could not take more than one tomato a day and more than one egg every two days."

Mrs Netanyahu countered the charges with an interview of her own in *Yedioth Aharonot*, the biggest-selling Hebrew daily. "People who are not clean and not hygienic always say these things about people who are clean," she said. "I keep a clean house, but everything else is nonsense."

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Russian generals sent to Coventry

Christopher Bellamy joins a novel course on democracy and the military

This week's Russian election, which returned Boris Yeltsin as president, temporarily interrupted the studies of nine students on an unusual course at Coventry University. The students: two Russian generals, five colonels and two military interpreters.

The aim of the course is for former Soviet officers to learn how democracies run their armed forces. The idea is to prepare the way for setting up a centre to study democracy at the Military University in Moscow.

On Wednesday proceedings were disrupted as the students went to vote at the Russian Embassy at Kensington Palace Gardens in London. As they resumed the course, they claimed to be satisfied with the result. "It's a victory for the reform process," said Colonel-General Yuri Chesnokov, a former air

defence commander and one of the two generals on the scheme. "We don't support Yeltsin *per se*," said Colonel Igor Lipsky, from the Moscow Military Re-training Institute, also a former air defence officer. He now prepares people leaving the Russian armed forces for civilian life. "We went to vote for the course of reform. Yeltsin made many mistakes as president. We very much hope that after the election other people will get involved in the reform process."

Colonel Lipsky knows General Alexander Lebed, now Mr Yeltsin's deputy with vast powers in national security and a likely future president. "We met not long ago. Many of his ideas are wise. He has run on the basic problems of national security, both internal and external. He's a good candidate to

replace Yeltsin and solve real problems."

The course was Coventry's own initiative, based on the university's close links with Moscow University. The university obtained funding under the EU Tacis programme to promote democracy in the former Soviet Union.

Ken Matthews, the academic

director, explained that the aim is not to lecture the Russians on how to run their country. "We're not telling people how to run their own communities. It's a matter of facilitating that," he said.

Once the Coventry course is complete, the centre will be set up in Moscow with all the necessary information technol-

ogy and supplied with reading materials relating to democratic control of the armed forces. A joint team from the university and the Russian group on the course will run further courses for more Russian officers. Eventually it is hoped the centre in Moscow will become self-supporting.

"Studying the British expe-

rience is particularly interesting," said Major General Nikita Chaldymov, of the Russian commission on human rights. "We will of course study other democratic countries - the US, Germany and France and some of the smaller ones."

Yesterday's guest lecturer was Michael Mates, the former Northern Ireland minister and

a former chairman of the House of Commons Defence Committee, talking about the use of armed forces in support of the civil power. The debate quickly turned to Northern Ireland and Chechnya. "There are many similarities between the early stages of Northern Ireland and Chechnya," claimed Igor Solodov, an interpreter. And

General studies: Michael Mates (left) with Col-Gen Yuri Chesnokov and Major-Gen Nikita Chaldymov

Photograph: Peter Macdiarmid

then, with charming innocence: "What would you say eventually put the conflicts on such a different track?"

Colonel Svetlana Khmelevskaya, the only woman on the course, asked whether there were any contradictions between military and civil law in Britain. Mr Mates explained that soldiers were subject to civil law at all times and that military law only related to internal disciplinary matters. So a soldier who felt he had been unfairly treated could take his commanding officer to court, said Vyacheslav Seregin, a military lawyer who had refused to serve in Chechnya. Not quite, said Mr Mates.

Gen Chaldymov said all the lectures so far had been interesting, but that on the role of the media by a television correspondent had the most impact. "It was so practical," said Gen Chesnokov. "You have all this information coming in from every direction, but in the end it's what you do with it and how you transmit it."

The Russian students were impressed by the ability of modern technology to achieve "transparency", and the impossibility of "controlling" the media in the fashion of past wars. But old habits seem to be hard. One of the participants' main questions: how to jam satellite transmissions by journalists reporting on a conflict.

Yeltsin continues purge of the army

TONY BARBER
Moscow

President Boris Yeltsin prepared the ground for a new purge of Russia's armed forces yesterday after a parliamentary report implicated a number of prominent generals in an ever-widening circle of corruption scandals. Most of those named were closely associated with Pavel Grachev, the former defence minister whom Mr Yeltsin sacrificed midway through his re-election campaign.

Seven generals were fired soon after Mr Grachev's dismissal, but the details of flagrant corruption were kept under wraps until after Mr Yeltsin's victory last Wednesday. The armed forces shake-up, accompanied by the dismissal last month of the head of the former KGB and Mr Yeltsin's personal security chief, appeared to boost the position of Alexander Lebed, the new national security chief.

The charges of high-level corruption were made by Lev Rokhlin, a general and a member of the pro-government Our Home Is Russia party in the State Duma (lower house of parliament). He accused Mr Grachev

of "wallowing in corruption". Whilst the charges against Mr Grachev came as no surprise, the political implications of a full-scale clear-out of the army's upper ranks are less obvious. At first sight it would appear to strengthen the hand of Mr Lebed, but other longer-serving members of Mr Yeltsin's administration have indicated that they think he has enough power.

General Rokhlin told parliament that some of the most serious abuses involved a construction company, Lyukon, which was contracted after 1993 to build homes for servicemen. He said a general named Yuri Rodionov signed a request to give defence ministry credits to Lyukon although the company had not met a deadline for a 25-storey building. The request was also signed by General Konstantin Kobets, chief inspector of the armed forces, whose son was a co-founder of Lyukon.

General Rokhlin said one general had transferred \$23.1m (£15.5m) from ammunition sales in Bulgaria to a German bank. Another "formed a battalion of slaves... to earn money for the construction of dachas", including four for himself.

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Poland presses Nato to speed up its act

ADRIAN BRIDGE
Warsaw

Just two days after Boris Yeltsin's re-election as Russian President, Aleksander Kwasniewski, his Polish counterpart, yesterday set off for a five-day trip to the United States to press for speedy clarification of his country's bid to join Nato.

Although he himself is a former Communist, Mr Kwasniewski has successfully reinvented himself as a Western-style social democrat and was quick to hail Mr Yeltsin's victory over his Communist rival Gennady Zyuganov as good news for Poland and its prospects for joining the military alliance.

In a series of meetings with President Bill Clinton and other senior American officials, he will call for decisive action on the issue now that the victory of Mr Yeltsin - who is slightly less opposed to Nato enlargement

than Mr Zyuganov - appears to have opened a window of opportunity. "For a long time we have been asked to be patient because of the Russian election," said Marek Siwiec, a presidential adviser in Warsaw. "Now... we want to know what the real timetable for enlargement will be."

Since defeating Lech Walesa in last November's presidential election, Mr Kwasniewski has sought to reassure Western leaders that Poland remains committed to joining both Nato and the European Union and that it could make a positive contribution to both. "This [US] visit should show that governments can change, presidents can change, people can change, but [Polish] policy does not change," he said.

It is an open secret that Poland is among the front-runners from central and east Europe for Nato membership, possibly as

early as 1999. The country's cause has recently received a boost in the form of an unexpected strong endorsement from Bob Dole, Mr Clinton's Republican rival in the November US presidential election. Accusing Mr Clinton of dragging his feet on enlargement, Mr Dole has singled out Poland, Hungary and the Czech Republic as all being ready for Nato membership now and called for their speedier integration.

Polish officials privately doubt whether a President Dole would bring them into the alliance any sooner. But they are glad that the issue is being aired in the US. "The more discussion on the subject the better," a Foreign Ministry source said. "We want people to see that Poland is not some sort of desert... there are military installations here, we can fulfil military missions (in Bosnia for example) and bringing us into

Nato won't be as expensive as some fear."

While in Washington, Mr Kwasniewski will meet the Defense Secretary, William Perry, to discuss Poland's planned purchase of a fleet of jet fighters, possibly from Lockheed Martin or McDonnell Douglas, in a deal which could be worth some \$3.5bn (£1.9-3.2bn).

He is also planning a series of meetings with US Jewish leaders to discuss a \$100m plan to turn the former Nazi concentration camp at Auschwitz into a fully protected zone and a centre of learning.

Polish-Jewish relations plummeted earlier this year when it emerged that a local developer wanted to build a supermarket and fast-food outlet right next to the Auschwitz camp gates. Mr Kwasniewski, quickly condemned the supermarket proposal, thereby helping to ensure it was blocked.



Clash of opinion: Tempers flare when anti-immigration protesters meet defenders of immigration rights outside a federal building in the Westwood area of Los Angeles, California
Photograph: AP

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Madman looks set to win over Ecuador voters

PHIL DAVISON
Latin America Correspondent

"Vote for the madman. Vote for the clown." Not your average presidential campaign slogan. But then, Abdala Bucaram is not your average candidate.

Mr Bucaram, a 44-year-old former Olympic hurdler who could become President of Ecuador in elections tomorrow, has no qualms about using his nicknames. He prefers "el loco", the madman, because, he says, "crazy people speak from the heart and see with their soul".

His opponents have a stronger nickname for him. "Hitter", but that's really only because of his moustache.

Mr Bucaram, a populist heading his own party, was running slightly ahead of Jaime Nebot, 49, a conservative lawyer, on the eve of tomorrow's two-man run-off. Mr Nebot, of the Social Christian Party, beat Mr Bucaram by 29 per cent to 27 per cent in the original ballot on 19 May, necessitating another round of voting. The conservative incumbent, Sixto Duran-Ballen, is constitutionally barred from running again.

"I am the madman who is going to be your President," Mr Bucaram - like his opponent, of Lebanese extraction - told supporters in a rap-like pre-election speech backed by a rock band. "Power to the poor."

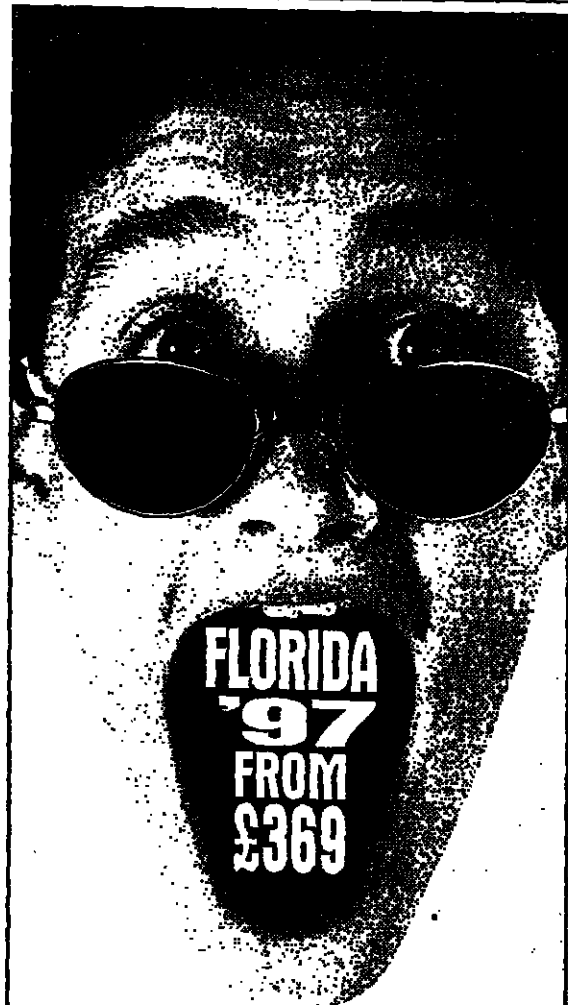
Many Ecuadorians consider

tomorrow's decision as "a choice between Aids and cholera". Mr Nebot, dubbed "the Anti-Christ" by his opponent, is perhaps best known for trying to whip a fellow congressman and threatening to urinate on him.

"Bucaram reached this run-off with the votes of pimps, prostitutes and potheads," Mr Nebot told his supporters.

The currency, the sucre, has slipped in recent days with the prospect that Mr Bucaram, who ran in the hurdles for Ecuador at the 1972 Munich Olympics, might soon be running the country. With strong support in the shanty towns around Guayaquil, he has pledged to reverse free-market economic reforms pushed through by Mr Duran-Ballen. "Maid should have their salary tripled. Society matrons with their perfumed armpits should know what it's like to wash their own knickers," he said in a campaign speech. He was elected mayor of Guayaquil in 1984 after telling slum-dwellers he understood perfectly "the urge... scrape the paintwork of every Mercedes in sight". His popularity slipped when he banned mini-skirts in the city.

Mr Bucaram has spent half the last 10 years in exile, once after criticising the Ecuadorian army for being "good for nothing but marching in parades" and once after allegations of embezzlement while mayor.



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French rail boss in jail for corruption

MARY DEJEVSKY
Paris

The chairman of France's world-respected national railway company, SNCF, set a dubious precedent yesterday when he became the first head of any nationalised French company to be sent to jail. Loïc Le Floch-Prigent was remanded in custody late on Thursday evening, after several hours of questioning by a Paris judge about possible misuse of funds and false accounting.

He spent the night - and could spend the weekend - in prison, waiting to know if he will be formally indicted. So far, he is only under investigation, but can be held in prison at the behest of the examining judge.

While the imprisonment of the railways head has shocked France's governing establishment, it raised a smile on the streets and prompted hackneyed headlines about "train chief derailed", the charges he could face have nothing to do with his present post at SNCF, or his previous post as head of the state gas company.

They relate to the period between 1989 and 1993, when he was chairman of the state-owned oil company, Elf Aquitaine, and administrator of its Bidermann textile subsidiary. Yesterday's questioning was said to concern the way in which 800m francs of Elf's

money was apparently "swallowed up" without trace by Bidermann in the early Nineties.

The investigation into the so-called Elf-Bidermann affair accelerated last year with the arrival in power of the Gaullist president, Jacques Chirac. The posts of chairman of nationalised industries, like those of university chancellors and many others are all in the gift of the President and Prime Minister of the day. Those appointed while President Mitterrand was in power characteristically had socialist sympathies, and now find their position precarious. Aside from Mr Le Floch-Prigent, three other business leaders, including the former head of the telecommunications group, Alcatel-Alsthom, are currently under judicial investigation.

Mr Le Floch-Prigent's socialist sympathies are strong enough to earn him the nickname "Pink Floch". But he also has a strong managerial track-record, a combination that brought him the top job at Elf at the age of 45. He is, however, one of the few "red barons" of French industry whose difficulties with the law threaten more embarrassment to the government than to the Socialist opposition.

For Mr Le Floch-Prigent's managerial gifts were so respected by Mr Chirac and Mr Juppé that they called on him last December to occupy one of



Derailed: French authorities are investigating Loïc Le Floch-Prigent's possible involvement in false accounting at Elf-Aquitaine and Bidermann. Photograph: AP

the hottest seats in French management, at SNCF. His management record and left-wing sympathies seemed ideal for the task.

He inherited a company that had just spent two months paralysing the national rail network and spearheading a nationwide protest against the

government's attempts to reform the public sector. Militant railwaymen had forced the abandonment of a carefully drawn-up restructuring plan, and drummed his predecessor out of office.

Six months later, Mr Le Floch-Prigent is well on the way to gaining staff approval for a

completely rewritten restructuring plan. He appears to have winkled more money out of the government, and says the railways could be back in the black before too long.

Of all recent recruits, Loïc Le Floch-Prigent is probably the one the government would least like to lose.

New rulebook leaves cabbies speechless

NEW YORK DAYS

A friend from England who used to live in New York City returned for a visit this week and was shocked by what he found. Gotham, he observed, had become nice. It was possible to ride the subway without fearing for your life, the streets were cleaner and the homeless had gone from the doorways and parks.

Actually, it does not take an outsider to notice the changes, most of the credit for which has gone the way of the city's mayor, Rudolph Giuliani, and his "quality-of-life" policies. New FBI figures published last week showed that the downward trend in violent crimes in the Apple far from slowing down is actually accelerating. Notwithstanding a recent rash of grizzly assaults against women, New York is now one of the safest cities in the United States.

But for still more vivid proof of the transformation, consider what is happening to the fleet of yellow cabs. Hail a taxi and be prepared for a hair-raising journey spiced with general discomfort and rudeness from the driver. Right? Not any more. Mr Giuliani has determined that making a cab in New York should be an advert for caring and polite service.

What you should expect is spelled out in a Magna Carta of rider's rights now displayed in each of the city's nearly 12,000 yellow cabs. It decrees: "You have the right to: Direct the destination and route used; any destination in the five boroughs; a courteous, English-speaking driver who knows the streets in Manhattan and the way to major destinations in other boroughs; air conditioning on demand; a radio-free (silent) trip; smoke and incense-free air; a clean passen-

ger seat area; a clean trunk".

The Taxi and Limousine Commission (TLC), which oversees the taxi industry, has gone into high gear trying to ensure that the promises can actually be delivered. New drivers must now take stringent tests, which include an assessment of English-language skills as well as multiple-choice questions on 47 preferred polite phrases for use with customers, such as "Please let me take your bags, sir (madam)" and "I'm sorry you don't understand. I will try to speak more clearly".

This summer for the first time, every cab is obliged to offer air conditioning. All spring, operators struggled to install units that now deliver supposably cool air to the back seats, often via cumbersome arrangements of flexible tubing emanating from somewhere alongside the driver's feet.

And then there is the disembodied voice. It was just as I was marvelling at the orchestral sounds from the tubing at the end of a cab ride this week when I was frightened almost out of my skin by the grating and extraordinarily loud screech of a woman's voice from behind my head. "Please remember to take all your belongings when leaving this taxi and please get a receipt from the driver". "What was that?" I asked in surprise.

This driver had not gone through the civility test, it seemed, because he refused to answer. Or perhaps his sense of humour had been eviscerated by the torture of listening to this voice a hundred times a day. What I have since learnt is that

this is one more innovation imposed on the yellow cabs by the TLC - for a test period the recorded voice has been installed in 500 of the city's cabs - and, more than any other, it is causing furious controversy in the taxi-driving community.

Many drivers are understandably insulted by this tape-recorded gimmick and are vowing to oppose, in court if necessary, any attempt by the TLC to make it obligatory city-wide. "It's a pain in the ass," raged Zevadia Levy, a 63-year-old driver. "I'm supposed to thank customers for riding my cab and ask if they want a receipt anyway. I've been doing it for 25 years".

But there is another problem with the voice: no one can agree on whose it should be. The TLC has promised to come up with standardised voice for all. But should it be neutral, as ethnically traceable as that of a midwest airport announcer's? Or should it have a typically New York accent? East Brooklyn working class drawl, or clear Key League clip?

The best solution would be to ditch the recordings altogether, which for those of us taking cabs all the time are going to become a major irritation. Like my London visitor, I salute Mayor Giuliani for what he has done for this city. But let's not go too far. Not everything about the gruff, sometimes threatening side of its personality needs to be obliterated. Otherwise it would not be New York. Save the taped voices for Disneyland.

David Usborne

CNN to broadcast Olympics from shed on top of bar

BOB GRAHAM
Atlanta

A tiny bar overlooking the Olympic Stadium is set to become the world's most famous watering hole over the next few weeks - as a result of one of the most unusual deals struck in television history.

Paul's Bar is little larger than a garden shed. But it is to become home to CNN for what is described as "exclusive Olympic coverage". And CNN will not have to pay a single dollar for the privilege.

The worldwide broadcasting network - smarting over the loss of the coverage of the games - has pulled off a coup by arranging live coverage of the stadium from a specially constructed platform twenty feet above the roof of Paul's Bar. From the platform, CNN will have an uninterrupted view of events inside the stadium.

The vantage point, more than 100 feet above the stadium walls, has angered CNN's American rivals NBC who paid nearly \$500m (£325m) for exclusive coverage of the games in Atlanta - the city where CNN has its headquarters. But furious NBC chiefs will be unable to block the CNN camera which is set to broadcast live events to 197 countries.

The broadcasting coup was arranged in a deal between CNN and Paul D'Agness, owner of the bar. It was less than four months ago that CNN - desperate to find good camera

points outside the stadium - spotted the bar's potential.

"We decided to go for it," Mr D'Agness said, "and agreed a deal with CNN using the roof for live broadcasts for no charge." Just one catch: CNN will always have to announce the deadline that they are broadcasting live from the roof of Paul's Bar overlooking the Olympic Stadium.

Mr D'Agness is straightforward about the commercial logic: "It was an opportunity to get free worldwide publicity like the one of which money could not buy."

Meanwhile, he has not sold himself short in financial terms. Mr D'Agness reckons his profits from the Olympics will "exceed one million dollars".

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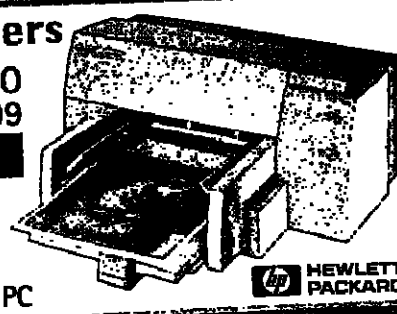
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4. Copyright in all photographs submitted is retained by the photographer. 5. Prizes will be awarded on 21 July 1996. 6. Judges' decision is final. No correspondence will be entered into. 7. If your photograph is selected for inclusion in the book you will be contacted by 21 August 1996. 8. Receipt of postage is not receipt of delivery. 9. Prizes will be awarded to the photographer. 10. We reserve the right to alter photographs and may treat them as "works of art". 11. Prizes will be awarded within 30 days.

SO GET OUT THERE AND SNAP THE WINNER!

Ionescu: the essence of politics

John C. Campbell

George Ghița Ionescu, political scientist: born Bucharest 21 March 1913; General Secretary, Romanian Commission of Armistice with Allied Forces 1944-45; Counsellor, Romanian Embassy, Ankara 1945-47; General Secretary, Romanian National Committee, New York 1955-58; Director, Radio Free Europe 1958-63; Nuffield Fellow, LSE 1963-68; Professor of Government, Manchester University 1970-80 (Emeritus); married 1950 Valence Ramsay de Bois Maclaren (died 1996); died London 28 June 1996.



Kuldip Singh

Kulbushan Pandit (Raaj Kumar), actor: born Loralai, India (now Pakistan) 8 October 1933; married (two sons); died Bombay 3 July 1996.

When in the Sixties she felt like retiring, Lund had to choose between Denmark and Iceland and she chose Iceland as the place of her childhood. Here she was received with



Engel "Gagga" Lund, singer and teacher; born Reykjavik, Iceland; 14 July 1900; died Reykjavik, June 1996.

DEATHS

SASBURG: Yoma, on 2 July 1996, peacefully, wife of the late Clifton Parker. Funeral service, Friday 12 July, 2:30pm, Slough Crematorium. All enquiries to F.G. Pym & Son Funeral Directors, telephone 01628 23822.

Birthdays

TODAY: Mr Dave Allen, comedian, 60; Mr Vladimir Ashkenazy, pianist, 59; Surgeon Vice-Admiral Sir Dick Caldwell, 87; Mr David Cappel, cricketer, 33; Professor Sir John Eccles, 75; Mr John Eccles, Sussex University, 58; Baroness Cox, a Deputy Secretary, House of Lords, 59; Mr John Cummings MP, 53; The Dalai Lama, 61; Professor Arthur Dickens, 80; Mr Peter Dinklage, 67; Mr Eric Forster, 68; Mr Peter Garsington, 67; Mr Timothy Harcourt, 67; Mr John Harman, Wesleyan Assurance Society, 64; Miss Geraldine James, actress, 46; Mr Jeff King, Jockey, 52; Miss Janet Leigh, actress, 46; William Lacey, 67; Mr John Lacey, general secretary, Institution of Professional and Civil Servants, 67; Mr John Makepeace, furniture designer, 57; Mr Elliott Morley MP, 44; Professor Barry Norman, 64; Mr John Phipps, 67; Mr John Phipps, Oxford, 77; Miss Mary Peters, athlete, 57; The Right

Rev Simon Phipps, former Bishop of Lincoln, 75; The Hon Jonathan Porritt, ecologist, 46; Mr Sylvester Stallone, actor, 50; Mr Joe Wilson, MEP, 59; Mr Robin Wilson, former Headmaster, Trinity School, Croydon, 64.

TOMORROW'S LEADERS (continued)
MP, Maine 51; **Rep., Northern Ireland** 51; **Mr. Christopher Beeny**, actor 55; **Sir John Gilbert Brown**, publisher 80; **M. Pierre Cardin**, fashion designer 74; **Lord Carlisle** of Buckle, QC, former governor 80; **Minister**, 67; **Sir John Colman**, Finance 68; **Estates Commissioner**, 68; **Lord Denman**, former company chairman 80; **Mr. Charles Dryden**, playwright, novelist and actor, 68; **M. David Faber** MP, 35; **Lord Farnham**, chairman, Provend Mutual Assurance Association, 65; **Mrs. Gretchen Franklin**, actress, 85; **M. Richard Fries**, chair, Charity Commission, 68; **Sir John Hedderley**, ambassador, 56; **Sir John Heddle**, general manager, former chairman of Norththill, 74; **Rear-Admiral John Grove**, 67; **Lt-Gen Sir Ian Hamilton**, 67.

racehorse breeder, 86; Major Richard Henderson, Lord-Lieutenant of Ayrshire and Arran, 66; Mr Michael Howard MP, Home Secretary, 55; Professor Tom Husband, Vice-Chancellor, Salford University, 60; Mr Tony Jacklin, golfer, 52; Mr Barry Jackson, Sergeant Surgeon to the Queen, 60; Mr Hamish MacInnes, mountaineer, 66; Sir

Christopher Mallaby, ambassador to France, 60; The Earl of Mansfield, barrister and First Crown Estate Commissioner, 66; Mr Gian Carlo Menotti, composer, 85; Mr Alessandro Nannini, racing driver, 37; Mr Bill Oddie, comedian and ornithologist, 55; Mr Philip Reeves, etcher, 65; The Hon Sir Steven Runciman, historian, 93; Mr Ringo Starr, musician, 56; Sir Adam Thomson, former chairman, British Colonization, 70; Sir Richard Turnbull, former Governor General, Kenya, 87; Professor Sir David Tweedie, chairman, Accounting Standards Board, 52.

Anniversaries

TODAY: Births: Nicholas I, Tsar of Russia, 1796; Karl Engel, musicologist, 1818. Deaths: St Thomas More, executed 1535; Henry René Alberti,

executed 1837; Guy de Maupassant, writer, 1893; Kenneth Grahame, author, 1932; Daniel Louis Armstrong, jazz musician, 1971. On this day: Louis Pasteur successfully treated a subject with his anti-rabies vaccine, 1885; Brooklands motor racing circuit was opened, 1907. Today is the Feast Day of St Dominica, St Goar, St Godeva, St Mary Goretti, St Modwenna, St Romulus of Fiesole, St Sexburga and St Simon.

TOMORROW: Births: Gustav Mahler, composer, 1860; Marc Chagall, painter and designer, 1889. Deaths: Richard Brinsley Butler Sheridan, playwright, 1816; 1929 Arthur Conan Doyle, author, 1930; Florence Robson, actress, 1981.

On this day: Hawaii was annexed by the United States, 1898; Kelvin Hall exhibition centre in Glasgow was destroyed by fire, 1925; the Vatican City became a sovereign state, 1929. Tomorrow is the Feast Day of Saints Cyril and Methodius, Saints Ethelburga, Ercongota and Sethrida, St Felix of Nantes, St Hedda of Winchester, St Palladius and St Pantaeuus.

Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons

The Annual General Meeting of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons was held yesterday at the Park Lane Hotel, London W1. Honorary Association of the College was conferred upon Miss B. Cooper, Dr F. Orozco Gonzales and Dr M.B. Willis. Mr R. MacPherson, Mr L.N. Martin and Mr J.R. Tindall were elected Honorary Fellows of the College. At a Council Meeting held afterwards, Dr J. MacPherson was elected Officer.

Professor R.S. Jones, President; Mr D. Thompson, Senior Vice-President; Dr N. Gomez, Junior Vice-President; Mrs P. Nute, Treasurer.

Royal College of Art
The Earl of Sutherland, Provost of the Royal College of Art, presided over the Commencement yesterday at the Royal Albert Hall, London SW7. The following awards were made:

Honorary Doctorates: Sir Terence Conran, President of the Design Council; Sir John Gollings, President of the Royal Society of Arts; Mrs. Charles Oldenburg, Miss Charlotte Perle, President of the Royal Society of Sculptors.
Fellowships: Mr Gillian Ayres, President of the Royal Society of Music; Professor Victor Margolin, Mr Nicholas Serota.
Honorary Fellowships: Mr Isago Cordemans, President of the Royal Society of Arts; Graham Clark, Mr All Dods, Mr Duffell, Mr John Gollings, Mr James Sumner, President of the Royal Society of Arts.
Professors: Gillian Naylor, Mr John Norris Wood, President of the Royal Society of Arts.
Professor John Stewer.
Fellowships: Mrs Dinah Canham, Mr Robert Coleman, Mrs Frances Coleman, Mrs Hilda Coleman, Mrs Margaret Hancock, Mrs Hilda Plummer, Mr Richard Rouse, Mr Patrick White.

How many thrones are there in heaven?

The problem with the York Mystery Plays was not that "God" was a woman; for God is always worth being reminded that God transcends all our human categories. The problem, or so it seemed, was the moment when the Virgin Mary was lifted high above the stage on a third golden throne to join God the Parent and God the Son. It looked as if she was being substituted for the Holy Ghost. Was this some over-subtle feminist ploy, or simply a misunderstanding?

Fortunately, the misunderstanding was mine. The York Cycle consists of nearly 50 plays, covering the Biblical story from Creation to the Last Judgement. The plays performed in York nowadays are a selection from these plays, adapted and welded into a continuous whole. The scene that had misled me was simply the result of the Ascension and the Coronation of the Virgin being compressed to save time.

But I still think that the three golden thrones were a mistake. For in heaven there may be only one throne, or lots of thrones. There simply cannot be three thrones in a room that is as small as the

How many thrones are there?" Even to ask the question seems absurd. It evokes the ghostly shade of medieval scholastic pondering the number of angels on a pinhead. But it is the job of theologians to notice the wit in applications of questions that appear trivial. That is how they make disembodied ideas live. Perhaps it matters how many thrones are in heaven.

So first let me state my thesis boldly. In heaven, there is one throne, which is God's. This matters, because the Christian God is trinitarian, but is not three persons. On the contrary, the doctrine of Trinity holds that God is one. The nu-

faith & reason

Watching the Yorkshire Mystery Plays, Dr Margaret Atkins, of Trinity and All Saints' College, Leeds, ponders other mysteries such as thrones in heaven and what they represent

ber of thrones in heaven represent
imaginatively, the way that God may
touch us in our ordinary lives.

At the end of the original York Cycle, the Son judges humankind as the representative of the Father. They are not two separate people, but two persons in one united "in will and work both night and day". When the Father sends the Son to suffer on earth, this is not the cowardly act of a tyrant getting someone else to

his dirty work for him. For the work of the Son is the work of the Father. That is why it makes sense to say: "God so loved the world that he gave his only Son . . . that the world might be saved through him."

The Spirit is the symbol of that unending flowing from the Father through the Son into the hearts of those who hear the Son's call. The York Cycle describes the Holy Ghost coming down on the disciples at Pentecost: "our minds with mirrour commend." The joy that the Spirit brings is the joy of the presence of God. The work of the Trinity is one. That is why there is one throne.

But the life of the Spirit is given to many. That is why there may be many thrones for all the other saints. Sometimes it seems as if the Church's hierarchy has been battling with charismatic outsiders for exclusive control of the Spirit. But the Spirit "blows where it wills," and can be claimed by neither priests nor prophets. The Spirit is at work in the daily lives of ordinary members of the Church.

The mystery plays were written and performed by and for working people. Each of the plays was the responsibility of a guild of craftsman; they were acted in the open air across the city, during the holy day of Corpus Christi. This year's production at York gave the plays back to the people: for once the cast was entirely amateur and local.

It was fitting, then, that the high point of the play should be its humblest moments: the innocent playfulness of Adam and Eve in paradise, the anguish of the gentle Abraham, called to sacrifice his beloved son, the knockabout humour of Noah's family, the characterisation of the Pharisees as "bishops". Here the play breathed with their original life: the Word of God was being communicated through the people, by the people, for the people. The Holy Ghost descended upon Jerusalem upon fishermen to enable them to teach and preach; and in Egypt upon tanners and tailors; and now upon solicitors and shop assistants.

There is, so to speak, a single throne in heaven: for the work of the Trinity is one. But if there are also many, lesser thrones, it is because the Spirit has filled the people of God, as they live their ordinary lives, and infused them too with life of the Blessed Trinity.

هكذا من الامس

The Independent Weekend



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Caroline Donald on ladies who shoot; Duff Hart-Davis on the gamekeeper's tale

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Why you should think twice before converting your loft into a bedroom

22-25
MONEY

Jonathan Davies looks at 30-year investments; plus that Energy flotation

26-28
LISTINGS

A comprehensive guide to weekend entertainment; Saturday and Sunday television and radio

My week

Paul Malcolm
Actor / lifer



He's in a band that just got signed, and now he's acting distant, yadda, yadda

There is nothing more miserable than a wet cat. Apart from a girl wearing high-heeled open-toed sandals and an angora sweater in the pouring rain. "I call this look drowned sex kitten," I tell Grace, who is trying to hail anything - cabs, buses, bikes. Finally, we find a night bus going our way. Grace, who an hour ago was riotously tipsy, is now just a tired girl with mascara running down her face.

The next morning, at ten past eight, I have to appear live on the *Today* programme and explain why *The Who's* Hyde Park concert is a bad idea. My skin is itchy from where the wet angora was rubbing. On air, the main thrust of my argument is that "Pete Townshend looks like Donald Pleasance and Roger Daltrey looks like a mad old lion". I'm clever.

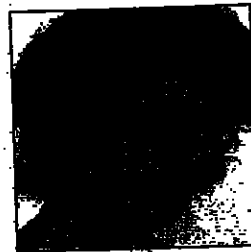
But, Lord, last night was exhausting. Patti has had her heart broken by a guy she didn't even fancy in the first place. "I'm fantastic. Why doesn't he want me?" The boy is in a band that just got signed, and now he's acting distant,

yadda, yadda, yadda. Just as she's moping her tears, Oasis's "Don't Look Back in Anger" comes on the juke-box. Bad timing, Noel. "Please don't put your life in the hands of a rock and roll band! We're gonna throw it all away." The table falls silent. It's not like this in an Anita Pallenberg/Marianne Faithfull convention, but that lyric chills us all.

Nikki and I go to the toilets but end up staring in the mirror until Grace comes to fetch us. First we practise pouting. Then we turn around. We are horribly transfixed by our own behinds. "My God," cries Nikki, "mine is all flat and weird. It's like a games teacher's." There are no words to express the hostility I feel towards my backside. I hate it mainly because, even in the mirror, I can never properly see it properly, so I don't know what it might be up to.

The girls drink up and we head for the late-litence drinking club that I've just joined thanks to the daft amount paid by a German magazine who wanted to reprint a piece I wrote.

EMMA FORREST

Saturday night
Sunday morning

Things I spent the money on: a Woody Allen *Bananas* poster, a pale-blue shift, a Lana Turner fluffy sweater, aforementioned exclusive drinking club. Things I didn't spend the money on: the phone bill, the rent, food. I'm like Rain

Man. I don't really understand how money works, or the price difference between a pizza and a car.

The most significant gift to myself was the club membership. My whole life, "Seventeen" by Janis Ian has been my theme: "To those whose names were never called/ When choosing sides at basketball." Or netball. Or rounders. Even though I had to pay lots of money to be picked, I still feel vindicated by my little purple club card. You like me, you really like me.

Club rules say you are only allowed to bring three guests. There are five of us. The smart thing seems not to go up to the desk and tell the lady very politely that I have two extra guests. Our plan is that Grace and Lauren should run up the stairs before anyone notices they've come in. Remember, we only left school last summer. We haven't quite adjusted. They are collared straight away.

"How many of you are there?" demands the terrifyingly elegant woman

at reception. "Three," I stammer. "I can see five of you." "Well, yes, now there are five." "Oh, there were three of you and now there are five?" Yes, by the power of physics, yes. "What's your name?" she demands. Oh my God, I'm going to get sent to the headmistress's office.

Obviously, this has happened before. I wonder if Alan Yentob did it, too. Anyway, she gives us such a telling-off that we have to hide in the toilets and gulp back tears. Grace is philosophical. "We look like teenage birds and her teenage mates who just ate in a crap Camden restaurant and got pissed on cheap red wine and spent half an hour staring at their butts in the mirror. Besides, you did break the rules." She has a point. We quit while we're ahead. Patti wants to go home and listen to Oasis, regardless of the almighty rainstorm brewing outside. I just want to go home. Why did I break club rules on the first day? Why didn't I wear a jacket? Why do fools fall in love? Moral of the story? Don't look back in anger, or wet angora.

Thailand's transvestite volleyball champs and other stories from the frontiers of the believable

What if he has an operation and grows breasts? The question was asked by an official of the Volleyball Association of Thailand, explaining their decision to ban from the national side two members of a gold-medal winning provincial team, most of whose players are transvestites. "If we travel abroad," the official reasoned, "foreigners might think that Thailand doesn't have enough real men for its team." The "Steel Women" are now established as the best provincial side in Thailand, and have grown a large following through their habit of playing in long hair, make-up and lipstick.

Wife-carrying goes international today, as the annual woman-carrying race in the Finnish village of Sonkajarvi opens its doors to the first time to competitors from abroad. Male contestants must each pick up a woman ("preferably someone else's wife" according to the rules) and run with her over a 235-metre course. The winner will receive his partner's weight in beer.

Eight South Africans have been jailed for burning a witch. A court in Northern Province passed 10-year jail sentences on eight men who had burnt to death a 71-year-old woman whom they believed to be a witch.

Police in Australia helped a witch-burning ceremony, which protesters had attempted to disrupt. The Scandinavian Society in Darwin were celebrating St Hans' Day, as they have done every year since 1973, with a bonfire. Feminists had hidden among the wood in protest at the witch effigy on top of the pyre. "It was the typical representation of a witch," said one of the protesters: "long hair, big wart on nose, the hat - all the negative sides of women." Police arrived when a fight broke out. "The Scandinavian Society had all the appropriate permissions to hold the bonfire," a police spokesman said.

Police disarmed a three-year-old in Southampton after a car chase. Scott Schillemore had a tummy ache when he went shopping with his mum and grandparents, so they bought him a plastic gun with a bright red muzzle. On the drive home, they noticed a police car behind them, but were surprised when officers in bullet-proof jackets jumped out and two more police cars blocked each end of the road as soon as they arrived home. Apparently, the police had received two telephone calls about a man with a gun in the car. After frisking the shoppers as they stood by the car with their hands on the roof, then searching their shopping bags, the police drove off. Scott doesn't play with the gun anymore because he is afraid the police will return.

A dead fish in the glove compartment was among the objects left by forgetful motorists in a worldwide survey by Budget Rent a Car. The list also includes a panting dog, complete with dog bowl, a hedgehog, poisonous snakes, a dead cat, a dead chicken, soft drugs, condoms, nude photographs, sexy underwear, £3,000 in cash, false legs, false arms, a glass eye, a ball of hay and a baby still asleep in the baby chair.

Police disguised as paramedics arrested drug-pushers disguised as clowns in Chapultepec park in Mexico City. They also arrested the park janitor, said to be the clowns' business partner.

Fat tart gains planning permission. Bakers in Frankfurt have been given permission to erect a 23ft high cake which they believe will earn a place in the Guinness Book of Records. Since the "fountain torte" will be over five metres high, it required planning consent. Ingredients include 2,000 eggs, 50kg of butter and two crates of marzipan.

Pigeons have been grounded in Switzerland. The Swiss Army has disbanded its corps of carrier pigeons after 77 years. A 100,000-signature petition to keep the birds in the air had threatened to force a national referendum on the subject, but pigeon-fanciers have accepted a compromise whereby the pigeons will still be available for research purposes at a military post near Bern. The petitioners had pointed out that pigeons are faster than cars over mountainous territory.

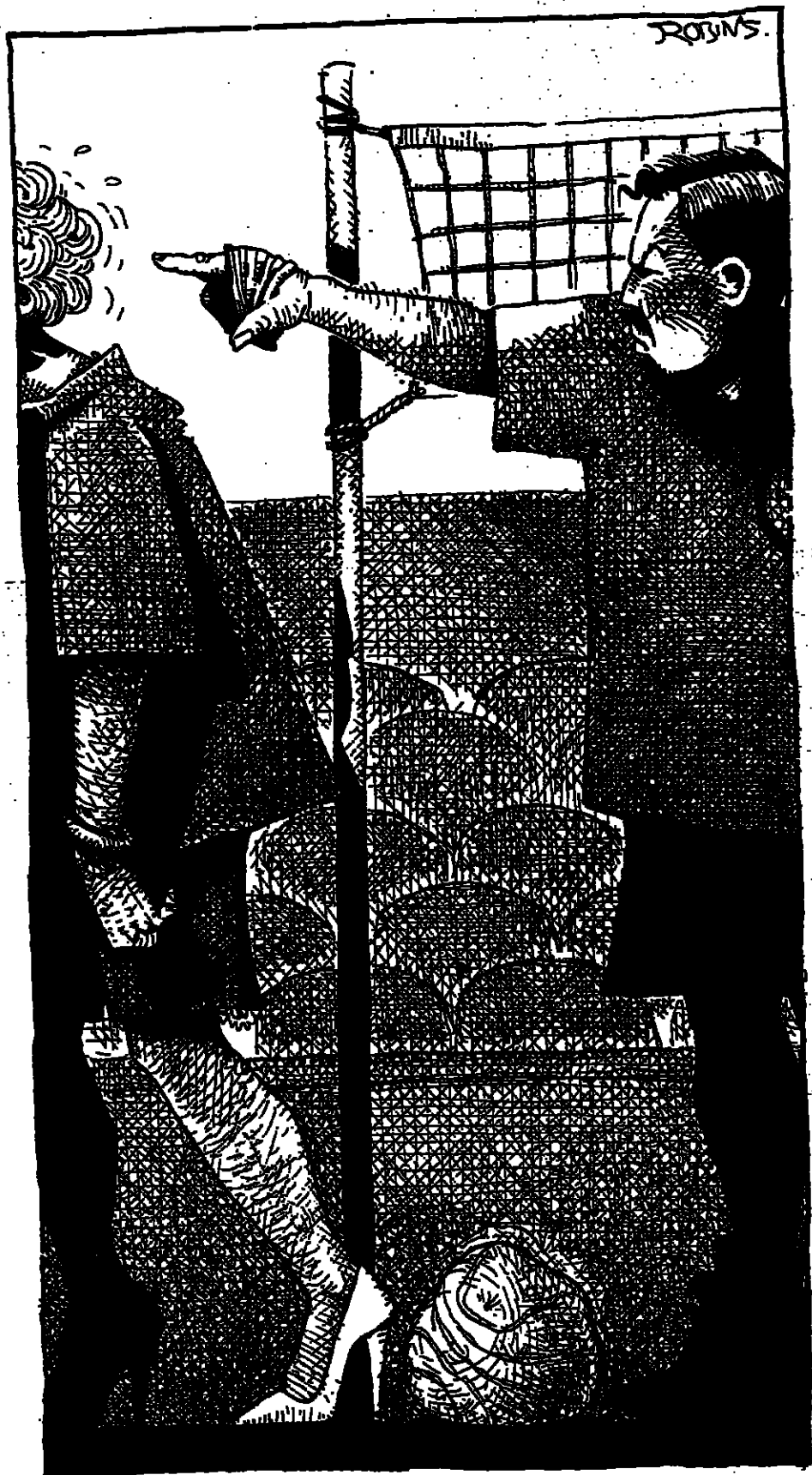
Put Bonitas Bostras Garlic on your barbecue. A pungent flavouring of that name has been marketed by the New Vaalre Farm Store in Johannesburg. Bottles went on sale at New York's UN building last week, with profits going to charity.

Srdjan Nikolic had a close shave after running away from his home in the former Yugoslavia because he didn't want a haircut. He was found balancing on top of an electricity pylon and fell off before he could be rescued. The boy was not seriously hurt, but his hair had to be cut to allow an examination for possible head injuries.

There are six more ferrets to fancy. Until recently, there were only three known strains of ferret - the white Albino, the brown Fitchet and the Sandy, but a report lists the Bronze, Mahogany, Sealpoint, Cinnamon, Silver and Dark-eyed White as recent additions which could create an explosion in the numbers of ferret-fanciers.

Judge finds for judges after judge complains. The Supreme Court in Buenos Aires has quashed fines imposed on 10 judges after a raucous party at a courthouse last Christmas. After complaints about the noise, another judge had arrived with police to restore order. Ten judges were subsequently fined a third of their monthly salaries by a tribunal for "conduct unbecoming the rank of magistrate". The appeal court overturned the verdict citing "constitutional considerations".

What do you buy a gorilla for his birthday? Koko the gorilla, who was 25 last week, was the first of her kind to use sign language and now has a working vocabulary of some 500 words. She was given, at her own request, a box of scary rubber snakes. Researchers at the Gorilla Foundation in Woodside, near San Jose, California, said that she doesn't understand that



line, so Pinter stood up and said "this is not my play" before storming out.

WEDNESDAY

After last night's performance I felt really miserable. Pinter laughed a few times, but I wasn't happy with the way it had gone. The way I was feeling I didn't want to meet Pinter at all, but the whole company ended up having a good discussion with him and Lady Antonia in the beer garden afterwards. Lady Antonia looked like she hadn't been in a pub for years. Tonight was press night.

THURSDAY

When I got back to the flat this morning it looked like a bomb site. I rehearsed with Neil and Simon, then it was back to the theatre. Tonight a group of 20 schoolchildren came along, which was great, but I still wasn't pleased. We're just not getting the right tension. Some audiences come to see us as a voyeuristic thing, but I don't want them to make allowances for us. I want them to leave gobsmacked. We had the usual postmortem in the beer garden,

then I got the tube back to the hostel.

FRIDAY

Tonight was the first time we had to worry about getting people in off the street, but we did and the play finally went well. We need to make enough money to keep the company going, because I know what it meant to me when I was inside and I want it to be there for others when they get out. I've been thinking about my friend Lee a lot this week. He's served 15 years and he's got another five to go. When he went inside he was barely literate, now he writes, acts, paints and sculpts. He's totally changed. These kind of productions help break down stereotypes about prisoners. I've done something that I can never forgive myself for, but I've got to keep on living. Hopefully, if people come and see *The Dumb Waiter* they'll realise that people like me are human beings, capable of good things as well as bad.

Interview by Lise Spencer.
"The Dumb Waiter" is at the Elcetera Theatre, London NW1 to 14 July. (0171-482 4857)

SATURDAY

When I was 24 I was given "life" for killing someone. I'm coming to the end of a 12-year sentence, so I'm living in a pre-release hostel. I started acting in *Wormwood Scrubs* but the Escape Artist Company really got going in Weyland Prison. There were five of us and we were very close. You get some extremely nasty, maladjusted people in prison, but you meet some great friends too. Audiences would come in once a month to watch us in plays like *Waiting for Godot* and *Accidental Death of an Anarchist*. We'd get a real adrenalin rush from performing, so it was terrible being locked up again. We couldn't discuss how it had gone without lying on the floor and shouting at each other from under the steel doors. I spent today with my girlfriend, Jessica, learning my lines for *The Dumb Waiter*. It's my first production outside prison, and starts next week.

SUNDAY

This afternoon I practised my lines in the park with Jessica. *The Dumb Waiter* is about a couple of contract killers and I

play Ben, who's a ruthless character. People say that lunatics are the best parts to play, but it's difficult to get under the skin of someone like that. I'm trying to introduce a flicker of compassion to the part. In the evening we went to see *Secrets and Lies*. It was very good, but it's still a big decision to give up a chunk of free time in the cinema. Afterwards we went back to Jessica's flat and played Cut-throat Gin Rummy, but we both felt a bit down. Tonight is our last night together. Up until now I've been free from Friday morning until Sunday night, but the Home Office has just changed the rules so I've got to go back to my hostel every night now until I'm released. You start to wonder where punishment ends and cruelty begins. We got to bed about 10.30pm and I worried about the production. We've no grants and we've all put a lot of our own money into the play, so success is vital.

MONDAY

This morning I met my probation officer, who said she can't do anything about the weekend curfew. When I got back to Jessica's flat the other Escape Artists had

arrived: Neil from Cambridge and Simon from Bath. We spent the afternoon rehearsing in the flat. In the middle of rehearsals we got a call from Pinter's assistant saying that he couldn't make it for press night, but would come tomorrow - which put us all in a panic. Jessica walked me to the tube and we tried to lighten the mood with a bit of banter, but when the tube doors closed they might as well have been prison doors - I felt totally sealed off again.

TUESDAY

I got up at 6am to meet my lawyer and the deputy warden of the hostel to talk about the weekend visits. They didn't turn up, and I had to leave for our last rehearsal. *The Dumb Waiter* was written in 1962, but it's still an incredibly powerful drama. Hopefully we can bring a certain menace and claustrophobia to the play from our experiences in prison. We spent a lot of today putting up the set and feeling nervous. Neil told a story about Pinter walking out of some production. Apparently an actor missed a



'But where was Jeremy Paxman?'

It's a common complaint levelled at the BBC TV information centre during 'Newsnight', usually from women with a certain quiver in their voice. But nothing fazes our team, even if it's a viewer angry that Cliff's impromptu gig at Wimbledon wasn't in the 'Radio Times'. Thanks for your comment. I'll pass that on!

It may have caused a few hot flushes among the blue rinses, but Cliff Richard's impromptu concert at Wimbledon on Wednesday made the staff at the BBC TV Information Office very tired. The phones, you see, started ringing from the moment the wrinkled one started glinting his tinted specs and waving his elbow in front of the royal box. The callers seemed to believe that the BBC was responsible for the rain that had stopped play and that, furthermore, they should have warned viewers that the Bachelor Boy was going to be on by printing it in the *Radio Times*.

The incident took place late afternoon, but related calls continued throughout the evening. "Get that man off!" cried one viewer over a cacophonous background wail. "He's upsetting my children!" A woman claimed she needed a copy on videotape for her dying daughter, and was most put out when told that they were unable to help. The information office can't distribute tapes of programmes and films, the copyright laws are rather strict on that point. Still, it doesn't stop the punters from asking for them. Someone even requested a copy of *Batman* at Christmas. They must have hoped it would be cheaper than going to Our Price.

The information office is the conduit between the BBC and the real world. In a windowless room on the third floor of TV Centre in Wood Lane, a team of between one and six beleaguered individuals deal courteously with the public. The walls are plastered with boards displaying phone numbers, names, addresses. Shelves buckle beneath reference books, leaflets and ring-binders of old copies of the *Radio Times*. Above the clock, a digital read-out says how many callers are on the line and how long they have been waiting. By the door, a bank of televisions silently shows the output of all the terrestrial channels: the public frequently ring in to complain about something on Carlton. The number handed out most regularly is that of Channel 4.

SERENA MACKESY



In another life

"It's like being in the Tardis on *Dr Who*," says Leonie Moore, manager of the outfit and veteran of six years' front-line action. "You can't see out, we have this central console covered in computer equipment and, particularly at night, the only thing you see of the outside world is what comes through the television and the telephone lines." These people pepper their speech patterns with visual, particularly televisual, images: after all, the basic qualification for working here is knowing more about television than anyone in the outside world. Knowledge which they disseminate with the patience of Job. The corporation's switchboard receives around 15,000 calls a day, of which this department handles around 10 per cent. Fifteen per cent of the callers are griping, 10 per cent are praising, five per cent "don't really know what it is they want" and the other 70 per cent are after information. That is around 85 completely unpredictable calls each hour on any subject from *Motocross* to *Postman Pat*.

Each call is logged, either as "comment" or "information request" on their computer system, with whatever reply was given. Over the years, they have built up an extraordinary database of televisual ephemera. "It happened inadvertently really," says Leonie on Wednesday evening, clicking her mouse at great speed as her staff faced the onslaught. "It was



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SECRETARY	RICHARD EMERY

a sort of organic growth. We used to have it all on a card index system, which was a nightmare: thousands of bits of paper. They're all in the cupboard because we don't want to throw them away. They're like old friends." Now, hundreds of thousands of pieces of information requested by the public over the years sit in the mainframe awaiting the moment when someone else will want to know the same thing.

The office gets its fair share of anoraks and people after quiz answers. There's nothing like a *Dr Who* fan for wanting to know the precise dates of all transmissions at 11 o'clock at night. "You have to be a bit of an anorak to work here," says Leonie. Like many people who work on the telephone, her colleagues have that uncanny ability to carry on two conversations at once. "What's the name of the actor?" says Nigel Hill, a librarian by qualification and four years into the job. "It was John Nettles. You're welcome. Good-bye." He turns to us. "I'm not an anorak. I'm just an informed expert." They all cackle.

Information, of course, is a blanket term as far as the licence-fee payer is concerned: everyone knows, after all, that the BBC is an omniscient organisation. Leonie once had a call from a woman who wanted to know where she could buy a nuclear fallout shelter with a cat flap. When Michelle Fowler failed to get married on *EastEnders*, five women rang to ask where she got her suit and they have had numerous requests for the telephone number of the Queen Vic. A man once rang from Calcutta to enquire about the weather at Lords' cricket ground that afternoon and a woman wanted to know if it would be safe to hang out her washing. And numerous people have wanted to know over the years if Tony Robinson was Anne Robinson's son. "Comment," as they studiously label the random complaints of the muffers on the streets, is religiously collated and turned into a daily log for the consumption of high-ups and programme makers. This isn't just a palliative exercise; considerably attention is paid to comment, both pleasant and

adverse, and adjustments are made as far as they can be. At the top of the rota comes scheduling (or alterations thereto), sports programmes and anything that gets high ratings. After that, it's a bit of a free for all. Past comment has included a complaint during the D-Day celebrations that the BBC was biased against Hitler and a stated belief that Marmaduke Hussey is a communist. "We get people moaning about the fact that Ireland has won the Eurovision Song Contest again," says Leonie. "As if we could do anything about it." Rather satisfyingly, the individual who garners complaints whenever he appears is Sir Bernard Ingham. Jimmy Hill, Danny Baker and Dale Winton figure high as well. Complaints soar when Jeremy Paxman isn't on. Nigel thinks it's a sexual thing. "It's always women, and they always have that tone in their voice when they say his name."

They are a close team. They have to be. "It's a stressful job and we're really the only people we can talk to about it: no one else gets the point," Jeremy Aspinall, a history graduate who has been at this game for 18 months, explains. One thing they absolutely don't do is admit what they do for a living at parties. Unless, that is, they want an hour's run-down on their interlocutor's personal sitcom bugbears. So they share their weirder experiences among themselves, prop each other up, have a lottery syndicate, and even went off to Paris together for a weekend last year. "Most of the people who call are really nice," says Leonie, "but it has to be said that some people who ring are completely insane."

By 9.30pm ample evidence of this is building up. Only two warriors, Jeremy Aspinall and the supervisor Brian Andrews, are left to hold the fort. It's like watching Canute holding back the tide: Wimbledon has overrun and cut into the athletics, everybody hates Cliff, one of the papers has given the wrong time for *Timewatch* and everyone who remembers Culloden has a pen'north to put in about the Stone of Scone.

Listening to Jeremy cope with whatever is thrown at him is an exercise in surrealism comparable only with *Supermarket Sweep*. The only predictable thing is how the call will start. "Good evening, BBC information. How can I help you?" After that, it's anybody's guess.

"I'm sorry, I don't have a telephone number for *Hearts of Gold*, but I can give you an address. Oh, do you know anybody who can write?" The chairman is Christopher Bland. The director-general is John Birt. Yes, I suppose if you called a member of staff an arsehole they might have cause to be offended... no, I'm not going to call the police on you but I can pass your complaint on. "Perhaps if you finish programming the video by pressing the power button, that might work. Oh, good. You're welcome."

Someone rings for the number of the speaking clock. "123, I think," says Jeremy. "No," replies the caller, "that only works in Britain. I need the number from Portugal." A rash of complaints about the same trailer comes from Bristol. It's quite common, apparently, for complainants to get their friends to back them up. Virtually everyone who was offended by *Oranges are not the Only Fruit* came from Manchester.

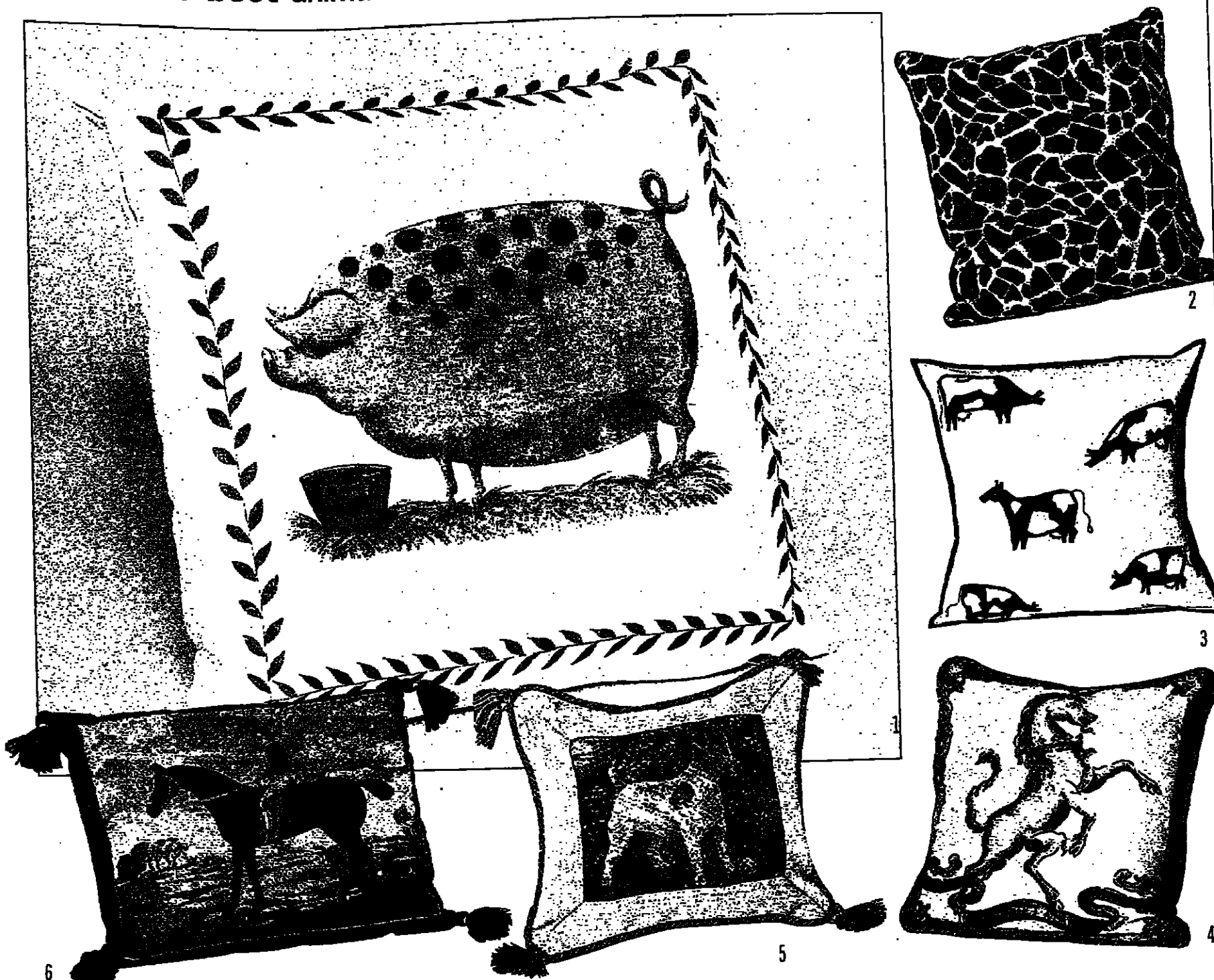
Leonie fields a call. "Hello, BBC information. Well, we don't have music on our answerphone because you have to pay a copyright fee every time you play a piece of music, and we receive so many calls that it would mean the licence fee would be higher. You're welcome." Meanwhile, Jeremy is nodding patiently. "It was stolen from Westminster in 1950? Thank you, I'll pass that on."

Brian, who has been sitting in a corner registering opinion with one hand and editing the log with the other, wanders over for a breather. We talk about the regulars, how they are more evident at Christmas and holiday periods. "Sometimes," says Leonie, "you find yourself on the tube looking at people and thinking, 'Did I speak to you today?'" "I once found myself next to one on the bus," says Brian. "I recognised him instantly from his voice: he had a terrible stutter. He used to ring up every week and ask which song the dancers were going to dance to on *Tip of the Pops*. He started trying to talk to me and I had to pretend not to hear."

Heart of an omniscient empire: a member of the team fields a call from the public (top); Leonie Moore, manager of the BBC information centre (middle); a Who's Who of the BBC hierarchy (left) Photographs: Nicholas Turpin

Six of the best animal cushion covers

Stylist: Julie Aschkenasy. Photographer: Tony Buckingham



1 Naive pig (£25 filled, price includes delivery). This portly pig is just one of a range of naive animal cushions which includes hens, ducks, cockerels, giraffes and elephants. Made from handwashable cotton. By mail order from A-R Interiors (0171 730 1536)

2 Giraffe print cushion (filled) from around £49. Tired of leopard spots and tiger prints? Try giraffe. This luxurious cushion feels like the softest silk and is the next best thing to having a real giraffe strolling around your sitting room. For stockists call The How Partnership (0171 359 2450).

3 Support British cows by buying this bovine cushion. The beauty of this graphic cow cushion is its stark simplicity. The cushion pad is nice and squiggy too. Call Bombay Duck for further information (0181 964 8882).

4 Heraldic Rampant Unicorn, (with curled feather pad) from £60 plus VAT. Scenic artist Julie Perren hand paints original artwork directly on to silk dupion. Not really one to lounge on – more for attracting admiring glances. Call Perren Design (0181 873 0339) for stockists.

5 Jack Russell cushion with tassels ref: mc58 (mini size Jappon 11"x9") £29 filled. This Jack Russell is one of a range of animal tapestry cushions inspired by antique designs. The ideal birthday gift for great aunts everywhere. Available from Sussex House (0171 371 5455)

6 Stubbs horse cushion ref: mc36 (£41 padded). Who says the only place for art is on the wall. Stubbs' "Gimcrack", circa 1765, works just as well in cushion form. It comes with a velvet back and tassels. The original painting is held in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge. From Sussex House, as before.

The thing about... speakers



You decide to improve your living environment with some new audio equipment: maybe the burglars have been in and had the old lot, maybe you're replacing your old Dansette, maybe you want to impress the chickens. Whatever, you go to your nearest audio emporium and approach an assistant. He (this is not a casual use of the pronoun) will look at you as if he's just unscrewed the overflow panel on the kitchen sink and come reluctantly from behind the glass cabinet full of Walkmans armed for battle.

Buying a stereo is a rite of passage: an ordeal everyone has to go through to achieve full adulthood. To leave an audio shop with what you went in for is to have taken on the world and won. Someone who works in an audio shop has one thing on his mind: his commission. He doesn't care that you live in a bedsit and haven't room for speakers eight feet tall and an amplifier large enough to give Indonesians serious fantasies about annexation. He will hit you over the head with channel statistics, get you behind the knees with wattages, deal the death blow with his tweeters, but he won't actually know what he's talking about. A customer is merely a pound sign.

The thing about audio equipment is that not only is it sold by wide boys, it's designed by wide boys. Anoraks may know everything there is to know about sound quality, but they know squishy zero about aesthetics. Would you put your interior decor in the hands of someone whose bedroom is plastered with Megadeth posters? And yet we continue to accept that the way stereos look is the only way they can look.

Speakers are the worst. One can accept that a certain number of flashing lights are a necessity on a CD player, but this belief that speakers should be seen and heard is hard to break. It is of course a hangover from the space age, when top technology was so exciting and so expensive that you

jolly well wanted everyone to see that you owned some. Nowadays, as we squeeze ourselves into ever smaller living spaces to make room for more redundant office blocks, you would have thought our priorities would have changed.

And yet, stereo equipment continues to look like stereo equipment. Only more so. The top end of the market manufacturers have grasped that design matters in gramophones, but ignore the real point. The catalogue for Bang and Olufsen's new Beosound range is full of quotes about this subject: "A revolt against indifference and black boxes. And the way things have become, you can hardly tell whether you're looking at a toaster or a typewriter." Lovely sentiments, but the product itself

CD player and long thin black speakers you can hang on a stand or off the wall at will – still looks like CD player and speakers. Infinity speakers look like solar panels: an obvious addition to your living room. Quad Electroacoustics have designed their speakers for sonic purity but actually a couple of granite grave-stones look awfully silly in the corners of the average kitchen.

Still, the tide could be turning. New interior design outlet Lady Daphne (145 Sloane Street, London, SW1, tel 0171-730 1141) carries a piece of stock that breaks the mould: speaker lamps. These gorgeous objects are exactly what they sound: a pair of graceful ceramic lamps – not a hint of modernism about them – which come in five colours or your own customisation. And sneakily hidden in the bottoms are a pair of 120 watt, 360 degree sound speakers. They are not cheap at £399 a pair but you're not going to get much change from £400 from Bang and Olufsen either. Plonk them on side tables in place of your Habitat ginger jars and mystify your friends. They sound great too.

Serena Mackesy

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shopping

Eighty years old and the doyenne of English country house style is still putting on the chintz

By Caroline Donald



Jean Monro: a natural inclination towards the right mix

Photograph: Edward Sykes

In other times and circumstances, Jean Monro would have made an excellent diplomat. During the course of our conversation not a bad word is said about anyone: the great and the good are, invariably, "a great friend of mine", and awkward questions are subtly deflected by well-rehearsed anecdotes that show her work in the best light. But after a successful wartime stint in military government, she became an interior decorator and joined the company established by her mother - Mrs Monro - which celebrates its 70th anniversary next week with a party for 400 at Christie's. Miss Monro celebrated her own 80th birthday last month.

Discretion is the name of the game in both diplomacy and working for the wealthy. Whereas Miss Monro (like that other "doyenne", Miss Muir, one would never dream of calling her Jean) is delighted to drop the names of her smarter public clients at regular points during our conversation - Moët et Chandon, the National Trust, the Bath Preservation Trust, Rio Tinto Zinc, the Foreign Secretary's residence at No 1 Carlton Terrace - she refuses, in the nicest possible way, to tell me the name of the villa she has just decorated in Italy, but reveals that Penelope Hobhouse, "a great friend of mine", has designed the garden. With contemporary security risks to take into consideration, this is a very obvious precaution, but it was also this discretion which won Mrs Monro and, later, her daughter, their first clients - friends who had admired the former's good taste in her own home.

Nowadays, influenced by the Americans who "regard you as a professional, like a doctor", having your home done up by a smart interior decorator is something to flaunt. "But the sort of people who were my mother and father's friends would have regarded it as rather an insult to hire a decorator," says Miss Monro. "They thought they would know themselves what to do. That is where my mother was particularly good because she was very tactful. I learnt from her how to deal with people who were rather grand and didn't really want to be told what to do." Indeed, it was not until after the war that Mrs Monro even considered being paid for her advice on top of materials and only now, as a concession to American demands, is the company bringing out a publicity brochure.

The "tact" learnt by Miss Monro applies not only to personal relationships with clients, but to the houses that are to be decorated. Whereas some designers like to impose their personality on everything, down to co-ordinated valances and waste-paper baskets, one of Miss Monro's favourite lines is that she does not like people to be able to walk into a room and say: "That's a Jean Monro!" Although her signature is the beautiful chintzes she uses for soft furnishings, her style is that of her background - Scottish descent upper-middle class - with a comfortable clutter of collected and handed-down furniture, "objects" and pictures, and a healthy disregard for fashion.

Her talent, aided by the unceasing love affair with the British country house style indulged in particularly by the Americans, has been to adapt

through the decades to clients from walks of life far away from the grouse moors - including banks in Chicago, a host of cruise ships and houses all over the world. "That is the great art," she says. "To suit the house and the people who live in it. You can be perfectly modern and still be very comfortable. One must never be rigid. You have to treat each house and customer differently." The glory days of chintz may have passed as a fashion but it is always easy to live with.

The doctor has now ordered Miss Monro to slow down a bit, following a bout of shingles, so she is planning on retiring from rushing around the world on active decorating work. But it is hardly a twilight life she is planning; she will remain a consultant for Mrs Monro and is planning on attending a painting course in the Luberon. Then there is a book to be written. Having already penned a jolly autobiography, *11 Montpelier Street* (where the firm was based for over 60 years), about all the marvellous friends she has made and delightful places she has visited in her work, this one will be full of handy tips for young decorators.

"Sir Joshua Reynolds wrote that taste does not come by chance, it is the result of long and laborious labour, which is absolutely true," she says. "A lot of people nowadays take short cuts and you can't. For instance, I went into a house not very long ago, and as soon as I came into the room, I thought, 'my God!' They had put the chair rail back but they had got it far too high and it upset the whole proportion of the room. The pictures looked wrong and the skirting

board too low. All these things are terribly important. It's rather like cooking: if you don't get the proportions right, you don't get the result."

Having a natural inclination towards getting the mix right is what Miss Monro refers to as having "The Eye". Colour is also important, and you must be prepared to adapt to the environment around you. Painting a north-facing room in Scotland blue, for instance, is a recipe for freezing disaster. "You've got to do your homework if you are dealing with a very good house. A lot of people, especially young decorators, who haven't had the chance to travel as much as I have, don't get things like the light right. What is good in Australia, won't be good in England and what is good in the south of France possibly wouldn't be good in Normandy or Brittany. I think one has to write the sort of book that will help because there are all sorts of dodges one learns over the years."

It would seem that some of those dodges have already been passed on. Miss Monro recounts how she recently saw a girl using a tape and handkerchief to measure how long a pelmet should be in a room she was decorating. "I said, 'where did you learn that?' and she said, 'my aunt used to know an old girl who decorates,' and I asked her where was that old girl, and she said 'in Montpelier Street'. I thought it was lovely. It made my day."

Mrs Monro, 16 Motcomb St, London, SW1X 8LB (0171-235 0326)

Nicholas Haslam,
interior designer
"Her look has been very strong, in a certain world, for forty years or so but it isn't current. The look she achieves - like a florist almost - was paramount some 10 to 15 years ago (and will doubtless come back). She has always achieved the most lovely colour ways with all her chintz. It's a pretty look without being saccharine. I think she is a wonderful woman."



Lise Crawford,
editor *Elle Decoration*
"Miss Monro invented big strong chintz. She is the grand dame of chintz. Because it was so immensely strong it will come round again. It's always the originals that have the come back factor. You can already see big fat flowers coming through in fashion for next spring. Interiors take longer to come around. But what goes around comes around; so watch this space."



Lady Jane Churchill,
interior designer
"I have used her fabrics. There were years when her chintz was very appealing. Now though people are now going for a much plainer look; it's had its day. Things move on, in the architectural world as well as the interiors world. You wouldn't want them to stay the same."



Nina Campbell,
interior designer
"Miss Monro is like an institution, so sound, she represents a type of interior design that is never affected by fashion - comforting and right. To me, she's like boiled eggs and soldiers. She's England's answer to Sister Parish. She taught me to appreciate classic chintz. Her own chintzes are beautiful and what I like about them is that they are never over used. She's the ultimate in discretion."



Anthony Little,
interior designer
"Miss Monro is a very important contributor to the revival of classic English country house decorating. She's such a great influence because of her thorough knowledge of interior design itself. Together with people like John Fowler and Philip Webb, classic English style is now internationally appreciated and, of course imitated. She's proved that design without knowledge and understanding just doesn't work. By appreciating very important areas such as composition, balance, drawing and colour sense, she's shown that design is not just about fashion but needs substance to make it last."



Min Hogg,
editor *The World of Interiors*
"Thank god for people like Jean Monro, who doesn't give a fig for the comings and goings of fashion, but who goes on producing and reproducing her unashamedly lovely materials that look so right in equally fashion-free English houses."



bazaar

Top ten

The Wimbledon Lawn Tennis Museum Shop is doing brisk business this week. Best sellers include anything in the championship colours: purple, green and white.

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|---------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1 Championship sweatshirts.....£29.50 | 6 Socks.....£4.00 |
| 2 T-shirts.....£12.00 | 7 Wimbledon teddy bears.....£11.50 |
| 3 Club colour baseball hats.....£5.00 | 8 Tennis ball keyrings.....£2.00 |
| 4 Championship towels.....£21.00 | 9 Wedgwood mugs with logo.....£16.00 |
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Customers: Bohemian, intellectual and earthy types decked out in faded smocks and oversized knit-wear. Mothers and toddlers will be found in the non-smoking cafe where both newspapers and toys are provided.

Best Buys: Grand Gourmet's escargot kits, £6.25 which contain impressive

looking snail shells, a tin of snails with a recipe for the butter sauce.

Worth trying: Laver Bread from Welsh Mountain Garden; a pesto sauce made from seaweed, £4.95.

Favourite item: Carolina Swamp Stuff's dressings and marinades, £3.95. Try 'Cedar Spray', coriander, lime juice and curry, or 'Blue Tick', a lively concoction of raspberries and poppy seeds.

Good thing

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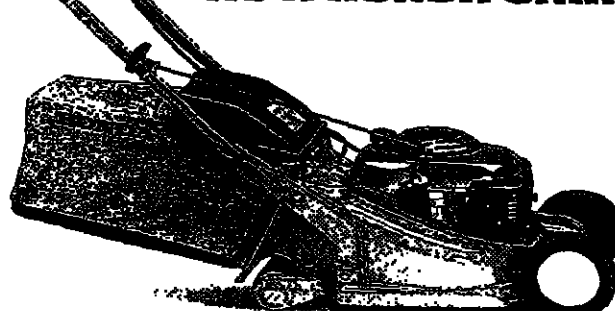
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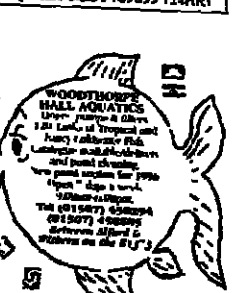
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A question of contrasts

Single colour borders are limiting and difficult to do well. Anna Pavord is in favour of a good mix

Your right to wear a mint-green polyester leisure suit ends when it meets my eye" said Fran Lebowitz in *Metropolitan Life*. I think the postman feels the same about the border by our front door which is planted with a solid mass of oriental poppies, all out now in shades of orange-red, red-red, and pink-red. He staggers theatrically past it, shielding his eyes with his hand. For the moment it's an all-red border. Mostly, the mostly is important. And when the poppies are over, the border will shift into a completely different gear, with tall tobacco plants in lime-green and white.

Single colour borders aren't my style. They may seem to offer a way of avoiding difficult decisions about what goes with what. But they are very much more difficult to do well than mixed borders.

White is one of the most difficult colours to handle effectively. Vita Sackville-West made it look dangerously easy at Sissinghurst. But the dead chalk white of a plant such as sweet rocket is hideous if used next to the much creamier white of a rose such as 'Nevada'. In a garden, the creamy-whites are much more easy going than dead-whites. They are accommodating neighbours.

Gertrude Jekyll preached that white flowers should be set off by touches of blue or lemon yellow, a gospel followed by Phyllis Reiss at Tintinhull where the white flowers in the Fountain Garden were thrown into relief against grey-blue and acid yellow.

Lawrence Johnston's "white" garden at Hidcote is similarly subtle. He didn't choose a dead white rose to fill the beds there but 'Gruss an Aachen', which has creamy flowers overlaid with soft pink. The white osteospermums and the white tobacco plants used in the garden are also both slightly off-beam. The one is overlaid with blue, the other with green. And the pale colours glow there against the dark backdrop of clipped yew and box. White gardens are infinitely more effective in shade than in sun.

But how limiting single colour gardens are. If you have masses of space, then it's no hardship to set aside a corner for a white garden or a swathe of wall for a blue border. But most of us don't have space. I want different parts of the garden to feel different, but single colour groupings cut out too many options.

The purple border at Sissinghurst encompasses every colour from red through to deep blue. In autumn the scarlet hips of the 'Geranium' rose are the best things in the border, adding great punches of vitality into what otherwise could be quite a heavy scheme. There are wine purple alliums,



Splashes of yellow from tobacco flowers and euphorbias contrast with an otherwise harmonious planting of blue-greens, silvers and pinks

Photo: Andrew Lawson

magenta geraniums, deep blue salvias and pale clematis 'Perle d'Azur' with irises and asters, penstemons and a touch of purple foliage from the smoke bush, *Cotinus coccinea* 'Folius Purpureis'.

It's an imposing scheme, but not one I'd want to live with. It's opera. You need to be wearing the right kind of socks. Dark rich tones are easier to live with if they are leavened with paler colours. The sedum, for instance, looks excellent with the pale striped foliage of *Sisyrinchium striatum* 'Aunt May' and the capricious spurred flowers of a columbine such as *Aquilegia longissima*.

Thinking only of colour can blind you to the rest of a plant's attributes – or faults. Flowers are one of the tricks that a plant can perform and it is a shorter act than foliage or form. If you

garden with single colour borders, you are much more likely to swoon on a plant because of its colour and overlook the fact that its leaves are as inviting as last week's salad.

Whether colours "go" will always depend on personal taste. I like the clamorous poppies, though the postman evidently doesn't. But they are all on the same side of the line that divides orange-reds from blue-reds. The magenta *Glaucidium* *byzantinum* that was left in the border by mistake is on the other side of the divide and looks spectacularly bad with the poppies. I haven't the heart to cut it down. Because it is growing in the wrong place, it is flowering with vigour. That often seems to happen with plants. The clump that is in the right place, among the long meadow grass,

has already finished flowering.

The colour of a particular plant can be used to reinforce the lines of a design – or to knit together areas of a garden that are unsatisfactory because of a bad design. Used this way, the colour is more likely to come from foliage than flower. The golden leaves of *Philadelphus coronarius* 'Aurea' fade to lime green during high summer, but can act subtly as a series of signposts through a garden. The dark foliage of *Clematis recta* 'Purpurea' will do the same thing at a lower level. So will bronze-leaved fennel.

For further information consult *The Gardener's Book of Colour* by photographer Andrew Lawson, published by Frances Lincoln (£25)

CUTTINGS



Roseclear has been a favourite with gardeners over the last 10 years for the control of pests and diseases on roses. Now it is to be withdrawn from the market. Zeneca, who makes the product, has been advised that Roseclear falls foul of the Government's new Pesticide Safety Directorate. Accidental splashes of undiluted product can cause eye irritation. Roseclear can no longer be sold, supplied or used. You can dispose of old packets through the Waste Disposal Department of your local authority. Contact your local Waste Regulation Authority for more details.

Gardeners can also use a free Roseclear helpline for details of how to return unused products via local garden centres. Telephone 0800 118822. I've never used Roseclear but am puzzled by the logic. It contains bupirimate, pirimicarb and triforine. Still licensed for use and recommended as alternatives to Roseclear are Nimrod-T, which contains bupirimate and triforine, and Rapid, which contains pirimicarb.

An exhibition of Dutch Flower Painting 1600-1750 opened on Wednesday at the Dulwich Picture Gallery, College Road, London SE21. When a single tulip bulb cost more than a town house, flower paintings became a cheaper alternative to the real thing. On Thursday at 12.30, Dr Richard Beresford, the gallery's curator, will be giving a talk on this "tulipomania" of the 17th century. The lecture is free but admission to the museum is £2. It is open Tues-Fri (10am-5pm), Sat (11am-5pm) and Sun (2-5pm). The exhibition continues until 29 September.

Next weekend (12-14 July) the gallery is also running a flower arranging competition, entitled Dulwich goes Dutch. For a fee of £1 (or £2.50 for a combined gallery ticket) you can see the contenders in the five different classes, including one called Dutch Masterpiece and one for children.

WEEKEND WORK

Shrub roses that have finished flowering, such as 'Fruhlingsgold', can be hard pruned. Count the number of lush new young stems sprouting from near the base, then take out a similar number of old, dark twiggy branches entirely. Lift and divide bearded irises that have finished flowering, though only where the clumps are

particularly congested. Dig them up carefully, cut out and throw away bare sections of rhizome and replant the newest pieces, each with a hand of leaves sprouting from it.

Sow forget-me-nots and sweet williams for next spring and summer. Nip off the tops of broad beans to discourage black fly. Thin out

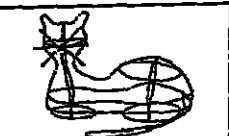
parsnips, leaving plants 9-12in apart.

Cut down the flowered stems of aquilegias and sweet rocket before they shed seed. Dead head roses, snipping just above the first true leaflet on the stem below the flower. Keep picking sweet peas. They will quickly stop flowering if they are allowed to go to seed.

gardening

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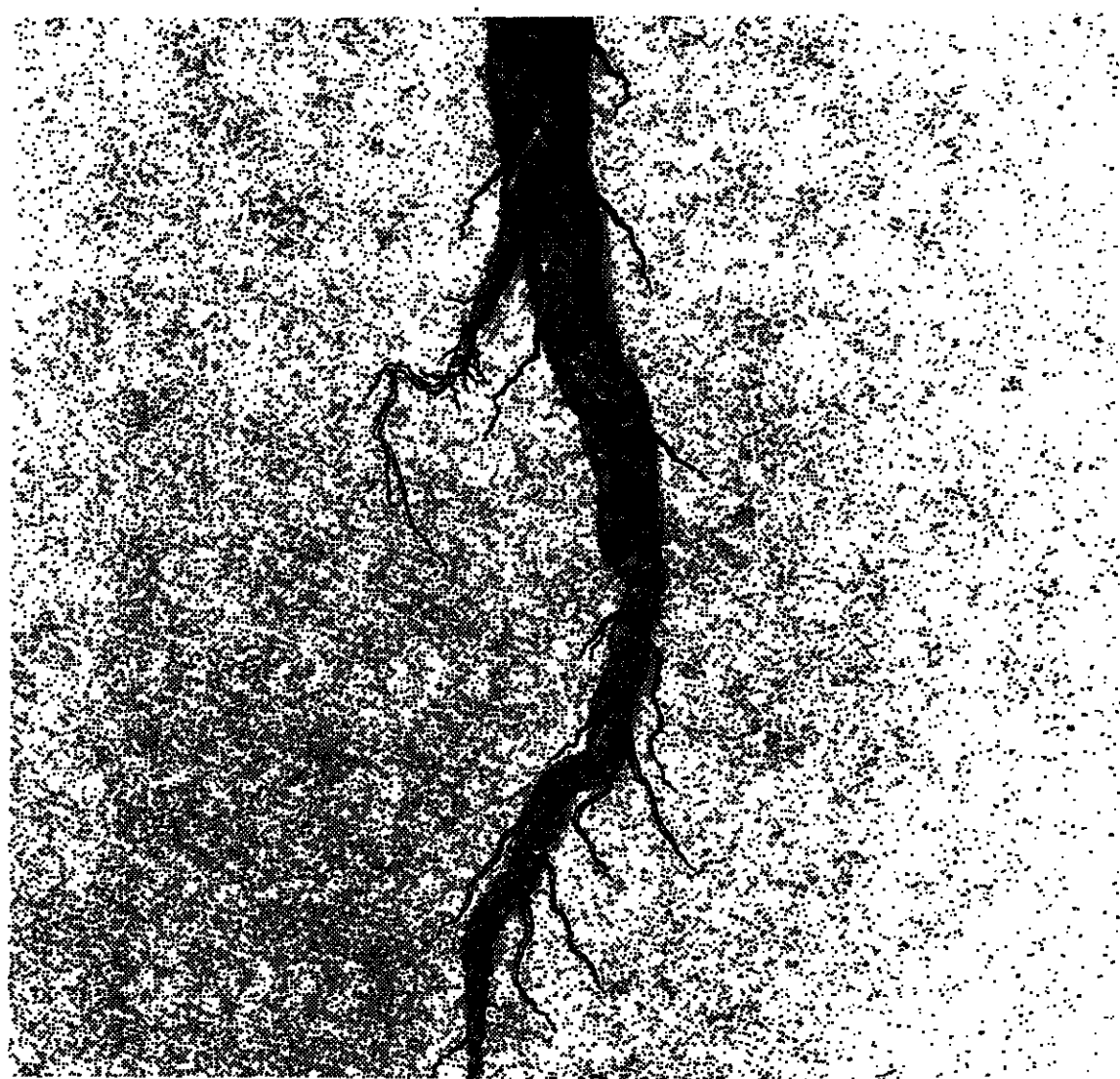
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Not even Mozart could redeem a shoddy performance by Rosas. By Louise Levene

Woa! Slow down a minute. Jasper Rees suffers from plot fatigue after only three episodes of the soap that lends new meaning to the words 'tangled' and 'web'

that likes to sew as many plotlines as possible through a threadbare cast of characters, Dean arrested his girlfriend Lane? When he was removed from the case, it was the one moment *Savannah* came even remotely adjacent to reality.

The presence of Ray Wise, who was once Laura Palmer's father and here plays Reese's, hints at the more warped take on parochial intrigue *Savannah* is striving for. But falling between *Dallas* and *Twin Peaks* is a hell of a hole to disappear down.

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All you need to know about the books you meant to read

by Gavin Griffiths

LE GRAND MEAULNES by Alain-Fournier (1912)

Plot: A semi-autobiographical fantasy narrated by the limp François Sorel. Sorel enjoys a reclusive rural childhood until young Meaulnes turns up. Full of mischievous energy, Meaulnes seeks something beyond the usual run of experience and is prone to adventures. From one of these he returns preoccupied and taciturn, having stumbled across a country house during an engagement party and fallen in love with a young woman, Yvonne. Years later, Meaulnes bumps into the fiancé of the party Frantz, and pledges to help him track down Valentine, his betrothed, who ran away before marriage. Meaulnes marries Yvonne but deserts her soon afterwards to search again for Valentine, leaving Sorel to care for Yvonne. She dies in childbirth. Meaulnes returns but it is clear that he had found Valentine prior to his marriage and had slept with her, even driving her towards prostitution. Collecting his child, he wanders off, once more in pursuit of Valentine. Sorel finds himself alone again.

Theme: The pursuit of the unobtainable.

Style: Muted "magical realism" with characters afloat in a symbolist landscape that reflects their fathomless isolation.

Chief strengths: The sentimentality is kept in check by Alain-Fournier's choice of a damaged narrator whose resentful spite underscores the novel.

Chief weakness: Most readers would like to give the characters a good shake and tell them to snap out of it.

What they thought of it then: Critics tended to find the implausibilities overwhelming and in 1913 the book failed to clinch the Goncourt.

What we think of it now: Alain-Fournier is regarded as a poor man's Proust, strong at heart, but soft in the head.

Responsible for: The Vaseline lens technique and shimmering light of the Sixties film directed by Jean-Gabriel Albino.

Who's reading whom

Jeffrey Archer finds mastery skills in the short stories of F. Scott Fitzgerald



It's 15-20 years since I read Scott Fitzgerald, but on the publicity tour in the US for *Fourth Estate*, I picked up two collections of short stories. *The Diamond as Big as the Ritz* and *Bernice Bobs Her Hair*. His technique is seamless. He has that almost indefinable ability to make you turn the next page and bind you into his stories. I have never read anyone who observes so well the subtleties of the ego: thus an actor who "lent backwards in order to see his visage in the chandelier". But I admire him most of all for the risks he takes. Writers create artificial dialogue. Fitzgerald – and I'm thinking of a love scene in "May Day" – shows extraordinary nerve and tenderness in reproducing it as it is in real life.

Close encounters in the wilderness

Richard Mabey marvels at the intrepid exploits of Victorian naturalists

Bright Paradise: Victorian Scientific Travellers by Peter Raby
Chatto, £20

To travel hopefully as a naturalist in the Victorian era was to arrive. Regardless of destinations, it was chance encounters in the wilderness that fuelled the collective fantasies of the age: fabulous new species; savages, noble and grotesque; gruelling obstacles against which the superior moral fibre of the European races could be tested. But as Peter Raby demonstrates in this fascinating and thoughtful survey, there was another, more purposeful project: nothing less than the cataloguing of the entire living world.

Throughout the 18th and 19th centuries scientific exploration was driven largely by economic and colonial ambitions. In the Victorian period, there was also a fundamentalist edge to the quest: could European man prove his title to the world's estates? The penetration of the rain forests in Australia and the New World had raised the thrilling possibility of glimpsing Eden, nature – and perhaps even man – in a primeval state. And that might lead, inexorably, to the unraveling of two more great conundrums: the age of the earth, and the origin of species.

Many of the travellers, like Sir William Hooker of Kew and the archetypal great white hunter Du Chaillu seemed to find the physical endurance required on these quests for biological grails invigorating. In Australia in 1848, Thomas Huxley ate tea and chops under an opossum-skin bivouac. Charles Waterton slept night after night with one foot trailing from his hammock in the hope that a vampire bat would come along and suck his blood. Many paid for their derring-do with bouts of malaria and dysentery. Mould attacked their specimens and insects ate their paints.

But the repeated shocks to their cultural preconceptions were even greater. When Charles Darwin first encountered naked Fuegians during the Beagle's voyage he was aghast. "I could not have believed how wide was the difference, between savage and civilised man. It is greater than between a wild and domesticated animal." The stock response was paternalism, symbolised at its bizarre extreme by the Philanthropic Expedition, of 1841, a vast improving circus of public health engineers, missionaries and scientists who descended on the hapless inhabitants of the Niger.



Biting the bullet: a Victorian hunter comes to a sticky end, from Paul du Chailu's 'Exploration and Adventure' in Equatorial Africa (1861)

More often the concern shown for indigenous peoples was little more than a self-interested gesture. The Niger rapidly became a trading route, what Raby tellingly calls "an imperial byway". European values roared down it in one direction, and African booty – plants, animals and minerals – stole out the other. The arrogance and scale of the collection business was prodigious. Du Chaillu flogged his captive gorillas if they "sinned"; whole forests were cut down simply to make their orchids easier to gather. Every place seemed to have its own idiosyncratic lilies, finches, tribal peoples, there for the picking. The irony was that this global plunder began cumulatively to build up a picture of the natural world as not just diverse but marvellously interdependent and adapted. The explanation was beginning to look

inescapable but heretical, and when William Hooker wrote to Darwin from the Himalayas in 1849, he displaced the question hanging in his and every explorer's mind onto the teeming rhododendrons he was collecting: "(they) always are asking me the vexed question, where do we come from?"

The answer was not long arriving from the Malay Archipelago. Alfred Russel Wallace was ill and possibly delirious when a vision of "the survival of the fittest" suddenly flashed upon him. He had seen the profuseness and difference of natural life in the islands, and realised that "in the very process of this modification the unmodified characters and the clear isolation of each new species would be explained".

This was the explosive burden of the paper that landed on Darwin's doormat

in June 1858. It is fruitless to argue which of the two "discovered" the mechanism of natural selection first: but Wallace bedded his elaboration of the theory in an altogether more benign view of nature and mankind than Darwin. He adored the tropics, and was convinced that their wonderfully intricate ecosystems "were not made for man alone". He loved their native inhabitants, too, whom he found more graceful, ethical and democratic than Europeans.

Almost alone amongst the Victorian travellers, he was able to empathise with native people and, as with the Aru (who found the word England – "Unglung" – unpronounceable gibberish) see himself through their eyes. It is one of history's intriguing "what ifs": what might have followed if the theory of evolution had been elaborated by

this generous, idealistic man rather than the dystopian Darwin.

Wallace is, understandably, one of Peter Raby's favourites. But it is Mary Kingsley who is the most endearing character in his book. She had a deep affection for African people, landscapes and wildlife (she warded off leopards by lobbing crockery at them rather than shot), and her celebration of them – written in wonderfully funny prose that both imitated and mocked the heroic travel narrative – is one of warmer legacies of Victorian exploration.

For the most part, we are still grappling with the dilemma discovered in the heart of darkness. Are wildness, naturalness, "primitiveness", qualities that need to be redeemed by civilisation, or something we need to rediscover in our own societies?

The good, the bad and the one with the shiny bald head

Edward Pearce is intrigued by the idiosyncratic details in the latest instalment of a British institution

The Dictionary of National Biography is a glorious national shrine to which new extensions are added by the Dean and Chapter every few years. Conformity of shape is attempted. A paragraph near the end tells us what the politician, trombonist or neurosurgeon looked like – "average height and had a rufous complexion and a sunken bald pate." (Sir Robert MacIntosh, Professor of Anaesthetics at Oxford) – "medium height and fair-haired with striking blue eyes." (F.W. Faish, the economist).

Occasionally copy accelerates: "She was physically somewhat clumsy with a rather loud, commanding voice." Noel Streetfield. Once in a while it goes clean off the road: "Very tall, six feet six inches, with a shining bald head, shaved on the advice of Vidal Sassoon, (he) wore a large diamond in one ear and several bracelets on his wrists... His other enthusiasms included the music of Richard Wagner and tenpin bowling. He was unmarried."

This is Teddy Tinning whose first

The Dictionary of National Biography
1986-1990 ed C S Nicholls
Oxford University Press, £50

names were actually "Cuthbert Collingwood" after his ancestor, the admiral. Similarly, family connections are all over the place. The composer, Peter Racine Fricker was a descendant of the Frenchman who made 2000 lines of Alexandrines sound like 5000. But many have satisfyingly low origins: the father of the *Mirror* Editor, Sydney Jacobson, was an unsuccessful ostrich farmer. Harold Macmillan however was only the great-grandson of a crofter.

Concision imposes hilarity upon facts not in themselves hilarious: "(Her) upbringing in an all-Jewish family generated no interest in motoring beyond her training as a Woman's Auxiliary Airforce driver." (Sheila Van Damme) or "A chain-smoker, she was small, red-haired and untidy and claimed to have been one

of the first women in England to wear shorts" (Dora Russell).

This biographical shrine has out-houses and portakabins put together by many hands, some of which, like Kingsley Amis, have themselves since died. Here posthumous copy makes no difference, but old obituaries can be lethal. Bill Deedes knows how to let the knife slip on purpose. "His aloofness" he wrote of Henry Cotton, "lost him popularity with contemporaries, and his strong will brought him into conflict with golf's rulers, but he rarely deviated from his chosen course." Moira Shearer is succinct about Robert Helpmann: "Many found him amusing but not witty; his humour was always sharply malicious at the expense of others."

There isn't enough of this in the DNB. You have to work hard to be as roundly abused as "STONEHOUSE John Thomson, politician and confidence trickster". Establishment understanding predominates. The atrocious George Kennedy Young – for whom Mussolini would have been a wet, and an

Eytie at that – is let off with "his attraction and influence lay in his total independence of outlook".

Many contributors share a trade with the dead. For actors, this can intimate assassination, but for lawyers means that Mr Justice Flagelator-Smith was really a genial companion over the Middle Temple Madeira.

Trade unionists are not much less cushioned. There can have been few stupider, more cowardly or more mediocre men than David Bassett for whom the phrase "not up to it" was a euphemism. Yet his intrusive style of leadership becomes "the view that trade union leaders had a right and a duty to participate with government in developing policies designed to improve economic performance and reduce social inequality". His campaign to save Labour from the leadership of Denis Healey is omitted.

The best entries are the loving ones. Witness Rachel Trickett on Lord David Cecil – "elegant and at the same time spontaneously gauche, continually in

motion from the twirling thumbs to the enthusiastic forward lurch", but also "what he possessed he wanted to share, and he had been given precisely the gifts to enable this". Occasionally, grand praise looks exactly right. The ancient historian, Arnoldo Momigliano – is apostrophised as "widely held to be the most learned man of his age".

But the great flaw of the DNB is that the dead obtain, through the attentions of their peers, a Court treatment of their own. Once in this establishment, everyone gets establishment status. But then why not? They are all dead and how poignant is their passing – "She died on 8 August of Alzheimer's disease in Woking Surrey: he died at home in Ayr, of cancer 10 June 1988"; "died 14 November 1990 after a long decline and was buried near his father"; "it is likely he died as the result of accidentally taking an overdose of painkillers" – thus are Audrey Russell, William Ross, Malcolm Muggeridge and Kenneth Williams assembled for the DNB by Death the Egalitarian.

SALMAN RUSHDIE



THE MOOR'S LAST SIGH

'A triumph'
SUNDAY TIMES

'A wonderful book, gorgeous in colour...wildly funny'

INDEPENDENT ON SUNDAY

'A writer of breathtaking originality'

FINANCIAL TIMES

'Endlessly inventive, witty, digressional and diverting'

OBSERVER

'The Moor's Last Sigh has colossal imaginative reach'

IAN MCEWAN

WINNER OF THE WHITBREAD NOVEL OF THE YEAR AWARD

Getting the Abbey habit

Patricia Craig reads the diaries of an Irish grande dame

As soon as her terrible eye fell upon him I knew she would keep him... This moan of the symbolist Arthur Symonds was uttered to the father of the poet, John Butler Yeats, and he in turn repeated it in a letter to his daughter Lily; the "terrible eye" was of course Lady Gregory's, and in fact the occasion referred to – in 1896 – wasn't the first time it had alighted assessingly on W.B.Y. The two had first come face to face a year or so earlier, at the Hammersmith home of William Morris, and the impression then made by Yeats was noted by the diarist: "looking every inch a poet," she records admiringly. Their second meeting – the one bewailed by Symonds – takes place, by chance, in Co Galway, and the next minute Lady Gregory is out ransacking the bogs and glens for fairy lore. She has found a lifelong enthusiasm. Soon Yeats is invited to Coole Park, ancestral home of Lady Gregory's husband (d. 1892), comes for two months and never outstays his welcome.

Augusta Gregory has gone down in literary history as the co-founder, along with Yeats and Edward Martyn, of the Irish Literary Theatre, later the Irish National Theatre Society and then simply "the Abbey", after its venue in Dublin. A member of the Protestant upper-middle class in Ireland, she married at 27 an old land-owning gentleman of 62, bore him a son, Robert, and after his death turned herself into a kind of Queen Victoria figure, in perpetual widow's weeds. George Moore has mentioned the way she wore her hair parted plainly in the middle, and smoothed over her ears; and the accompanying "Protestant high-school air" which somewhat got his goat. She divided her time between London and Coole, in the West of Ireland; and spent a lot of it resolutely going into society – her diaries before 1897 would be considerably reduced if you took away the names of the nobles who keep inviting her to dine. Nothing about Lady Gre-

Lady Gregory's Diaries
ed by James Pethica
Colin Smythe, £35

gory's life, at first, is either purposeful or enthralling. Then Yeats comes on the scene, down to his last half-crown and incorrigibly entangled with Maud Gonne; and things take a more productive turn. The author of an anti-Home Rule pamphlet (1893) is about to find her niche at the centre of a campaign to restore dignity to Ireland.

In the effort to do her bit for Ireland as thoroughly as possible, along with Yeats and the others, Lady Gregory even undertook to learn the Irish language – though it's hard to judge exactly how much headway she made. For her retellings of tales from the Red Branch and Finian Cycles (*Cuchulainn of Muirthemne*, 1903, and *Gods and Fighting Men*, 1904) she worked from translations, and imposed her own eloquent Irish-English vernacular over the whole thing. "Kiltartane" is the term, after a village not far from Coole; it's as facetious as Synge, but without Synge's narcotic power. She wrote plays in it too, a circumstance that led in the end to the entire Abbey programme being assessed by mockers in accordance with its "PQ" (peasant quality) quotient.

Lady Gregory is quite easily viewed as a figure of fun, as she goes about overestimating the rapport between herself and the Irish poor, failing to see spirits with AE at Coole – "Anyone could see them, he says, who can detach their mind from the ordinary business of life" – and giving way to exasperation with friends' inferior wives – "Mrs Russell very untidy and dirty and hard in manner." For all that, she was never merely a hanger-on of the Revival but one of its architects. She lived in interesting



Queen of Coole Park: Lady Gregory was "at the centre of a campaign to restore dignity to Ireland"

times and found herself often at the forefront of some great literary event, like the "Playboy" furore of 1907 (when Synge's language affronted not only the first-night audience who couldn't stomach the word "shift," but also the Catholic sensibilities of Edward Martyn, who swore to George Moore that he'd never set foot in the Abbey again.)

If she is herself only a writer of the second rank, she wasn't parsimonious with her energy and industry, but placed them at the service of everyone she considered worth-

while. With certain aspects of the Revival – such as its folklore side – it's hard to tell where her role ends and Yeats's begins. These diaries peter out, unfortunately, just as the Literary Movement is getting into its stride, though a few additional scrappy entries take us up to 1909. They show Lady Gregory in an everyday guise not the egregious grande dame of Coole, but a conscientious friend and mother, subject like everyone else to boredom and anxiety, beset at times by domestic problems, rats and faulty plumbing.

The never ending story

Hugo Barnacle ponders a prolix American satire

Infinite Jest

by David Foster Wallace

Little, Brown £17.99

David Foster Wallace's ambitious, accomplished, deeply humorous but derivative and practically interminable second novel is set in an imaginary America of the near future where the pursuit of happiness through self-indulgent consumption has brought society even closer to total breakdown than it is at present.

One can't put an exact date on events because the *Organisation of North American Nations*, a bloc made up of Canada, the US and Mexico (official seal: "a sombreroed eagle with a maple leaf in its beak") has abandoned the old Christian calendar in favour of Subsidised Time, a system where each year is named after a commercial product at the discretion of the highest corporate bidder, starting with the Year of the Whopper when Burger King won the first franchise a decade back. The Statue of Liberty brandishes a giant replica of the chosen product. This year, Kimberly-Clark (makers of Kleenex and other disposables) have won the bidding, and the statue is sporting incontinence pants to mark the Year of the Depend Adult Undergarment.

The action occupies a couple of weeks in November YDAU, except for a few flashbacks and a puzzling prologue set a year later. Basically some fanatical Quebec separatists are trying to find the master copy of a film called *Infinite Jest* which is so absorbing that all who see it even for a moment are immediately and irreversibly

turned into drooling morons incapable of any activity but perpetual repeated viewing of it. The few known teleputer cartridges on which the film exists are read-only, so the master is a must if the Québecois are going to make sufficient copies.

Their fiendish plan is to addle so many American brains that the US President will have to nuke Canada in retaliation, unless of course the Canadians dissociate themselves by declaring Quebec independent. The clever part is that the terrorists know the Americans are so weak-willed and pleasure-dependent that they will be unable to resist running the fatal film on their teleputer viewers even when they know what it will do to them. The Québecois themselves have no interest in the film beyond its potential usefulness to the cause.

The book's final page-toll is in the four-figure range and not much of the verbiage is strictly germane to the plot. Key points are liable to be forgotten in the vast intervals between mentions, so hardly anything ever makes even as much sense as this summary indicates. The two main characters, Hal Incandenza the junior tennis star and Don Gately the recovering drug addict, only have indirect connections to the goings-on.

Hal's late father was the director of *Infinite Jest*. Gately, when still on drugs and engaged in crime, once unknowingly stole one of the rare cartridges from a terrorist leader's house and fenced it into circulation.

In the one-year-later prologue, a severely disturbed Hal remembers going to his father's grave with Gately to exhumate the master copy. This is odd, because at the end of the novel Gately apparently dies in hospital, after a more or less unrelated shooting incident, without ever meeting Hal or knowing anything about *Infinite Jest* at all.

Perhaps we are meant to assume he pulls through, but the hallucinatory imagery of the final passage is distinctly deathly in tone. (Perhaps I missed it – frankly the eyes start to glaze at around the 800-page mark – but no, I didn't. There is no meeting.) The book consists mainly of discursive stuff about tennis and game theory, addiction and the workings of the Boston Alcoholics Anonymous/Narcotics Anonymous groups, as well as giving life histories of droves of minor characters, and it is all brilliant and witty and moving but it doesn't half go on. And on. And, indeed, on. Plus there is the labour of looking up all the footnotes at the back, which vary from spurious to crucial. Many run to pages and, you guessed, have footnotes of their own.

The model for the book is Thomas Pynchon's *Gravity's Rainbow*. Sly references to it are included, but the influence is far too obvious to miss in any case. The unstrung pseudo-demotic grammar of the narrative, the occasionally bizarre surnames and mostly silly but symbolic acronyms (ONAN for one), the conspiracy format with grotesque elements, the love of unusual cars like the "mint-reconditioned" 1960s "art-object" that Gately borrows from his boss to do the grocery shopping, or the Canadian hot-rod that "lays down two parentheses as it 180s professionally in the middle of the street and peels out" for a chase scene; all these and other elements besides amount to an unmistakable pastiche of the work of the spectral Mr Pynchon.

Some of the dialogue is reminiscent of JD Salinger, but then so is some of Pynchon's. *Conspiracy* freaks like to insist that Pynchon is Salinger, and will no doubt claim that Wallace is another false identity and that the young man who gives interviews and poses for jacket photos is an actor.

Wallace, meanwhile, offers a wistful remark about brilliant second-raters who can only imitate others. Pynchon went beyond his influences and developed his own voice. Wallace seems to acknowledge that he himself, despite great talent, has yet to achieve this.

Paperbacks

Reviewed by Emma Hagestadt and Christopher Hirst

In the Arena by Charlton Heston (HarperCollins, £7.99) Heston's roles have rarely been a barrel of laughs and the same goes for this chunky self portrait. Yet his anecdotes should please the buffs, from de Mille speeding four days on a *Ten Commandments* orgy to Heston charging his horse at Peckinpah in *Major Dundee*. A rare irony occurs when he admits being only a "modestly competent" chariotier in *Ben-Hur*. "I guarantee you're gonna win the damn race," said his trainer.



The Pope's Armada by Gordon Urquhart (Corgi, £6.99) From 1967 to 1976 the author was a member of the Focolare Movement, an extremist Catholic sect which enjoys the blessing of the Pope. The techniques of this group – "love bombing", talking in jargon – are compared to the Moonies. Urquhart ended up, penniless and chaste, in one of the sect's communes, making apkin rings. A cool appraisal of the new Catholic cults, said to have a world membership of 30m, the obsessively detailed nature of this work suggests it may be an exorcism.



Travels in Imperial China by George Bishop (Cassell, £10.99). A splendid account of Pere David's three great treks through China, Tibet and Mongolia between 1862 and 1874, when the Basque missionary and naturalist discovered both the deer which bears his name and the giant panda. Alternatively frozen and broiled, David was threatened by cannibals and once deliberately poisoned but, like many modern travellers, he was finally brought low by a tummy bug.



Signed Confession by Ronnie Knight and Peter Pitts (Rocket, £4.99) The best-known member of the authorial duo is "serving seven years in HMP Blundeston" while the other half "divides his time between England and Spain". Their yarn concerns the efforts of an ex-SAS man to wreak revenge following the murder of his night-club partner and consists almost entirely of killings with dollops of graphic sex providing relief. Occasional archaisms – such as the heroine's "perfectly straight-seamed stockings" – add charm.



Gridiron by Philip Kerr (Vintage UK, £5.99) Philip Kerr's blockbusters are obviously pitched with a view to Hollywood. But the endearing thing about his latest thriller – the story of a computerized building in downtown LA that starts to kill off its occupants – is just how deeply eccentric it secretly is. *Deaths in the high-tech building* include confrontations with killer loos and skirmishes with killer bugs that crawl up female back passages. "Lowering Inferno" meets "Carry On Nursing".



That Bad Woman by Clare Boylan (Abacus, £5.99) The bad women in Clare Boylan's latest collection of stories, like the author herself, all share a quietly subversive streak. Whether it's the spinster whose illicit dreams of motherhood are ruined when confronted with a real live bundle of joy, or the housewife who decides it's time to re-ignite her dying embers, these women never quite end up in the relationships or beds you expect. Or they expect, come to that. Always surprising, energetic and fun, Boylan reads like the revitalized Fay Weldon.



The Two Deaths of Senora Puccini by Stephen Dobyns (Penguin, £5.99) Invited by their old school friend, Dr Pacheco, a group of middle-aged men gather in a candle-lit house to feast on veal and oysters, and tales of sexual conquests. But more interesting than their own reminiscences is the compelling history of their host's housekeeper, the enigmatic Senora Puccini. A wonderfully readable novel that serves up titillation and well-seasoned storytelling in double helpings.



To The Wedding by John Berger (Bloomsbury, £5.99) Packaged in a series of tender cinematic moments, John Berger's new novel follows the progress of a handsome middle-aged biker as he zips through Italian-French border towns (dressed in a leather jacket) on his way to his daughter's wedding – a daughter who, he's recently learned, is dying from AIDS. Easier to visualise as a film or a fashion shoot in *Vogue*, everyone and everything in the book is bathed in soft melancholic light. Novelistic inter-railing at its most seductive.



SALMAN RUSHDIE

THE INTERNATIONAL BESTSELLER

THE MOOR'S LAST SIGH

OUT NOW IN VINTAGE PAPERBACK

in the juvenile world

Cranking up the feel-bad factor

Teen fiction: Nicholas Tucker visits the lower depths



Pullman service: Carnegie-shortlisted, TH White-meets-Tolkien author Philip Pullman, photographed in his writing shed in Oxford

now." His *Dark Materials* (the title is a quote from *Paradise Lost*) is still unfolding. "It'll reach its moral in the third book. And it's very simple. Eve was right. The Fall is the best thing that happened to us. You have to eat of the tree of knowledge. In the second book we meet Adam, and in the third the temptation occurs - whether or not it's the fall we'll have to find out. I don't know what happens yet."

Rarely if ever have children been offered such a rich casket of wonders. *Northern Lights* stands up to comparison with both *The Once and Future King*,

TH White's tribute to Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*, and Tolkien's Norse-derived *Lord of the Rings*. It is, moreover, as well-suited to an intelligent eight-year-old as to an 18-year-old - or for that matter an 80-year-old. Indeed, in America, *Northern Lights* is being marketed as an adult book (its publishers have printed 100,000 copies) but if Pullman wins the Carnegie, a great many people will ignore the book because they will think of it as "just a children's book."

On the other hand, are today's children going to

be able to appreciate *Northern Lights*? My feeling is that, once they've opened the book and read the first page, they will. But 400 pages and a rather over-elegant cover could well put them off. In this context, winning the Carnegie, a sure signal of accessibility, would make all the difference. Without it, there is a danger that Pullman, like so many of our most talented children's authors, could find himself in that dangerous literary limbo of being thought too childish for adults and too adult for children. That would be a tragedy.

It is nearly always adults these days who complain about the frequent airing of depressing topics in children's books. Young readers themselves often seem to enjoy reading about bullying, drug abuse, homelessness, sticky divorces or whatever.

Whether this juvenile tough-mindedness will also extend to Gudrun Pausewang's *The Final Journey* (Viking, £10.99) remains to be seen. This veteran German author has made a career in writing genuinely horrific stories for children. Her last title *Fall-out* described a massive urban nuclear accident and the civil mayhem that followed. Her present novel is even more despairing. It tells the story of 11-year-old Alice's war-time journey in a cattle-truck on the way to the Auschwitz gas chambers.

Much of the story focuses on Alice's anxieties about the human excrement that gradually builds up in her carriage, finally swamping everyone whatever the different efforts individuals make to maintain their dignity. This is historically accurate as well as an effective metaphor for encroaching evil; it is also highly unpleasant to read.

Parents and teachers have to make up their own minds about the age children should be told in more detail about what finally happened to Anne Frank and other Jewish sons and daughters during those terrible times. In this story, Alice is furious when she discovers her grandparents had lied to her about the fate of her own parents, long since taken away.

But too much brutal truth too early can be wrong as well: pre-teenage readers could perhaps avoid such close descriptions of this continual nightmare until they have had some chance to build up sufficient mental and emotional strength to attempt to deal with it.

After that, Jacqueline Roy's *A Daughter Like Me* (Viking, £10.99) seems positively restrained although this too is a disturbing story. It features three girls aged between six and 13 whose mother has died and whose depressed father then disappears, having lost his memory. There is a lot of weeping in this novel, mixed with a certain sermonising tendency as the girls make periodic stabs at pulling their increasingly shambolic life-style together. It is a good but sombre story, sensitive to mood and personal weakness but sadly short of anything even moderately approaching an occasional sense of *joie de vivre*.

Animal energy in abundance can be found in Derek Smith's over-priced paperback *Frances Fairweather - Demon Striker* (Faber, £5.99). Frances is an ace football player, as obsessed with this new opium of the people as it is possible to be. But since she is a female her opportunities are first limited and then non-existent when teacher-excludes her from the girls' team because her schoolwork is so bad. The answer for Frances is to don an improbable disguise after which she is accepted by a boys' team instead. She is then so successful it is a wonder she is not also picked for England straightaway. Mixed with all this transparent wish-fulfilment are various digressions on the unfairness of being a

girl in a man's world of sport - still no doubt true, but no longer a new idea. This book is still definitely recommended for all girl readers who want to play football themselves and are searching for a just about credible fictional role-model.

Ursula Dubosarsky's *Bruno and the Crumbhorn* (Viking, £7.99) suggests a different order of interests. Except that 12-year-old Bruno loathes the crumbhorn in question as well as his scheming great-aunt Irma who sets about teaching him to play it. Bruno's parents insist, and even though the dreaded instrument is lost on a bus it continues to exert its baleful spell until the end. But here things do change: Bruno falls in love with Sybil who has previously found his crumbhorn and then taken over his lessons with great-aunt Irma before this unpleasant relative flies away to everyone's relief. A slight tale, but deserving of marks for its brand of mordant cheerfulness.

So too is Sue Robinson's *Well Dazzled* (Bodley Head, £9.99). This concerns 13-year-old Louise who has decided to become a complete misery. No reasons are given for this strange career move, and to this extent this

story does little more than unimaginatively echo routine parental incomprehension faced with the experience of adolescent depression. Louise is then shadowed by Wayne, who wants to rid himself of all merry attributes that have led to the nick-name Smiler. So far, so unconvincing, but readers still on board may find



Dystopian blues: from *How to Write Really Badly*

the relationship springing up between these two opposites moving as well as entertaining. Sue Robinson can be a good writer; perhaps she will think up a more convincing plot for her next book.

Enid Richemont's *The Dream Dog* (Walker Books, £8.99) is a short but highly individual story where the ghost is animal rather than human. Moving into his new house, Josh keeps seeing the spirit of the dog who lived there before he did. The dog itself, now far away, sees Josh in turn but neither can find each other in real life. More adventures follow, and a final reunion eventually comes about. Somewhat fey at times, this is a pleasing little fable although still falling well short of any comparison with Philippa Pearce's classic animal-ghost story, *A Dog So Small*.

Anne Fine can always be trusted to make valid points about childhood without ever becoming over-solemn. *How To Write Really Badly* (Mammoth paperback, £2.99) is a delightful story about an unfashionably nice teacher and pupils with no obvious social problems in sight. It is true that Joe Gardener can hardly write, and examples of his dyslexic scrawl are reproduced on the page along with Philippa Dumasquier's jolly illustrations. But fellow-pupil Chester Howard, fresh from hard-bitten schools in his native America, finds a way of helping him while also gradually pulling himself out of his own cynicism. This is a feel-good children's story from first to last; treasure its precarious survival in the grim children's book world of the 1990s while you still can.

sake, stop quarrelling in the back

her selection of the summer's best talking (and singing) books on tape

version. If you get hooked on audioDahl, HarperCollins have just issued five more tapes (four of them unabridged) read by Dahl himself, and twelve "theatre" versions of his enormously popular books.

A troupe of accomplished readers that includes Richard Briers, Alan Cummings and Juliet Stevenson do full justice to the romping rhythms of T S Eliot's *Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats* (Faber Penguin, £7.99). Written for Eliot's godchildren and friends in the 1930s, *Rum Tum Tigger, Mr Mistofelees* and *Old Deuteronomy*, to say nothing of the dreaded *Macavity* and *Skimbleshanks the Railway Cat*, are established favourites in the hearts and minds of three generations. Foot-tapping stuff, right down to the final exultant mew.

Having totally failed to interest my children in reading the historical novels I used to love as a child,

I was interested to find them engrossed in a dramatisation of Rosemary Sutcliffe's *Eagle of the Ninth* (BBC Radio Collection, 2 hrs, £7.99) which I was listening to in the car in order to review. The next thing that happened was a demand for the book itself, and they were soon as engrossed as I had once been in the fierce and romantic quest of Marcus Aquila for his father's Ninth legion, lost in the mists of Northern Britain. It proved that audiobooks can have the some stimulating effect as television adaptations on getting children to read. L.M. Montgomery's 90-year-old story of Anne of Green Gables (*SHE Children's Classics*, 80 mins, abridged but sold with the complete book, £7.99) works wonderfully well, narrated in a warm and eager Canadian accent by Stacey Gregg, with Ellie Fairman as the stout-headed and hot-tempered little orphan heroine.

What price our language and literature when children no longer know whose face launched a 1000 ships, why Achilles had problems with his heel or who put what in the Wooden Horse? One way of keeping our cultural inheritance from Greece and Rome alive is to invest in Benedict Flynn's lucid retelling for children of *The Tale of Troy* (Naxos, 2hrs 30 mins, £6.49). Read with engaging directness by Benedict Soames.

Finally, one for all the family. Ted Hughes reads his own marvellous new fable *The Iron Woman* (Faber Penguin, £7.99) with his habitual relish and vigour. Hughes is quite brilliant at it, his deep voice powerful and gentle by turn, giving his words fresh fervour and redoubled power. I trust that the story's natural partner *The Iron Man* will appear on Faber's audiobook list before long - read by Hughes, of course.

Toothpaste recipes and bridesmaids' etiquette

Non-fiction: Want to build a wigwam? Want a close-up view of the placenta? Look no further, says E. Jane Dickson

Children's non-fiction titles are on a sticky wicket; tiny nostrils will flare at overtly improving texts, while an overly macabre approach will be laughed to scorn like an awkward uncle. *The Miracle of Birth* by Jenny Bryan (Joshua Morris, £8.99) bites the bullet with its straight-up account of human reproduction. The most excitable seven year old will find little to giggle about in "a close-up look at the placenta", while the featured "see-through view" of female anatomy turns out to be a series of overlapping acetates showing neatly labelled internal organs.

From *Birth to Death* (Belitha Press £8.99) is a literal return to the birds and the bees with a year in the life of a heavily populated pond. Only a shifty-looking angler disturbs the natural idyll. Irene Yates' text is clear and concise and Graham Austin's classical illustrations exquisitely drawn, but the overall effect is rather lifeless and old-fashioned.

Parents grappling for an explanation of how the telephone/video recorder/space shuttle works will be grateful for *The Usborne Illustrated Encyclopedia of Science and Technology* (£12.99) a high-density reference book with a busy, busy layout that encourages browsing. An engaging view of history is provided in *Kings and Queens of Britain* (Pavilion, £12.99) in which Rowan Barnes-Murphy's lively illustrations and Frances Barnes-Murphy's equally lively text are crammed with incident and intrigue. The dates and key facts

of each monarch's reign are bulked out with the kind of quirky information that makes a genuinely effective *aide-memoire* and the knowledge that Elizabeth I swore like a trooper and William IV wiped his nose with the back of his forefinger inform a healthy scepticism about the divine right of kings.

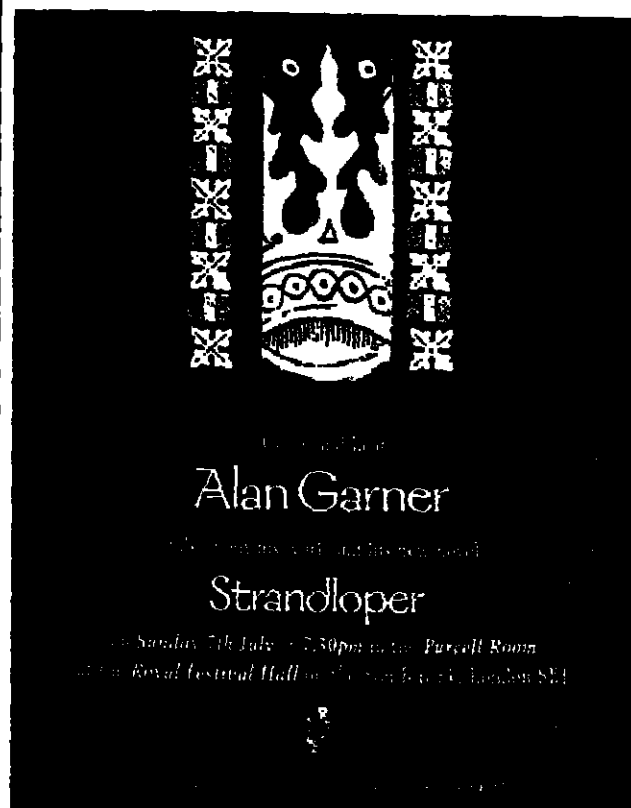
Dorling Kindersley's excellent *Eyewitness Guides* offer good solid groundings in social history with their museum-in-a-book format. Beautifully photographed "exhibits" are explained and expanded on with an unerring eye for the details that will interest children. *Medieval Life* (£8.99) covers a surprising amount of ground from a recipe for oyster-shell and cuttlefish tooth powder to a clear-eyed deconstruction of the courtly love convention. *Farm* (£8.99) goes beyond fluffy chicks and comdolls to a well-judged discussion of intensive farming.

Political correctness makes its proper appearance in *History's Travellers and Explorers* (Belitha Press, £7.99). In his pleasantly argued text, Philip Ardagh reminds his post-colonial readers that "David Livingstone is credited as having discovered the Victoria Falls in 1855 on what is now the Zimbabwe/Zambia border... But it seems unlikely that the local people failed to notice the 120 metre high waterfall until a Scotsman came along and pointed it out to them". Multi-culturalism is also celebrated in *I is for India* (Frances Lincoln £9.99). Prodepta Das's beautifully photographed pictorial

alphabet which replaces the Kiplingesque view of the Subcontinent with vibrant images of contemporary Indian life.

Young aesthetes will find much to enthuse them in Macdonald Young Books' *Introductions to van Gogh and Monet* (£7.99 each). Suited to absolute beginners the books comprise short biographies, a smattering of historico-social context and, most importantly, the beginnings of art criticism. For teenage readers, the sumptuously produced *Masters of Art* series (Macdonald Young Books, £12.99) offer more sophisticated but still readable analyses of the life, times and work of van Gogh and Michelangelo.

The Amazing Outdoor Activity Book (Dorling Kindersley, £8.99) may not lay down the cornerstone of a First in Greats, but for ages 6 and up, you get a tremendous amount of fun for your money. Whether building wigwams, observing insects or making maps, Angela Wilkes hits exactly the right note with exciting talk of "rabbits", "survival kits" and "expeditions". Also for times, *My Day as a Bridesmaid* (Bloomsbury, £8.99) doubles as a personal record book and etiquette guide for the big day. Charming illustrations by Joanna Walsh, Caroline Plaisted's up-beat, but unguishing text emphasises the practical over more romantic considerations. Her advice to small attendants to make sure that their dress isn't tucked into their knickers, will probably stand readers in good stead long after they have forgotten their book-lamin.



three tickets to the Channel Islands

Simon Calder and Harriet O'Brien mapped out Jersey and Guernsey in terms of a shopping list

Guernsey

The first impression: The day-tripper hops off the early morning Gatwick run hungry: Jersey European's BAe 146 seems a preposterously small aircraft to set out from an international airport, but you soon realise that it is something of a flying bus – so the most you can expect in the way of breakfast are a couple of unsustaining biscuits. The need for food might send you swiftly in the direction of St Peter Port, Guernsey's only urban centre, but before you board a bus there – simply labelled "Town" – cast your eyes over the line-up of propeller-driven flying machines beside the runway.

The great outdoors: There might be just the one town on Guernsey, but much of the rest of the island has a village feel. The tiny roads are lined with little houses in front of which home-grown produce is intermittently housed in small hutchies. Offerings of flowers and fruits can be bought by depositing the required reimbursement in an honesty box. Judging by the proliferation of such sales opportunities, honesty pays off. This, you sense, is a delightfully quiet and innocent place, a cosy island of milk, if not honey.

Walking along the green drenched lanes inland you pass the producers of such milk in pocket-sized fields. Guernsey cows were imported from Normandy in the 10th century, a breed which is able to produce rich milk by grazing on only a small area of grass.

As you head seawards from the island's pleasantly hilly farmlands and its abundance of tomato and flower-filled greenhouses, the coast bobs with a rather more hardy culture. Guernsey's sandy beaches and rocky bays clatter gently with the sound of fishing boats and small yachts.

And indoors: It was merchant seafaring and specifically "privateering", a sort of legalised form of piracy (so much for Guernsey's current atmosphere of innocence), that went a long way in establishing the island's wealth in the 17th century. This you learn in the Candie Museum at St Peter Port.

There's a rich seam of visitor attractions on the island. Victor Hugo's house, where the poet lived between 1856 and 1870 – and where he wrote part of *Les Misérables* and all of *Les Travailleurs de la Mer* (set in Guernsey) – underlines the continuing thread with France. However, for an insight into what the island is, and the whys and wherefores of its tax-free development, the Candie Museum is your best bet.

Here the full gamut of Guernsey's history is displayed, from the earliest finds of weirdly shaped neolithic stone implements and pottery of 4700 BC, to 18th-century trinkets. You get a run-down on the wildlife, too, albeit in stuffed form: waders, ringer plovers, even a hoopoe displaying its crest.

Hitting the High Street: Side-stepping all the old familiarities such as Boots and Wallis, dip into the Guernsey Press bookshop in St Peter Port and you'll find that nature is a bestseller here. There were only a few copies left of the

glossy photographic hardback, *Guernsey Moods* (MILL, £29.95), when I called in.

The price, though, might not suit your own mood. The cost of books seems more than a little steep in comparison to other high street offerings. Strolling down from Smith Street, or La Rue des Forges (the French street names still nestle in smaller print underneath the English ones), you gawp at window displays for shoes at £12, whisky at £10. VAT-free prices certainly add much to the charms of this old-world harbour town. Yet as you wander down the cobbled main street, you are startled out of your cosy time warp by the sight of but-tercup-yellow phone boxes and letter boxes painted a deep blue. These are small but significant marks of independence: the people of Guernsey make a tidy profit out of running their own telephone exchange and postal service.

Buying the souvenir: At St Peter Port's main post office you are told with evident pride that "There's no strike here". A classic collection of the island's flower stamps is £3.06. And as you walk there you pass a profusion of perfumeries. The tax-free cost for 75ml of Dolce & Gabbana eau de toilette is £16.60.

Wet feet: A one-day Rover bus ticket costs £3, which seems very reasonable. The only trouble is the buses aren't always roving nearby when you want them. Stranded at the coast I was engulfed in a fine mist. Without any sensible footwear or rain gear (I was expecting sunshine in the not-quite-abroadness of the Channel Islands), there was a certain inevitability about getting wet. I took a soggy walk.

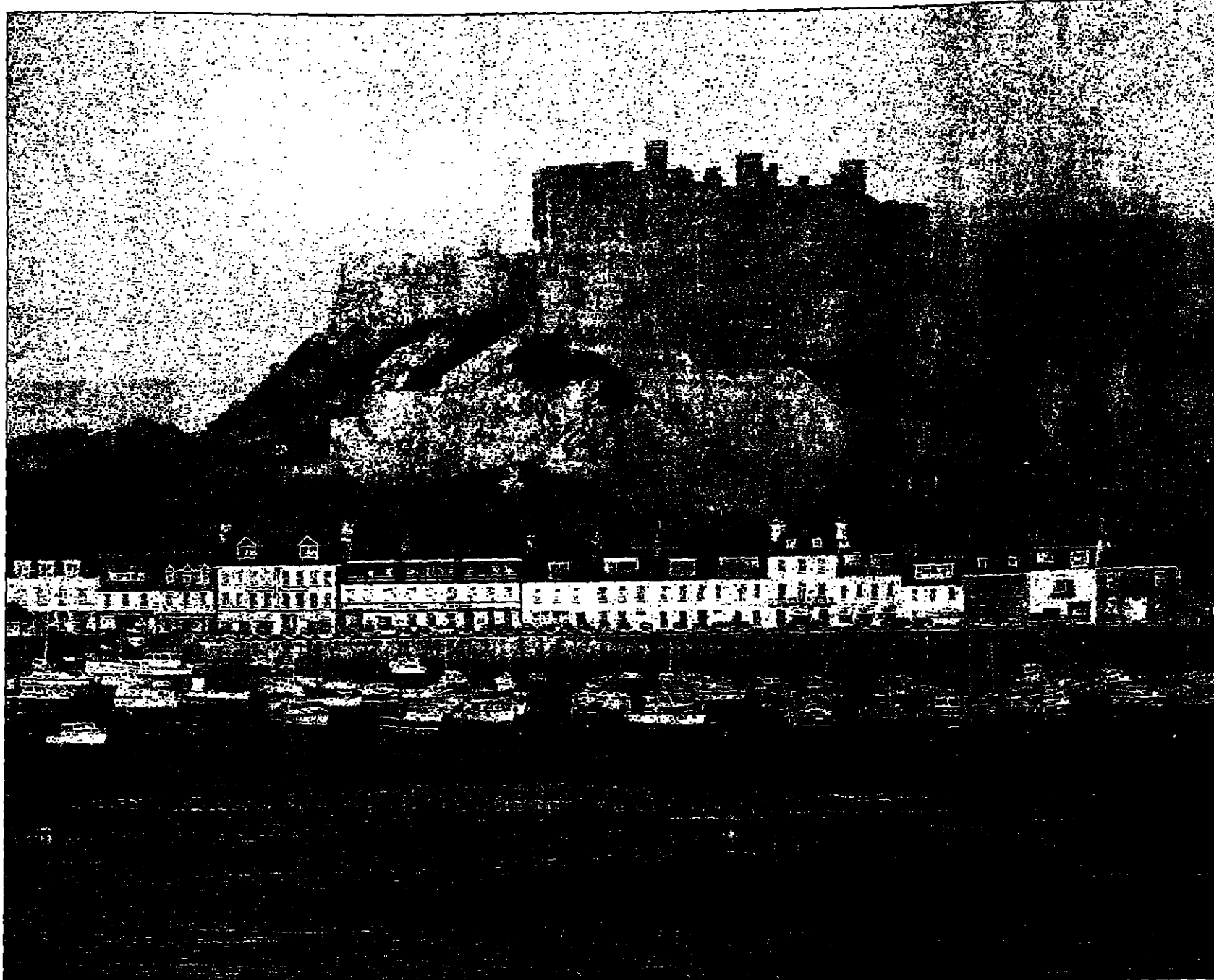
Liquid refreshment: Drying off in St Peter Port was a cheerful experience. The barman at the Thomas de la Rue suggested a reviving half of the local brew, Donkey Ale. It was rather more palatable than it sounded. "Strong, real stuff."

Finding the picnic: St Peter Port on a Thursday comes into full, old-fashioned swing with its costumed market: colourful, abundant, bustling. Or so I was told. I arrived on a Friday. Still, I found a very acceptable alternative to picnic shopping at a stall: on North Pier Steps, Mrs P's Kitchen offers home-baked pastries. A vegetable pasty, vegetarian "sausage" roll and mineral water came to £2.50.

The picnic spot: Not to be outdone by the weather, I took my picnic to the beach. I had the wide sands of Vazon Bay to myself, that is if you discount the seagulls and waders which seemed sublimely indifferent to my presence. Not a windbreak, deck chair or ice-cream van in sight.

The lasting memory: "Hello from Guernsey" said the brown cow in bubble speech on the postcard I sent home. The cows were certainly part of the Guernsey experience, but what really made my day were the bus drivers. A helpful crew, they double as unofficial tour guides. Even when you're wet and weary you are quite prepared to forgive them for their elusive, roving buses.

Harriet O'Brien



Mont Orgueil and Gorey Castle in Jersey

Photograph: Alain de Garsmeur

Jersey

The first impression: At Jersey airport, you soon see the redundancy of the cliché that the Channel Islands are like England 30 years ago. The pure Art Deco lines of the airport terminal make it at least 60 years behind the times. Most of your fellow travellers seem retro, too – locked in a pre-package era when the Channel Islands were the only "overseas" that most people could reach from Britain.

The great outdoors: You do not need to be Bergerac to detect that airports tend to be built on flat ground. Given the terrain in Jersey, the developers had no choice but to plant the island's runway just west of centre. Elsewhere the horizontal is disrupted in delightful fashion by rifts and valleys. Not ideal railway, territory, but the Victorians managed somehow to build one as far as La Corbière – the rocky, isolated Land's End of Jersey. The rails were ripped up years ago, so now the three-mile track to the jolly resort of St Aubin is a footpath.

And indoors: Slavery was abolished in Jersey in 1945. Wherever you go in the Channel Islands, you are reminded that this was the only part of British territory occupied by Germany during World War II. Given the geographical vulnerability of the islands, it was inevitable that the Nazis should invade in 1940.

War-time literature about the occupation gives an impression of what might have happened to Britain if Hitler

had invaded. The Nazis tried to ingratiate themselves by publishing English-German vocabulary tips for the local people daily. One early example includes translations for "order" and "occupy". Dances were organised for Nazi officers and local women, and Jewish people were subjected to a battery of official persecution.

Enslavement was reserved for prisoners brought to Jersey from Spain, Poland and Russia. They were put to work shifting thousands of tons of rock to build defences for the island. The biggest project pierced a hillside in the centre of Jersey, involving an extraordinary complex of tunnels. Nowadays, it is a tourist attraction – the German Underground Hospital.

The blank, sanitised white walls of the entrance tunnel stretch menacingly into the rock. An entire barracks was constructed underground, and much of it – like the hospital ward and the telephone exchange – has been preserved.

Hitting the High Street: Where German troops once paraded, now French day-trippers window-shop. The shops are interlarded with the off shore offices of familiar financial institutions, taking advantage of the liberal tax regime in the Channel Islands. But King Street, the main thoroughfare, is still a long way from Wall Street. As a character on last night's Radio 4 comedy show *Goodness Gracious Me* remarked, "My son's bank account in Jersey grew so large, it had to be sent to a bigger island."

Buying the souvenir: Shopkeepers and

smokers are fuming about plans to increase tax on cigarettes. At present, though, the ideal present to take home is a pack of Marlboro at the retro price of £1.80 for 20. If the beneficiary prefers calories to nicotine, then try a 99-pence box of Jersey Cream Toffee. The nutritional value is summed up by the three leading ingredients: glucose syrup, sugar, and sweetened condensed milk.

Wet feet: The highest tides in Europe wash the shores of the Channel Islands. They also flood the footwear of day-trippers hiking across the causeway from the seafront at St Helier to the heroic remains of Elizabeth Castle. A concrete path with the pompous name of le Chemin du Château leads across the sands to the castle at low tide. The trouble is, low tide becomes high tide with terrifying speed. I got one-third of the way across before a tidal wave of tourists coming in the opposite direction persuaded me to retreat, soggy.

Liquid refreshment: Until four years ago, the Star was a large but unremarkable pub on the main road through the hamlet of St Peter. Then the landlord decided to start making beer on the premises, and set up the Topsy Road Brewery to make real ale. In the process, another tourist attraction was created: between noon and 3pm, Monday-Friday, you can look around the brewery. I settled on a pint of the robust Topsy Road, and expressed surprise at the low price – £1.15. "We think that's bloody expensive", grumbled a fellow drinker.

Finding the picnic: The town market in St Helier – a handsome, airy structure wrought from Victorian iron – is dominated by florists: fragrant to the nose, bright to the eye and calm to the ear. Token purveyors of food are permitted, such as Charles Dubois ("the People's Butcher"). Jersey strawberries are at peak production this week, so I settled on an overpacked punnet at a price that would put Wimbledon's fruit purveyors out of business: 99 pence.

The picnic spot: The most serene place on the island is the churchyard of Saint Sauveur de l'Épine. It rests peacefully, above the humdrum of St Helier, beside a modest lane with the extravagant title of La Ruette du Sacrement. The graveyard represents the transformation "From the stress of the doing to the peace of the done" as one stone reads.

You can discern the gradual Anglicisation of the islands in a single family plot. In 1866, a stone was laid "en memoire de Charles Jean Starck". When his grandson died in 1919, the tribute was "In loving memory". A generation later, Starck became Stark.

The lasting memory: Politeness is the most significant trait of the island. Modestly rolling countryside is populated by pleasant people, and in the town no-one locks their bicycle because no one would be impolite enough to steal it. The 20th century is bound to trespass on Jersey – but probably not until well into the next Millennium.

Simon Calder

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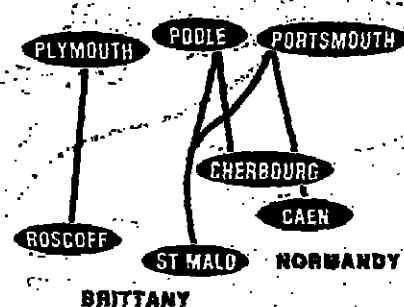
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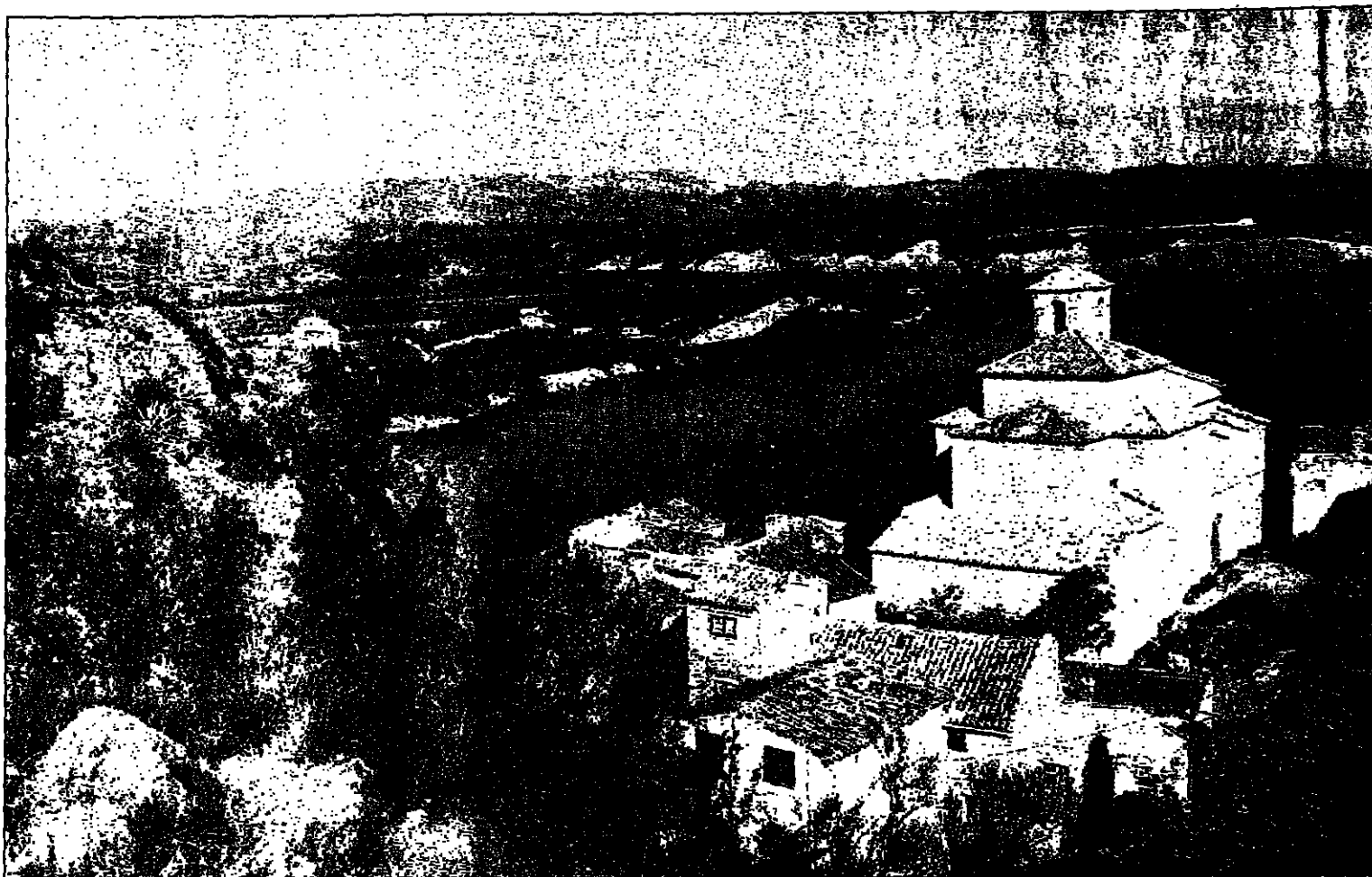
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Didn't we have a lovely time...

Day trips around the world: Simon Calder suggests some diversions from hot city summers



Ancient history in Tarragona

Photograph: Tone Stone

Barcelona - Sitges

At first sight, the Catalan capital has everything going for it: abundant culture, splashed layer by layer upon a city squeezed spectacularly between the mountains and the sea. So why leave, even for a day?

Several good reasons: to visit the most vivacious gay community on the Spanish mainland at Sitges, a resort that will be especially lively today on Gay Pride Day; to marvel at Montserrat, the mountaintop basilica that is probably the most remote place of pilgrimage in Europe; and, most pressingly, to delve into ancient history in the city of Tarragona.

A one-hour train ride deposits you at an unprepossessing station, but from here it is all uphill. In Roman times, Barcelona was a mere outstation to the important city of Tarraco. The modern successor, Tarragona, drapes itself over a healthy collection of Roman remains.

The remnants of the Forum pop up close to the main shopping street. As you ascend to the hill-top settlement, the 20th century thins rapidly. Strangely contorted lanes, populated mostly by scrawny dogs and scraggy children, lead you breathlessly to a plaza whose generous proportions sprawl lazily in the calm of a Catalan noon.

Hong Kong - Macau

The new airport at Macau has provided an even faster means of exchanging one colony for another. Nobody actually says "Macau is like Hong Kong was 30 years ago", but you would not

be surprised if they did. The Portuguese outpost, 60 miles east across the South China Sea, has kept a Lusitanian lid upon the enterprise culture.

Of the half-dozen ways to reach Macau, the oldest and slowest is the best. The grumbly old steamer puffs laboriously across, overtaken by all manner of new-fangled craft but easing you into a different world. The decaying elegance of the Lisbon of the East transcends some horrid new skyscrapers.

Unlike Hong Kong, some superb - and empty - beaches are a quick bus ride away. The only intrusion is the new airport, jutting out into the bay like a giant splinter in the toe of China. Still, at least it means you can be back in Kowloon in 20 minutes if affairs demand it.

New York - Hudson River Valley

The only annoyance about the best escape from Manhattan is that it begins in the depressing subterranean surroundings of Penn Station, rather than amid the finery of Grand Central. But as soon as the express emerges from the tunnel, the conductor begins a recitation of the tangled history of the Hudson River Valley. Getting there is at least half the fun, as the train clings doggedly to the east bank of the river through each rugged twist in geology and history.

The Hudson was a significant frontier in the skirmishes between early settlers and indigenous Americans, but has mutated into prime real estate for the well-to-do. The Rockefeller are well represented, as are the Roosevelts - presidential relics

are strewn along the valley.

Emerging from the train at Poughkeepsie, you find yourself deposited in upstate, upscale New York. Opulent mansions conceal themselves behind neat rows of pines, their occupants emerging to browse at America's highest concentration of souvenir stores. For storekeepers here, it seems to be Christmas every day - especially for the proprietor of the Christmas shop, selling Yuletide fun in the height of summer.

Paris - Futuroscope

Thanks to the high-speed train the notion of a day trip from Paris is stretched to absurd lengths. Travelling from Gare Montparnasse at 186mph, you reach Poitiers in 90 minutes. Ignore the medieval core of this city in favour of the shuttle bus to the European Park of the Moving Image.

From a distance, Futuroscope resembles a factory estate devastated by a particularly nasty hurricane. Upon some modestly rolling man-made hills in south-west France, three-dimensional crazy paving has been created - a random scattering of mis-shapen cubes, globes and massive crystalline structures, laced with boating lakes and flowerbeds.

Among these space-age constructions and washing-powder-bright colours there is a huge choice of cinemas, from 3D to 360 degree, and with everything from moving seats to screens under your feet. Your eyes - and body - come away as blitzed as the landscape. Even the fountains jump about.

Johannesburg to Soweto: a bizarre excursion

By Andrew Hasson



Photo: Andrew Hasson

Day-trips to Soweto were being organised at my hotel in Johannesburg. I signed up for a bizarre experience. In the Seventies, photojournalists were practically the only whites to go to the South Western Township, and they tended to pile in. As a photojournalist, I was intrigued by the idea of going there now in a coach of happy snapping tourists.

The largest black urban settlement in southern Africa has a population of more than two million. Yet even today, there's little industry; the majority of the labour force commutes to Johannesburg.

Our coach headed south-west out of the city, leaving behind high-rise glass and steel. Oupa, our guide, a middle-aged Sowetan, outlined the history of the land through which we were passing. Approaching Soweto, he filled us in on the various cultures, nine different languages, gangsters, millionaires and, more recently, the improvements.

Soweto began life as a shanty town in the 1930s. Its inelegant name derives from South Western Township. The first part is simply the direction from the centre of Johannesburg; the township element means it is a planned urban settlement - many parts of it still simply consist of tin shacks. We drove past the house where Nelson Mandela was born, just around the corner from Archbishop Tutu's place, and over the hill from Winnie Mandela's high-walled mansion. "And in those 27 houses over there," said our guide as we all looked and counted, "live Soweto's 27 millionaires."

Further on, we approached a busy downtown junction. The coach slowed and parked next to an ugly bridge. There was a food market nearby, and a bonfire at the side of the road. A group of men were hanging around a trailer marked "barber".

"OK, my very good friends," said Oupa, beaming all over, "this is where we make our first stop".

Then we were the ones being gawped at. As the local population scrutinised the European tourists being unloaded from their air-conditioned coach, Oupa pointed out various local sites: "Over there is the famous Baragwanath Hospital. No, it's not an African name, it's Welsh. Over there is the nurses' home."

We looked, nodded dutifully, and clambered back on board. As the coach drove on we peered out at the everyday life of the Sowetans: schoolchildren

walking to the bus stop, some of the girls in impeccable black dresses, men sitting under a tree drinking. Oupa pointed out other men walking around carrying bits of scrap metal they had collected, and "over there," he said, "is a cash point machine."

He told us that nobody in Soweto would mind being photographed. Then we found ourselves driving alongside a woman carrying a basket on her head.

"Oh, look, a woman with a basket on her head," he said. "Stop the coach." The woman, suddenly cast into the shade by our bus, looked terrified. The coach seemed to lurch over as everyone moved over to one side to look and take a picture. She hid behind a tree.

A mile or two down the road, the driver was asked to stop again. Oupa had seen some women crouched on the ground, selling herbal cures. We all piled off to take pictures while the women wondered where to look. Children playing with some tyres nearby must have thought the circus had come to town, which wasn't too far off the mark. Oupa spoke with the women and told us about the powers contained within the roots and spices. Our coach driver, an Afrikaaner, snorted and shook his head.

Finally, the highlight of the day, a meal at Wandi's Shebeen, one of Soweto's many drinking houses. The sign at the front door read "No Guns". We entered a small house. Two rooms had been knocked through to make a bar and restaurant. As we sat down at a long table a waiter offered us lamb or chicken with maize, and a glass of ice-cold beer. Half a dozen local men sat at the other end of the table discussing politics loudly. They barely glanced in our direction.

The food was excellent and we all bought red noses from the waiter for the nation's Comic Relief day. Clearly we were not the first Westerners to have visited this place; indeed many visitors had been invited to sign their names on a wall ("Michael Winner - Death Wish" said one).

Leaving the township, our final stop was at a memorial erected by the ANC's Youth League to "all the young heroes and heroines of our struggle who laid down their lives for freedom, peace and democracy". This was the Soweto that had been transmitted to us on jerky TV news bulletins. And, of course, this was why we had chosen a day-trip to an enormous housing estate.

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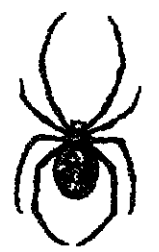
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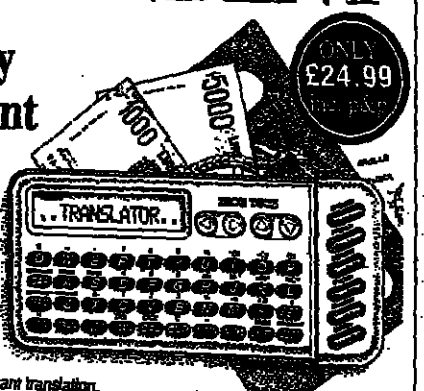
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Been away so long I hardly knew the place

In the week when an ailing Boris Yeltsin was re-elected to the Kremlin, and when questions hang over the fate of Russia itself, Steve Crawshaw remembers the seemingly unshakeable Soviet certainties of 1976

The Hungarian white wine cost 2 roubles 30 kopecks in every Leningrad food shop, or *gastronom* – that much I remember. The cost of the vodka – which was equally important – I've now forgotten, but it was ludicrously cheap. But the Hungarian white, in the slim green bottle, was memorable for its mystery. Hungary, a country so far away that it almost seemed to be in the West. None of my Russian friends had received permission to visit such a land of notorious subversives. All the more reason, why a taste of the almost-West for only 2 roubles 30, was a regular purchase for the endless improvised celebrations of summer 1976.

Different occasions had different drinks. At the Russian baths, the *banya*, where you were required to beat each other with fragrant birch twigs, beer was obligatory – along with the *voblya*, a kind of dried, salty fish that we crunched on as we sat on the long wooden benches, draped in white sheets.

There were Soviet shortages, of course. But what you could get – through connections, or serendipity – became more important than what you couldn't. I learnt to carry around the famous *avoska*, the "maybe-bag", stuffed into a pocket, just in case I came across Cuban oranges, or Bulgarian peppers – or some other unusual luxury – to take as a guest offering.

Leningrad was bitter-cold through the winter, and hot and dusty through the summer. But the city of Pushkin and Dostoyevsky seemed special, in all seasons. Because of some bureaucratic mix-up, I had a visa that was valid for both Moscow and Leningrad, which meant (oh privilege!) that I could visit the capital at any time. But Moscow meant dull, Brezhnevite power, and metropolitan complacency. Leningrad – the city that still dreamed of its former existence as St Petersburg – seemed to me more seductive.

Superficially, Leningrad was just as Communist as Moscow. Draped across Middle Avenue on Vasilevsky Island, where I used to catch the tram into town, red-and-white banners reminded everybody that the Communist Party was the brains, honour and conscience of the nation. But nobody took much notice. Leningrad remained Leningrad – or, as Leningraders called it in an affectionate reference to its previous identity, "Peter".



Queuing for watermelons from the South in 1976

Theoretically, I was attached to Leningrad University for the year, in the depths of what later came officially to be called "the era of stagnation". I was supervised by a gentle old Dostoyevsky professor, who helped me to compose empty, politically acceptable burlings about my alleged research, which would keep the university authorities off my back while I was off learning Russian the easy way, in the *banya* and in drunken, philosophical conversations in the kitchens of my friends' cramped apartments.

Time counted for little, so we would take off whenever we wanted. I rarely had a valid visa and always half-learned the "Dokumenty, pashavstal Papers, please!" call. But the authorities never seemed to catch up with us on our excursions, one of which was catching the night train down to Estonia, a visit that opened my eyes for ever.

In the winding streets of the old Estonian capital, Tallinn, the cellar bars were – unbelievably – playing music that was fresh in the

Western charts. Even more astonishing, waiters served fresh, tasty food, and served it with courtesy. Officially, Estonia was part of the USSR – but the Soviet Socialist was out of place in this once-independent country that Stalin had gobbled up, as part of a deal with Hitler. Not surprisingly, the first hint of the impending collapse of the Soviet Union came here 12 years later.

At the end of the summer I managed to get to Odessa in the hope of catching a boat up the

Danube. The authorities, however, wanted to get rid of me, especially since my Soviet visa was about to run out. They therefore stamped my passport with an instant permit for a confused chase out of the country. I was allowed to catch a plane to Moldavia, in the south-west corner of the Soviet Union, from where I was to take a train, to catch my boat.

Moldavia was famous for its wine and for the fact that Brezhnev had been the party boss there. But it was a different image that remained with me from my brief stay in the capital, Kishinyov. When the Aeroflot plane landed, the passengers started trudging across to the terminal. Suddenly, an Intourist lady stepped from a yellow bus and demanded: "Where is the foreigner?" I was duly driven in solitary splendour to the terminal.

This useless version of apartheid did not surprise anyone. It was just another fact of Soviet life. Everybody knew, too, that life here would never change. Except that it *did* change. When I returned to Moldavia a decade later, red, yellow, and blue materials were prohibited from sale in the shops – because they were popular with nationalist demonstrators (red, blue and yellow are the colours of Romania, of which Moldavia had, until 1940, formed a part). Now, the Moldavian breakaway is long since complete, and so is the violent chaos. Today, the country is a crumbling mess. (The man who tried to keep things together on the Russians' behalf after the collapse of the Union in 1991 was a Soviet general, by the name of Alexander Lebed. His new role, since the latest presidential elections in Moscow: all-purpose tough guy, the most powerful man in Russia after the sick Mr Yeltsin himself. In Russia, tolerance has a short lifespan.)

After a night on a crowded bench at the airport in Kishinyov (these days, Chisinau), I found a train that would take me through Romania to catch my Danube boat, in Bulgaria, the following night. Crossing the final border out of the Soviet Union, there was only one hitch. As I left the USSR, the border guard wanted to confiscate my map of Leningrad, apparently on the grounds that all maps are secret. I pointed out that the map was not exactly classified material; its print run was one million. Reluctantly, and to my surprise, the guard returned it. I was out of the madhouse.

Photograph: Steve Crawshaw



something to declare

Compiled by Rhiannon Batten

Trouble spots This week's advice from our woman in the Foreign Office

Cosovo: Watch out for bullets: "There have been occasional exchanges of gunfire between Greek police and Albanians attempting to steal boats."

Nigeria: Air safety worries: "It is possible that some airlines operating within Nigeria may not carry out maintenance to international standards. Seek advice locally."

Brazil: Going underground: "In Rio

de Janeiro, taxis and the metro are much safer than buses or trams."

Nepal: Don't go freelance: "Do not trek on your own without a professional guide."

Foreign Office travel advice is available on 0171-238 4503/4504; on BBC 2 Ceefax page 564 onwards; and on the Internet at <http://www.fco.gov.uk/>

Bargain of the week

In July, air fares to Australia usually increase substantially. But the Virgin Atlantic/Malaysia Airlines joint operation is offering return flights for only £660 to Sydney, Melbourne and Adelaide until 30 September. The fare includes tax (though Sydney adds an extra £2 for "noise tax"), and is available from the Australia Flight Centre (0800 747000) up to 31 July.

True or false?

If BA pilots strike, I can use my ticket on another airline

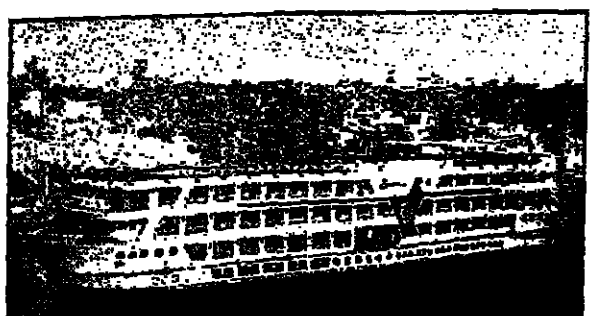
Probably false. A ticket should be interpreted as little more than a vague promise to get you from Alpha to Bravo, possibly via Charlie, at some time in the future. If that seems too vague a plan, then holders of full-fare, unrestricted tickets can use them on another airline – or get their money back and perhaps buy a cheaper ticket, as EasyJet reminds passengers at Glasgow airport. But most of us travel on cut-price, heavily restricted tickets which assert "Valid BA only – no endorsements".

The latter does not refer to the pilot's absence of driving convictions, but to the practice among airlines of "endorsing" a ticket over to another carrier, enabling passengers to travel on a flight with some prospect of departing earlier. But holders of the cheap World Offer fares sold by British Airways have no such flexibility. So should the pilots' industrial action take place, then low-budget travellers can expect long waits. Fortunately, BA says that further talks are planned with the pilots' union in a bid to avoid strikes.



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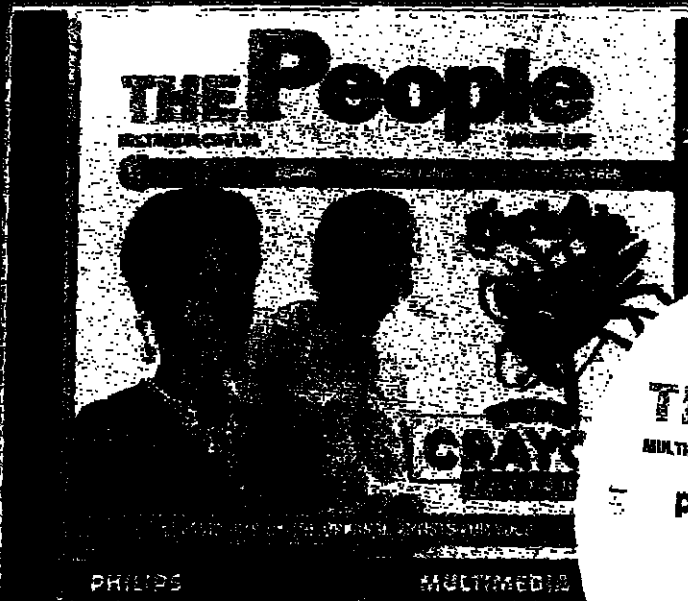
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Women answer the call to arms

Caroline Donald joins a ladies shooting course

There can't be many field sports events that owe their success to high-maintenance hairdos. Yet spotting an advertisement in *Harpers & Queen* while at the hairdresser is how many of the well-groomed participants had come across the Green Feathers Ladies Shooting Course. It is run by Holland & Holland at its grounds in Northwood, Middlesex.

This is only the second year that the company has run such a course, designed to encourage women to take their place at the stand alongside men. It would seem that encouragement is all that is needed: last year there were 35 participants, this year there were 85 – all the places that Holland & Holland could handle.

There were times during my three lessons, held in freezing weather, when I would have been quite happy to withdraw from this shot in the sky for fem-

inism and freedom into the cosier environment of the shooting lodge. However, I grimly persevered along with my fellow shooters who were there to escape a lifetime of being expected to cook the shoot lunch. And I sorely tested the patience of our instructor, Chris Whaley. Yet even when I managed to get in such a muddle that I would have shot myself in the foot if there had been another cartridge, he didn't flinch.

Safety was endlessly emphasised. In his end-of-course rallying cry, Eric Bettelheim, from the Country Sports Business Group, even advised that, when dealing with shoot saboteurs, one should put one's gun away in its sleeve and lock it into the car – though at prices starting from £18,000 for a new Holland & Holland Sporting 12-bore, this might be more for the gun's safety than the saboteur's.

With safety aspects covered, we went on to shoot at clays delivered from varying traps: going away (pigeon),

straight up in the air (teal), low and crossing (partridge), high and fast (driven pheasant). Most people used a 20-bore gun with over-and-under barrels, which meant that they only had one trigger to pull for discharging both barrels. The wimps, such as myself, shot with a 28-bore side-by-side gun (one of the lightest), so we had to change triggers to discharge the second cartridge. With the smaller gun come cartridges with less lead shot and, consequently, more excuses for missing.

Yet on our final day we were assured that our scores as a whole were just as good as boys' scores. According to Mr Whaley, it would not be possible to organise a course for such large amounts of men, as they are "too competitive". Indeed, the atmosphere outside the clubhouse on the final day was more like a jolly boarding-school reunion than a competition day. And we listened to a lecture from school-



High maintenance hairdos:

of a four-wheel drive vehicle. It is actually very flattering to most figures. "You've been a bundle," beamed the break-taking shoot manager – Oliver Shepard – approvingly to us all. He handed first prize to Francesca Dean, whose own unborn bundle to joy protruded in front of her. We all received a silver-and-enamel Green Feathers badge which, in years to come, Francesca may show to her child as a memento of a past when women guns were unusual enough to merit their own special course. Or, perhaps, it will become a spooky reminder of the days when field sports were legal in this country – as strange to future generations as bear-baiting is to ours.

For further information about shooting lessons contact Holland & Holland, Ducks Hill Road, Northwood, Middlesex HA6 2SS (01923 825349)

masterly Eric Bettelheim about the importance of joining a field sports society in order to protect "the single largest contributor to the preservation of the countryside" against an increasingly hostile political environment. Then Pat Robbins, who runs a game

shoot, instructed us on handy etiquette matters such as turning up on time and how much to tip a keeper. He demurred to the course notes for tips on what to wear on a shoot: "the design of breeks [breeches] is not only practical for climbing fences or getting into the back

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The bag for the day was 2,000 birds

The memoirs of old gamekeepers are often fascinating for the information they contain about country ways, but rarely do they include such revealing social history as that given in Norman Mursell's *Come Dawn, Come Dusk*.

First published in 1981, with attractive illustrations by Rodger McPhail, and now reissued, the book tells how the author served as gamekeeper to four successive Dukes of Westminster. His loyalty to his employers is unswerving: all four, he says, were considerate and generous to their staff – and none more so than the second Duke, always known as Bend Or.

There is no hint in these pages that Bend Or was a notorious playboy, four times married, and, in the words of the diarist Chips Channon, "an empty failure". The worst Mr Mursell will say is that the Duke was "at most times an impatient man". Yet every now and then the enormity of his behaviour peeps through the curtain of respect.

Once when fishing in Norway he decided he wanted a round of golf. Leaving his guests ashore, he ordered the captain of his yacht to sail for Birkenhead, 1,000 miles away. Thence he proceeded to his home, Eaton Hall, near Chester, but never went into the house. Instead, he had his clubs brought out, played nine holes by himself, went back on board and returned to Norway, never saying a word about where he had been.

When Mr Mursell arrived at Eaton Hall as a youth in 1929, shooting parties were conducted on a gargantuan scale. The head keeper turned out in green velvet jacket and waistcoat, white breeches and a hard hat "with plenty of gold braid about it".

The beaters wore white smocks gathered at the waist with leather belts, and red, wide-brimmed hats. Because the Duke could never bear to wait, a whole army of 80 men was needed, so that they could beat in two companies, and one drive could succeed another without delay.

Young Mursell never forgot how, at 9.45 on the morning of his first big day, chauffeur-driven Rolls-Royces and Daimlers disgorged the Duke and his guests. After three drives, the guns returned to Eaton Hall, where they were "no doubt served a sumptuous lunch by the staff on duty", while the beaters withdrew to stables for humble fare. Then, after lunch, "a rumble was heard from the direction of the drive", and the shooting party returned in the private, narrow-gauge train. The bag for the day was about 2,000 birds.

Come spring, the Eaton keepers were required to



DUFF
HART-DAVIS

gratify the Duke's predilection for plovers' eggs, and they walked back and forth across the fields searching for nests. The author allows that this "could be a tedious job", especially when the Grand National house party was in residence, and 100 or more eggs had to be found for the 20-odd guests.

In the autumn, for grouse shooting, the Duke rented moors in North Wales, and an army of retainers moved into the hills for the duration. No private railway here. For the first drive, the party had to walk up a steep incline to the butts, and the author seems surprised that the Duke stopped at the first, sending everyone else on. At lunchtime the guns repaired to a hut high among the moors, and there at the door to greet them were two footmen from Eaton Hall, in morning suits.

At home, it amused Bend Or to course rabbits in the gardens with his dachshunds. The flowerbeds were protected by wire-netting and water-filled ditches, but every now and then rabbits were specially brought in and released for the dogs to chase. Some, of course, were never accounted for, and, to appease the gardeners, the keepers would come in to shoot the survivors. This, as Mr Mursell remarks, was a delicate task, which had to be done at a time when "any shooting would not disturb the Duke, so the valet was consulted before starting".

When the Second World War broke out, Bend Or, though "a fearless man", felt sure that Eaton Hall would be bombed. He therefore had a large wooden hut moved "into the densest part of Fox Covert and fitted out as a comfortable bedroom", with tapestries lining the walls. Each evening he and his valet would drive out there "and spend no doubt a restless night".

The Hall was never bombed, and the Duke lived on until 1953. Mr Mursell retired in 1979, but is still going strong in his eighties. His story, authentic in every detail, gives a vivid glimpse of another era. Latter-day keepers would never tolerate many of the goings-on that he records – but then, as he remarks, the world has changed.

'Come Dawn, Come Dusk' by Norman Mursell is published by White Lion/Colt Books, £16.95

Loft conversions and other storeys

Turning your attic into a new room might sound a good idea, but beware the building regulations. By Penny Jackson



Maria Wallace (left) with her sister, Catherine
Photo: Edward Sykes

There must be somebody's law of housing that says however much room you have it is never quite enough. But apart from looking longingly at larger homes we cannot afford, most of us are constantly appraising our own homes to see how more space can be carved out of what is already there.

Lofts – those dusty places filled with the collected rubbish of years, rather than the trendy post-industrial apartments – are often the last sections of older houses to be refashioned, generally with a specific purpose in mind. A children's room, a self-contained flat, a study or just more bedrooms are all good reasons for burrowing into the attic. But it would be a mistake to assume that a loft conversion automatically adds value to a house. It may make a house easier to sell, but evidence shows that you are not likely to recoup the building costs. The exception being if you live in a very small house – "then it is advantageous to expand" says Ian Dickson of Winkworth.

He sees a good number of conversions and has dire warnings for anyone who fails to notify their local authority of their building plans. "I would say 50 per cent of loft conversions are done without complying with building regulations. It is a

nightmare, because a surveyor will pick this up and sale after sale will fall through. Cutting through roof rafters has its risks and fire regulations must be complied with. Anyone getting a cowboy job done is wasting their money."

Three years ago, when Maria Wallace bought her run-down, two-bedroom terrace house in Shepherd's Bush, London, she went to great efforts to find a local builder with a good reputation. "It made all the difference. He knew the ropes, applied for permission and everything ran smoothly."

The difference a new storey has made to the traditional two-up, two-down, is striking. Instead of a cupboard-like bathroom, squashed alongside two bedrooms, the whole of the first floor is given up to a spacious bathroom and bedroom with a walk-in hanging space for clothes. A staircase now leads up to a third floor where Maria's sister has a virtually self-contained flat.

"I never imagined I would get this large room and a bathroom," she said. "I had plans drawn up by an architect but my builder made a lot of changes. I would stand up here perched on a ladder as he waved his arms about trying to show me where the walls would go."

Ms Wallace, a headhunter in the City, had all the work done before she moved in. The price

of the extension was about £6,000. Her house is now on the market for £129,000: she expects to see more than a return on her investment.

The combination of architect and builder is an obvious choice of anyone embarking on a loft extension, but it is not always the most economical. Many companies who specialise in loft conversions offer a complete and competitive package. Michael Wilson found himself leafing through the Yellow Pages after discovering that he would have to spend £10,000 on the fees of an architect and structural engineer alone. He selected three companies, two of whom quoted about £18,000 and one £24,000, for converting the loft of his four-bedroom house in London to give more room to his daughters. These were fixed prices including drawings, calculations and permission. After inspecting work the companies had done elsewhere, he settled on one of the £18,000 offers.

"The only change we insisted on was to the windows. We wanted traditional casement windows in wood. They agreed, even though they had never done one before."

Five months later, he was still waiting for them. "All the building work had been done within three months as promised, but the saga of the windows

went on. The first lot never turned up, the second joiner produced rubbish, and when the third came along, we went to the bottom of his list."

But despite this, Mr Wilson said the company honoured its contract as far as price was concerned. Nor, as many people fear, did they make much mess. Mr Wilson's random search even brought its lighter moments: "One company said it couldn't do the work, but insisted that I go and see them. They had an offer I couldn't refuse. When I got there they took me out to a building which was kitted out for a boys' night, with a bar and billiard table. Forget the loft, they said. We'll do you one of these for 30 grand instead."

For anyone considering a loft conversion, the first step is to find out if planning permission is necessary. In many cases it is not. However, quite separately, everyone must lodge an application under building regulations with their local authority. This should be accompanied by detailed plans and structural design calculations. Work can begin before formal approval is granted, but it is advisable to wait as the authorities may insist on certain changes. Inspectors will always make several site visits. Local specialist companies offer the best practical advice and will handle the applications.

Househunter

Cerne Valley, Dorset



Trout fishermen will acquire about 200 yards of double bank fishing with this period farmhouse in Dorset. The River Cerne, a chalk stream, cuts through the land in the peaceful Cerne Valley. Forston Farm, Forston, near Dorchester, has five bedrooms with a galleried landing. There are outbuildings on both sides of a courtyard, which include three looseboxes, a tack room and a granary. As well as the gardens of herbaceous borders and lawns, the land runs to about 20 acres in all. The asking price is in excess of £425,000, through Michael de Pelet (01935 812236).

For what it's worth

The more quickly new homes sell, the more cut-throat the competition between developers. The dwindling supply of building land in the south, particularly inside the M25 and in Surrey, means that a prime site in this area is of immense value.

David Marsh, land and new homes director for the southern region of Blackmore Agencies, says the competition is "outrageous". A substantial site near Kingston and close to the river has just had an unprecedented 30 bidders. "At the moment, the top three offers are in excess of a million pounds per acre. It could go higher," he says.

So will this mean a dramatic increase in the cost of new homes? Mr Marsh thinks not. "We look at today's prices, we never inflate the price for a developer. But the expectations of buyers are high and so they will surely have to reduce profit margins."

The number of frustrated buyers around at present has given agents food for thought. Knight Frank has joined the swelling ranks of search agencies and set up a Property Buying Service, headed by Jonathan Harington who has worked in the country house market for 20 years. Like other buying agencies, for an up-front finding fee – deductible from a final fee based on a percentage of the cost of a property – he will look for the right property either privately or on the open market.

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money

What is remarkable is just how well this portfolio of 10 shares – picked in 1966, the year that England won the World Cup and Harold Wilson his second election – has stood the test of time

What would you put in an investment portfolio if the objective was not to touch the money for the next 30 years? The exercise was recently carried out by *Investors Chronicle*, and set me thinking on the same lines. In making its suggestions, the magazine referred back to a similar exercise which it had carried out 30 years ago – in 1966, the year that England won the World Cup and Harold Wilson his second election. The only difference then was that the objective was to produce a 50, not a 30-year portfolio. The IC's Philip Ryland has kindly sent me the original article, by an anonymous author archly described only as "Uncle Willie", and splendidly dated it looks too. No mention of price/earnings ratios, for example, or any other fancy modern investment tools – dividend growth and dividend yield were the only measures widely used at the time. In 1966, all the horrors of the 1970s – Opec, inflation, the winter of discontent – still lay ahead. This was still a world of much greater certainties, epitomised by a confident looking advertisement from the Eastbourne Mutual Building Society, offering savers a net rate of

4 per cent on their money – a rather better rate than you could find at a good many societies today. What is remarkable is how well this portfolio of just 10 shares has stood the test of time. Not only would it have outperformed the All Share Index over the same period, but many of the names in it are still instantly recognisable. Only one of the component companies – Distillers, subject of the infamous takeover by Guinness in the mid 1980s – has since lost its independence. There could hardly be a better advertisement for the merits of investing in a well diversified portfolio of high quality companies with strong products or market positions. The full list, in order of percentage gains over the period, is: Anglo American (5,006 per cent), BHP (3,696), Shell Transport (2,663), Marks & Spencer (2,583), Legal & General (1,953), Alliance Trust (1,528), Distillers (1,160), Royal Bank of Canada (1,139), Hudson's Bay (127), and Tri-Continental Corporation (88). I was particularly glad to see the splendid Alliance Trust of Dundee earn a place in the list. Ironically, the Alliance is one of the five shares



JONATHAN DAVIS
INVESTMENTS

in the portfolio which has – so far – failed to beat the All Share index, which is up 1,635 per cent over the comparable period (though remember there are still another 20 years to go). The three best performing shares to date, Shell, Anglo American and BHP, are all in the natural resource business. The three worst performers – and who would have guessed this? – have proved to be the North American companies. The most interesting thing about this portfolio is what is not in it – no European companies, for example, and nothing from Japan, whose eco-

nomic miracle was only just getting under way. The two great growth industries of the last 15 years – drugs and software companies – are nowhere to be seen. Zantac, Glaxo's wonder drug for treating ulcers, had not even been invented.

It is clear from all this that dear old Uncle Willie had no great insight into the future, and like most of us, preferred to project forward the world as it was at the time. Nevertheless, by sticking to large and mostly first-class companies, he was able to produce a portfolio which nobody could accuse of being high risk, but which has still more than outperformed the market as a whole. The original £10,000 portfolio would now be worth, assuming all the dividends had been reinvested, something over £358,000. In real terms, I calculate, this represents an annual compound rate of return of 22.4 per cent in nominal terms, or 4.5 per cent after inflation. So what about the future? Half of the IC's 1996 portfolio for the next 30 years consists of (1) index-linked gilts, which did not exist 30 years ago; and (2) two investment trusts – one a diversified international trust (England and Scottish)

run by Gartmore, and the other an emerging markets trust run by Foreign & Colonial. The rest of the portfolio follows much the same policy as the 1966 one, concentrating on blue chip companies, including two from the original portfolio, Shell and Marks & Spencer.

Nobody could argue with either of those, nor with most of the other choices. British Airways, for example, looks a particularly good choice to me. It operates in a growth industry (air travel), it has good management and also retains a strong monopoly position on some of the busiest routes in the world. The other companies in the list are Siebe, Glaxo Wellcome and two American companies, General Electric and Microsoft.

What is missing from this list? Well media companies seem one obvious example – Reuters would be one of my candidates. So too are technology companies – the problem here being that few future innovations, by definition, are easily predictable in advance. A technology investment trust might be a worthy addition for that reason. And if the criterion is companies with a proven track record of being able to

sustain the quality of their management across more than one generation – which is the truly remarkable part of the Marks & Spencer phenomenon – then Great Universal Stores would be another candidate from the same sector. Mercury Asset Management would be the quality representative of one of the City's fastest growing businesses, which is fund management itself.

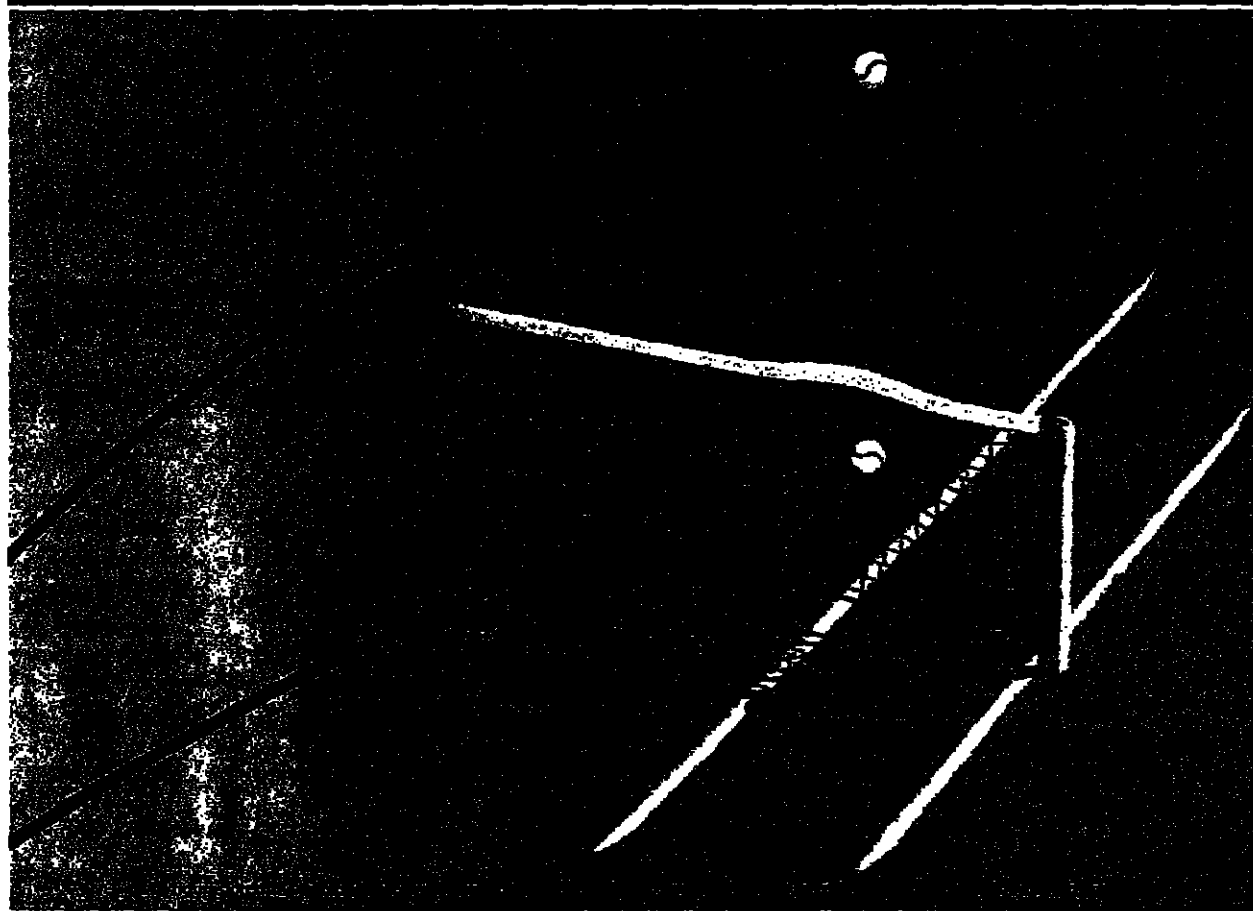
The average life cycle of most large companies is slightly under 30 years. He may not have been very original, but the author of the 1966 portfolio was right about one thing. A good investor, he averred, needs an iron nerve and must not be "easily swayed by any gratuitous advice on how to get rich quick".

A footnote about the election. I wrote the other day that the odds are on Labour to win, but that the value bets are all on the other side. I now see that, between the start and the end of Euro 96, Ladbrokes cut the odds on a Conservative victory from 3-1 to 2-1 against. The mysterious factor at work? Clearly there are others of you out there who have taken the message to heart.

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Popular capitalism: Investors who responded to offers like this BP flotation have often ended up with an unwieldy portfolio

Many investors who over the years bought shares in the privatised utilities have gradually found themselves with what amounts to a share portfolio.

The individual stocks tend to be in small parcels, however, and when they think of selling they find high brokerage fees and stamp duty would swallow most of the profit; and because many investors do not have the time constantly to monitor the performance of the portfolio, the share certificates tend to gather dust in a drawer somewhere, a small nest egg for the future perhaps, or something to hand down to the children. Dividend payments, when they arrive, tend to be in pence rather than pounds.

The pooled fund industry realised that these share holdings combined represented a rich vein of untapped investable money, and share exchange schemes were born. The schemes provide a cheap and simple way for investors, in effect, to mop up their small shareholdings and divert the proceeds into a diversified fund.

In one form or another they have been in existence for some time. As an example, independent financial advisers Best PEP recommend Perpetual's scheme, which will accept any FT-SE 100 stocks (subject to a minimum holding of £1,000) and sell them free of charge, provided the money is reinvested in a Perpetual fund. Johnson Fry will deal for 1 per cent (minimum £17.50) for a list of popular shares. Alternatively, Best PEP will sell shares at a flat rate of £20 per stock providing the money is reinvested in one of their recommended PEPs.

Abtrust and M&G run share exchange schemes and Mercury Asset Management have launched a plan allowing investors to exchange any number of shares in a UK-listed company if the proceeds are reinvested in one of a range of Mercury unit trusts. The minimum investment is £5,000 – any shortfall can be made up with a cheque.

Investment trust companies also offer share exchange schemes and Flemings Investment Trust Management (FITM) has a permanent scheme which will exchange any UK

shareholding for £7.50. The minimum investment varies from plan to plan. For the Flemings Share Plan it is £400 (£100 if you're topping up an existing share). There is a minimum of £1,000 for a PEP.

Jason Hollands, director of Best Investment, believes many of the current share exchange schemes offer good value for money. "Many smaller investors who have direct equity holdings would probably be better off in managed funds, where they would benefit not only from the experience of a professional fund manager but also from having their money spread over a greater number of investments," he says. "A change of government will not necessarily be a good thing for equities and, with a general election looming, now might be a prudent time to consolidate."

"Apart from being rather messy, many of these portfolios have too high an exposure to UK utilities – 100 per cent in many cases – and most investors would be better off with some overseas weightings."

With the advent of Crest, the new electronic share settlement system which will do away with much of the expensive and time-consuming paperwork involved with share transactions, the race for new business is hotting up.

From this Monday (8 July) in a marketing drive that will doubtless encourage other pooled fund managers to follow suit, Flemings is offering to buy UK stocks completely free until 8 September as long as the proceeds are reinvested into any one of their 21 investment trusts.

Henderson Touche Remnant has just chipped in with a free swap of any one shareholding into one or more of 15 trusts in its Investment Trust share plan during July and August.

The minimum investment is £500 but investors can add cash to a smaller holding to make up the difference.

Amanda Crowley, at the financial advisers Allenbridge, notes that share exchange plans are not exclusively to the benefit of small shareholders. "Although the schemes are aimed at people with small bits and bobs, they also offer people who have large portfolios a cost-efficient way of accessing PEPs. With a PEP you have to purchase your stock from cash anyway, so even if someone held BT shares, for example, and wanted to transfer that stock to a PEP, they would first have to sell them and then re-invest the cash. It is, in effect, a bed & breakfast transaction," she says. So a share exchange can substantially reduce the total cost of switching into a PEP.

For those investors who have ended up with a motley collection of small holdings in the privatised companies and who decide that they would like to realise the cash, it is worth checking to see whether the company that actually issued the shares is operating some form of share exchange scheme.

Some privatised companies have decided to start their own schemes – in no small part because having a large number of small shareholders, causes administrative problems.

The National Grid, for example, offered a completely free dealing service for those customers who ended up with 500 shares or less following the sell-off of the electricity boards. And Scottish Hydro-Electric is offering a postal dealing service between 10 July and 30 September, charging 1 per cent commission on sales and purchase of their shares. Railtrack, among others, may consider similar plans.

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Why nuclear power is not for green investors

The British Energy share offer is beyond the environmental pale, says Charles Millar, an ecological investment analyst



Accidents will happen: The risk is slight but after events such as Chernobyl, is it a gamble worth taking?

The Jupiter Ecology Fund will not participate in the impending British Energy share offer. The fund, like other "green" funds, regards nuclear power as being beyond the environmental pale. Green investors, therefore, do not need to concern themselves too deeply with questions about the industry's eccentric economics. They do not need to ask why an industry consisting of eight power stations is being sold off for less than the cost of constructing one station, or whether this has anything to do with the removal of a nice low, creative, public-sector discount rates and unquantifiable future liabilities.

So what are the environmental concerns? There are several, many of which have been wheeled out before, but that does not undermine their validity. Firstly, there is the problem of accidental releases of radioactive material.

The risk of such releases is very slight indeed. However, as the consequences are potentially so devastating many think it is a gamble not worth taking. Included in that number are doubtless Welsh sheep farmers whose knowledge of Ukrainian power systems was minimal until the ill-fated safety exercise at Chernobyl 10 years ago.

Many will counter this accident argument by pointing out that UK nuclear facilities are much better than old Soviet ones. That is true, and what is more, even critics like Greenpeace have said that there's no overwhelming reason for a privatised UK nuclear industry to be more unsafe than a publicly owned one.

Nevertheless, the safety record of Nuclear Electric (as it was) is not great; a £13,000 fine for a corroded safety pipe in October last year and a £250,000 fine the month before for what the Nuclear Installations Inspectorate called a "blatant fail-

ure in Nuclear Electric's safety culture" are two recent events which spring to mind. As will be confirmed from Kyoto in Japan to Three Mile Island in the USA, accidental releases can and do happen.

The second concern relates to operational discharges to the environment. These are discharges which are part of the routine. The nuclear industry refers to "tolerable risk" when assessing them. What may be tolerable to a statistician will probably not be tolerable to a victim of cancer. This may sound like hyperbole, but if the risk-assessment statistics by the authorities are fair, then victims there will be.

Given that nuclear power is not actually necessary - its economic benefits are dubious at best, and it provides some 20 per cent of our power when government estimates indicate that there is scope for about a 30 per cent reduction in demand through energy efficiency - the ethical dimension of this issue takes on a clear significance. Many green and ethical investors hold that these risks alone make an investment in the industry intolerable.

One sub-issue is the reprocessing of spent nuclear fuel, a by-product of which is plutonium - a raw material for nuclear weapons. However great the safeguards, there will be concern about this link. Fears over nuclear proliferation have been very important in the US government's refusal to grant permission for such facilities.

However, perhaps the biggest concern is related to the routine disposal of radioactive waste. From low-level waste (which could be as lightly contaminated as a pair of old overalls) to high-level waste (such as used fuel rods) there is little that can be done except to dig a big hole and bury it. Of course, it is a lot more sophisticated than that, but it is still

disposal which lies at the bottom of the environmentalists' waste management hierarchy.

And when disposal involves substances which are still pumping out heat, it becomes even less palatable. If the difficulty in avoiding leaks from municipal waste disposal sites is anything to go by, there are grounds for disquiet over the effectiveness of the proposed deep disposal sites.

But is it all bad news? Well, no. Nuclear power stations produce minimal amounts of carbon dioxide - the primary anthropogenic culprit of global warming. They are also blameless when it comes to the sulphur dioxide emissions which acidify our rain. Each of these attributes earns the industry a big tick on the green investor's checklist.

But they are not attributes unique to nuclear power: hydro, wind, solar and bio-fuels are all proven, carbon-neutral at worst and increasingly commercial. As for sulphur, there is existing technology (be it "clean-coal" combustion or chimney "scrubbers") to all but eliminate this problem. There are, therefore, alternatives to nuclear which have similar merits but lower risks.

So where does that leave the green investor? As ever, he has to make a subjective judgement against a background knowledge that no investment is perfectly green. But more importantly, he should be guided by the precautionary principle - which, in practice for a green or ethical portfolio says: "If in doubt leave it out".

Charles Millar is environmental analyst at Jupiter Asset Management, investment managers of the Jupiter Ecology Fund and the Jupiter International Green Investment Trust. Tel 0171-412 0703

The pros and cons of investing in British Energy

The British Energy share offer closes at noon next Wednesday so decisions really need to be taken this weekend. The minimum application is for 300 shares, and investors who are registered through a share shop for the public offer are being asked to pay a first instalment, of 100p a share, compared with 105p by institutions who buy through the international offer. Small investors will also be entitled to choose a share bonus

of one share for every 15 held, provided they are still investors at the end of July 1999, or a further discount of 10p on the second instalment next year. But, as with Railtrack in May, they will have to apply for the shares next week without knowing what the price of the second instalment will be. It could be anything from 75p to 175p, depending on the demand from institutional investors. This is a very wide range and

only goes to show that putting a true value on the offer is virtually impossible. Notwithstanding the ethical objections the only hard financial information is that British Energy made a loss of 22.1p in the year to 31 March, 1996, but a net dividend of 13.7p a share is forecast for the year to 31 March, 1997. If the final offer price is 275p and investors go for the bonus shares, not the discount, the dividend would represent a yield

of 6.23 per cent before tax, and at 175p the yield would rocket to 9.79 per cent. Several leading investment houses have given the issue the thumbs-down, and the City is certainly looking for a yield of over 8 per cent on British Energy. But all the small investor really needs to know is that the second instalment is not due until 16 September next year. The interim dividend of 4.6p net will be paid in January, and a further 9.1p next July.

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Standard						
Robert Fleming/S&P	0800 829024	MasterCard/Visa	—	0.85%	11.20	all
NatWest Bank	0800 200400	Access	—	0.95%	12.00%	all
Robert Fleming/S&P	0800 829024	MasterCard/Visa	—	1.00	14.00	£12
Gold cards						
Co-operative Bank	0345 212212	Visa	£20,000	0.4792	10.32	£120
NatWest Bank	0800 200400	Visa	£20,000	1.14	15.90	£35
Lloyds Bank	via branch	MasterCard	£20,000	1.15	16.50	£40

STORE CARDS

Telephone	Payment by direct debit	Payment by other methods
John Lewis		
in store	—	1.39
01244 681681	1.87	24.80
Marks and Spencer		
in store	1.94	25.90

APR: Annualised percentage rate. B-C Buildings and Contents insurance LTV loan to value. ASU: Accident, sickness and unemployment. F: Available to comprehensive motor insurance policyholders aged over 22 years. H: Introductory rate for a limited period.

All rates subject to change without notice. Source: MONEYFACTS 01692 500677 4 July 1996

Best savings rates

Telephone number	Account	Notice or term	Deposit	Rate %	Interest interval
Instant Access					
Partman BS	01202 292444	Instant Access	£100	4.80	Year
Sun Banking Corp	01438 744505	Liquidity	£25,000	5.25	Year
Shipton BS	01756 700511	High Street	£30,000	5.50	Year
Direct Line	0181 667 1121	Instant Savings	£50,000	5.75	Year
Instant Direct					
Yorkshire BS	0800 378636	First Class Access	£1,000	4.90	Year
Alliance & Leicester	0845 645650	Instant Direct	£5,000	5.40	Year
Leeds & Holbeck BS	0113 225 7755	Albion	£10,000	5.80	Year
Northern Rock BS	0500 505000	Great North Postal	£25,000	6.50 A	Year
Post Office					
Coventry BS	0345 665522	Postal 50	£2,000	5.45	Year
Coventry BS	0345 665522	Postal 50	£10,000	6.10	Year
First National BS	0800 558444	90 Day Notice	£10,000	6.20	Year
Scarborough BS	0800 590578	100 Day	£1,000	6.50	Year

FIXED RATE BONDS

Telephone	Account	Notice or term	Deposit	Rate %	Interest interval
Fixed Rate Bonds					
Bristol & West BS	0800 202121	Year Plus Fixed Bond	£12,957	5.50%	Maturity
Universal BS	0800 281496	Fixed Rate Bond	£5,000	7.00%	Year
Northern Rock BS	0500 505000	Postal Deposit Bond	30/6/99	7.50%	Year
Britannia BS	0800 132304	High Income Bond	1/11/2001	7.75%	Year

OFFSHORE ACCOUNTS

Telephone	Account	Notice or term	Deposit	Rate %	Interest interval
Offshore Accounts					
Sun Banking Corp	01438 744505	5 years	£8,575	7.50%	Year
NatWest Bank	0800 200400	5 years	£5,000	7.50%	Year
Birmingham Midshires	0645 720721	5 years	£1,000	7.25%	Year
Principality BS	01222 344188	5 years	£500	7.00%	Year

NATIONAL SAVINGS ACCOUNTS

Telephone	Account	Notice or term	Deposit	Rate %	Interest interval
National Savings Accounts					
Financial Assurance	0181 380 3388	1 year	£5,000	4.60%	Year
Financial Assurance	0181 380 3388	2 years	£5,000	5.55%	Year
Financial Assurance	0181 380 3388	3 years	£5,000	5.90%	Year
Financial Assurance	0181 380 3388	4 years	£5,000	6.40%	Year
Financial Assurance	0181 380 3388	5 years	£5,000	6.55%	Year

OFFSHORE ACCOUNTS

Telephone	Account	Notice or term	Deposit	Rate %	Interest interval
Offshore Accounts					
Northern Rock, Guern	01481 714600	Offshore Instant	£10,000	6.30	Year
Northern Rock, Guern	01481 714600	Offshore Instant	£50,000	6.60	Year
Britannia International	01624 628512	2 Year Bond	£10,000	7.00%	Year
Shipton, Guern	01481 727374	3 Year Bond	£10,000	7.40%	Year

NATIONAL SAVINGS ACCOUNTS

Telephone	Account	Notice or term	Deposit	Rate %	Interest interval
National Savings Accounts					
Investment Accounts	—	1 month	£20	5.00	Year
Investment Accounts	—	1 month	£500	5.50	Year
Investment Accounts	—	1 month	£25,000	5.75	Year
Investment Accounts	—	3 months	£2,000	6.25	Month
Investment Accounts	—	3 months	£25,000	6.50	Month

P: post only F: fixed rate N: net rate A: All withdrawals subject to 30 day loss of interest

All rates are shown gross and are subject to change without notice. Source: MONEYFACTS 01692 500677 4 July 1996

FEAR OF FINANCE
Clifford German

Legal & General is enhancing its reputation as the pace-setter in the financial services industry by abolishing all initial charges on its range of unit trusts. In a business where most providers have routinely swallowed up 5 per cent of investors' cash before a penny piece is actually invested in units, this is a dramatic leap, even though charges have been under pressure for some time.

The pressure has come especially from new providers and new products, such as the low-cost tracker funds offered by the likes of HSBC, Legal & General itself and Virgin Direct, which can hold down costs by mass-marketing techniques as well as by dispensing with many of the experts who traditionally selected the investments.

Traditional providers have begun to respond by shaving initial charges from the standard 5 per cent to 3 per cent or so, although sometimes only for an initial offer period of six or eight weeks.

Only the specialist providers, and especially the managers of emerging markets funds, are fighting a rearguard action, on the grounds that they operate in tricky markets where costs are higher and expert knowledge is at a premium.

They also argue that the difference between a high-performing fund and a poor-performing one more than makes up for any initial charges, and indeed annual management charges. But the punter has no way of knowing performance in advance, while differences in initial charges and annual charges are increasingly clear, thanks largely to the media.

Across the tracks in the building society world, mutual societies are making an increasingly good case for delivering value for

money. Yorkshire Building Society is claiming a 30 per cent increase in mortgage applications in the last three months and a 35 per cent increase in loans offered, thanks to its ability as a mutual to cut its standard variable loan rate to 6.59 per cent, 0.4 per cent below the industry average, and enough to save borrowers £1,500 over seven years on a standard £50,000 mortgage. At the same time savers' rates have been cut by only half the drop in the mortgage rate.

Britannia Building Society meanwhile is offering members a loyalty scheme earning cash bonuses. Members must register to qualify and then earn one point on each £100 in their account averaged over a year, plus one point for every £1 of monthly mortgage payments and 50 points for each additional product such as an endowment mortgage or a PEP. Points earned increase by 50 per cent after six years and double after 10 years' membership.

The size of the annual bonus depends on profits, but last year a member with £5,000 on deposit, monthly repayments of £250 and an endowment policy would have earned 550 points and a cash bonus of up to £130. Not quite as good as a bonus on conversion but better than a poke in the eye.

TSB may also have found the key to overcoming the massive inertia which prevents many dissatisfied bank customers from switching banks. Changing standing orders, direct debits and rearranging salary payments, dividends and other credit payments involves a massive amount of hassle. Now they can get the paperwork all done for them by calling TSB PhoneBank free on 0500-758799 - provided the account they want to open is with the TSB, of course.

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To: The Customer Services Department, John Govett Unit Management Limited, Shackleton House, 4 Battle Bridge Lane, London, SE1 2HR.

Tel: 0500 796616. Please send me details of the Govett UK Safeguard Fund.

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Information you provide may be used to inform you of other products and services available from John Govett. If you do not wish to receive such information please tick here ☐

*The 98% protection of capital and profits to date (other charges) applies on four dates each year. All figures are bid to bid for the period 18.12.94-21.12.95 (Source: John Govett). Bid to bid figures do not take the initial charge into account. Please remember that past performance is not necessarily a guide to future performance. The price of units may go down as well as up and you may not get back the amount you invest. You are reminded that the issue of units is subject to an initial charge and this will have an impact on the realisable value of your investment, particularly in the short term. Your investment should be regarded as long term, issued by John Govett Unit Management Limited. Regulated by the Personal Investment Authority and IMRO, a member of the John Govett Marketing Group.

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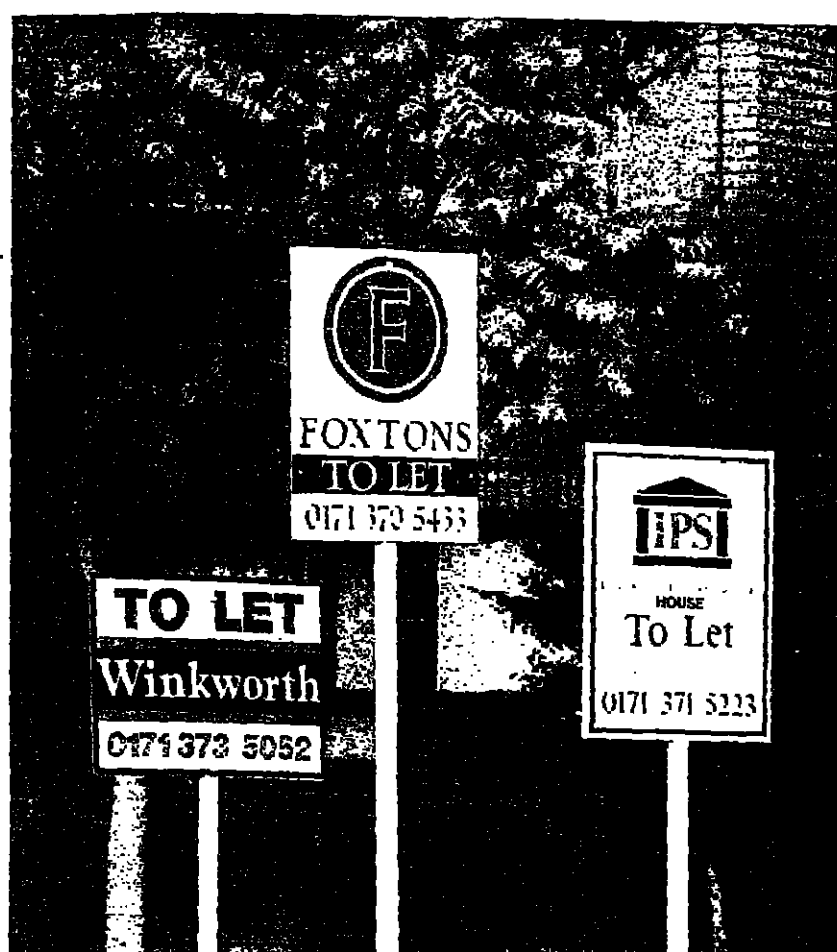
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To let: desirable residence with negative equity

Renting out your house is one way to escape the trap, Ian Hunter explains how it's done



Despite the encouraging rumblings in the property market, many homeowners remain confined in the negative equity trap. For these people renting out their homes, in the short term at least, may be more financially prudent than selling them at a loss.

This used to be impossible. Mortgage deeds usually state that a property can only be sublet with the lender's permission. Unauthorised subletting normally provides the lender with the option of cancelling the loan, coupled with the right to sell the property to recover its money. And letting property used to be fraught with risk of not being able to get it back again.

Things have changed however and a number of lenders, such as independent broker John Charcol and Mortgage Express, part of the LloydsTSB group, now actually advertise mortgages to help home-owners escape negative equity by moving to a cheaper home and paying for it by letting out their original home.

Most lenders will now consider requests to rent out mortgaged property, although most will charge an administration fee for considering borrowers' requests for permission to sublet. Usually lenders want to satisfy themselves that the letting will not affect their ability to get possession of

the property if the borrower defaults on the mortgage repayments. So the lender will usually require the tenancy agreement to record its right to possession if the borrower defaults.

Most landlords usually grant their tenants an agreement in the form of an assured shorthold tenancy. These tenancies give the tenant a minimum of six months' security of tenure. However, at any time after the first four months of the tenancy agreement, the tenant can be asked to leave on two months' notice.

Landlords should avoid granting tenants possession until the documentation has been prepared and completed. Allowing occupancy and accepting rent from a tenant before the assured shorthold tenancy has been signed will provide the tenant with greatly increased protection if the landlord should subsequently try to evict him.

The tax regime governing rental income is complex. Those working abroad normally lose their Miras relief. However, there is an Inland Revenue concession which allows relief to continue for temporary absences of up to a year, or up to four years where a taxpayer is required to work away from home.

The advantage with Miras relief is that it can be set against income from

any source. However those with larger mortgages are better off setting the rental income against mortgage interest payments, rather than claiming Miras relief.

Interest payments on the entire property loan (not just the first £30,000) can be set against the tax payable on rental income as long as the property is rented for at least 26 weeks in each year.

The Inland Revenue advises landlords to keep a careful note of rents received and where possible receipts for expenses.

In addition the Inland Revenue provides a "Rent a Room" scheme under which landlords, provided they satisfy certain requirements, are entitled to receive up to the first £3,250 free of tax. However, under this scheme expenses cannot be claimed. The scheme is designed primarily for those taking in lodgers.

Those renting out their homes for prolonged periods should be aware that they risk having to pay capital gains tax on a proportion of the profit made on any subsequent sale of the property. Relief from CGT is only available on the sale of a property if it is the owner's "only or main residence". This relief will be reduced if during a period of ownership it is rented out for large proportions of time.

Tenants in the UK who pay rent directly to non-resident landlords must, by law, withhold basic rate tax on the rent paid. The tenant should then pay the tax to the Inland Revenue. This applies even if the rent is paid into the UK bank account.

One route by which this can be avoided is by appointing an agent, who could be a friend.

Rent can be paid to a duly appointed agent without deduction. The agent will be accountable for the payment of the tax on the rent received on behalf of the landlord. A professional agent is likely to seek an indemnity from the landlord.

An inventory should be prepared of the property's contents. It may also be useful to take photographs of the property before the tenancy begins.

This will help to minimise arguments as to who is responsible for any restorative work necessary at the end of the tenancy. One option is to agree at the outset that the tenant will be responsible for cleaning and redecorating the property.

The tenant should also be asked to provide a deposit as a form of insurance against any loss or damage. All those renting their homes should be aware of one blunt landlord's advice: "Don't leave anything in the flat that you want to get back."



LOOSE CHANGE

Flemings is marking the introduction of Crest, the paperless share dealing system, on July 15 by abolishing its 1 per cent initial charge on its Fleming Investment Trusts Share Plan, and its 2 per cent charge for switching funds between its 20 separate specialised trusts. Stamp duty charges still apply. The plan accepts regular investments down to £40 and lump sums of £400.

Award-winning Waverley Unit Trust Management is launching a Japanese Smaller Companies fund with a minimum investment of £1,000 to take advantage of the Japanese economic recovery.

By taking out a Sage Visa Card with no annual fee and an APR of 18.9 per cent on unpaid balances, 18 million over-fifties could get discounts of up to 23 per cent off regional telephone calls (but not local calls), and up to 41 per cent off international calls. Ring freephone 0800-300225 for details.

Leeds & Holbeck Building Society has cut its mortgage offer, fixed until January 2000, from 6.75 per cent to 6.49 per cent on loans of up to 75 per cent of valuation. On loans up to 90 per cent the rate remains at 6.75 per cent but up to 95 per cent is available at 6.99 per cent. Without insurance add 0.24 per cent. There is no penalty for redemption after the fixed rate period ends.

Close Fund Management is launching Close Capital Account Fund, which offers a return of 5.2 per cent a year, classed as capital gains not income. Funds can be withdrawn on a daily basis, and there are no initial charges on funds invested by the end of July. The minimum investment is £5,000. Call 0800 269824 for details.

TSB has launched a new type of electrical warranty covering call-out charges, parts and labour on appliances up to seven years old through a network of approved engineers. Initially on offer in South-west England, South Wales and East Scotland it covers the TV, washing machine, fridge and cooker for as little as £2.50 a week. Call 0645-758750.

Currency specialist Traveler is packaging around £3 worth of coins in 10 popular currencies to help travellers meet immediate cash needs such as tips and taxis when they arrive at their destinations. Coin packs are available at Traveler branches at main UK airports and at Farthing Corner for cross-Channel

motorists. Traveler also offers a commission-free buy-back of up to 30 per cent of unused currency orders worth over £300.

Antif, the unit trust trade body is relaunching its free guide to Corporate Bond PEPs to mark the first anniversary of their launch today. Call 0181-207-1361.

Telephone-based insurer Prospero Direct is launching a family motor policy which allows younger members to earn a no-claims bonus in their own right when they want to insure a car of their own. By starting out on the Family Policy, a good record will mean the first premium they pay for themselves could qualify for a no-claims bonus of up to 70 per cent after five claim-free years.

Specialist insurance broker Manson Warner Healthcare, based in Manchester, is offering medical insurance policyholders the opportunity to switch from one insurer to another without penalty, to take advantage of competitive rates. Conditions covered under the existing plan remain fully insured on transfer. Natwest Stockbrokers and Broker-Link, its telephone-based dealing service, are offering clients free sponsored membership of Crest for a year. Sponsored membership, worth £20, allows individuals to buy and sell shares electronically without the need to hold and deliver share certificates or having to transfer their holdings to a nominee service.

Schroders Emerging Countries Fund went on sale this week. It expects to invest 53 per cent in Asia, 27 per cent in Latin America, and 14 per cent in Eastern Europe and the Middle East. Up to 100 million shares are on offer at 100p a share, and the minimum application is £2,000. Initial charges are 4.5 per cent and the annual charge 1.25 per cent.

Royal Bank of Scotland's escalating fixed rate Tessa, paying 6.75 per cent in the first year rising to 10.75 per cent in the fifth, will turn £9,000 into £12,939, topping the list of best roll-over Tessas, according to Blay's Guide.

Thatchline Insurance is cutting home contents insurance premiums for the over-40s. Call 0800-207800.

Independent Insurance (no relation) is offering its Simple Guide to Classic Car Insurance free to readers who call 01732-865211. It discusses definitions, mileage limitations, security requirements and discounts available.

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Television

by Gerard Gilbert

Monday
11.15 *Were Prime Minister* 8pm C4. Outrageous comedienne Jenny Eclair (above) is the first of six people asked to give their vision of Britain. Higher taxes for the fat, and a free garden shed for all men are on the agenda (1021).
**The Final Passage 9pm C4. The second half of Caryl Phillips' fine drama about West Indian immigrants to 1950s Britain (38817392).
Clash of the Titans 9.45pm BBC2. The long-running rivalry between middle-distance runners Seb Coe and Steve Ovett (329446).**

Tuesday
**Genderquake 8pm C4. Susan Tully, formerly Michelle Fowler from *EastEnders*, hits the road to find out more about the shift in paid work from men to women (1996).
**True Stories: Gordonstoun 9pm C4. One term in the life of the Scottish public school (above) famous for making Prince Charles unhappy, although it's liberalised now (80953199).
Film: Bonnie and Clyde (Arthur Penn 1967 US) 10.20pm BBC1. Warren Beatty and Faye Dunaway shoot their way across the USA (400880).****

Wednesday
**Film: Far and Away (Ron Howard 1992 US) 8pm BBC1. Irish tenant farmer turned bare-knuckle fighter, Tom Cruise (above), makes a title for himself and his colleen Nicole Kidman in the New World (6403).
School 8pm BBC2. Three A-Level students are followed from revision to results in the opening visit to a Watford comprehensive (9403).
Wild Harvest with Nick Nairn 8.30pm BBC2 (not Scot). Self-taught chef Nairn begins his guide to Scottish cuisine on Tayside (5010).**

Thursday
Sir 7.30pm BBC2. Letters to *The Times* from 1913 to 1919 are read by famous actors to shine a light on those turbulent years (965).
**Secret History 9pm C4 (above). The battle of Goose Green has gone down as the heroic battle that clinched the Falklands War. But was it necessary – and was it so heroic? (6324).
Film: Family Business (Sidney Lumet 1989 US) 10.30pm BBC1. Sean Connery, Dustin Hoffman and Matthew Broderick are three generations of the same criminal family (76180430).**

Friday
**Where's Line Is It Anyway? 10.30pm C4. New series of the improv show. Clive Anderson (above) rounds up the usual suspects (479831).
**Takeover TV 11.05pm C4. Return of the public access show for homebased videos (112657).
Film: Torch Song Trilogy (Paul Bogart 1988 US) 11.35pm C4. Gay romantic comedy-drama transfers from stage to screen with Harvey Keitel repeating his Tony-winning role as the Seventies' queer queen in search of love. Matthew Broderick villages (81338473).****

Radio

by Robert Hanks

The 'Awkward Squad' (8.40am R4). What makes an MP defy the whips to vote against their party? Former Tory member Matthew Parris finds out in the first part of this short series about rebellious Parliamentarians.

Itsy Bitsy Teenie Weenie (9pm R2). On 7 July 1946 the first bikini was let loose upon the world. To celebrate that event, *Holiday* presenter Jill Dando looks back at its history from bathing huts to *Baywatch*.

Grub's Up! (8.35pm R4). Could insects be the answer to world hunger? Cricket lollipops and locust burgers are just some of the culinary delights that are under the microscope in Joanne Pinnock's creepy feature.

The Wireless Lady (2pm R4). Winifred Leslie was once the grande dame of radio drama. Now she lives alone and has only her Babelian wire-les for company. The great Gillie Whithell stars in Peter Timmiswood's nostalgic drama.

Look and Ponder (11am R4-FM). Experts reveal everything you've always wanted to know about leeks and potatoes but were afraid to ask. "Hey, listen, you can hear some producer saying, 'I've got a great idea for a programme...'"

Sunday television and radio

BBC1

7.30 Moomin (581216). **7.55 Playdays** (5313303).
8.15 Lingo! (6631804). **8.30 Breakfast** with Frost (81755). **9.30 The Good Book Guide** (9025688). **9.45 First Light** (724007). **10.15 See Hear!** (812216). **10.45 Help Your Child with Reading** (9170939). **11.00 Sid's Heroes** (1945).
11.30 The Knowledge (2674).
12.00 Countryfile (16007).
12.30 On the Record (28533).
1.30 Sunday Grandstand: Wimbledon 96. Desmond Lynam introduces the climax of the All-England Championships, the men's singles final, which starts at 2pm (Subsequent programmes may change) (S) (9443262).
5.00 Cartoon (7456668).
5.25 Sister Wendy's Story of Painting. The toothy, art-loving nun continues her enjoyable gallop round the history of art in the hills of Tuscany, whither she has gone to look at the master work of Giotto di Bondone (S) (7459755).
5.55 News, Weather (858397).
6.15 Regional News (542397).
6.20 Songs of Praise. From York (S) (812484).
6.55 Antiques Roadshow. Instant valuations from 1995 as the team hits Crawley (R) (S) (148577).
7.40 No Bananas. With the Battle of Britain raging, Evelyn is determined to send a reluctant William to Canada (S) (389532).
8.30 Birds of a Feather. Sharon, Tracy and Doris reminisce about their first loves (R) (S) (7571).
9.00 Killing Me Softly. Controversial drama based on the true story of Sara Thornton, found guilty in 1990 of murdering her husband, Malcolm. She claimed that she was driven to it by her husband's violence. Maggie O'Neill and Peter Howitt star. See *Preview*, p28 (S) (9910).
10.30 News, Weather (920620).
10.45 Olympic Diaries. New series eavesdropping on the video diaries of the hopeful British athletes bound for Atlanta: the rowers Steve Redgrave and Matthew Pinsent, hurdler Tony Jarrett, yachtswoman Shirley Robertson, three-day eventer Karen Dixon, 1,500m runner Kelly Holmes, and gymnast Annabel Lee (867571).
11.45 Extortionist Timothy Bottoms is planting bombs at amusement parks in this low-budget disaster movie also starring George Segal, Richard Widmark, Henry Ford, Susan Strasberg and Robert Quarry (420991).
1.40 Weather (5094750). **To 1.45am**.
REGIONS. Wales: 12.00pm *Homeland*. 1.40 News. Weather. NI: 10.45pm *Irish Open*. 11.30 Olympic Diaries. 12.30 Film: *The Big Steal*. 1.40 Weather.

BBC2

6.15 Open University. 9.10 Rupert (4419587). 9.15 *The Littlest Pet Shop* (3838939). 9.35 *X-Men* (7490533). 10.00 *Fully Booked* (51668). 12.00 *Regional Programmes* (14649). 12.30 *EastEnders Omnibus* (1116216).
1.55 The Bridge on the River Kwai (David Lean 1957 UK). Academy Award-winning war drama that is at its best with Alec Guinness' performance as the stiff-upper-lipped colonel who tries to restore morale at a Japanese POW camp in Burma by getting the men to work on a railway bridge for the Japs. William Holden, Jack Hawkins, Sessue Hayakawa, James Donald and Geoffrey Home co-star. The stunning photography is by Jack Hildyard (65336754).
4.30 Watch Out - Choice Cuts. Highlights from the recent wildlife series (S) (668).
5.00 Sunday Grandstand. (Continued from BBC1) Desmond Lynam introduces more from Wimbledon, with reaction to the men's final and coverage of the ladies' doubles (177113).
8.00 Later Presents Elvis Costello in Concert. Jools Holland presents a live studio performance by singer/songwriter Elvis Costello, accompanied by the Attractions, the Brodsky Quartet and a chamber-jazz septet (S) (7858).
9.00 Last Friday Night's Armistice. Topical (well, last Friday, anyway) satire from Armando Iannucci, Peter Baynham and David Schneider (S) (6823).
9.30 BBC Design Awards Final Ceremony. Janet Street-Porter presents the final of the BBC Design Awards from the Kelvingrove Art Gallery and Museum in Glasgow. The three categories are "product design", "graphic design" and "architecture and environment" (S) (225002).
10.10 Today at Wimbledon. Sue Barker introduces highlights from this afternoon's men's singles final, and reflects on the best moments of the tournament (S) (363484).
11.10 Ruby in Paradise (Victor Nunez 1993 US). Gentle, well-observed drama starring Ashley Judd (sister of the country singing duo, the Judd Sisters) who leaves home in Tennessee and tries to kick start a new life among the Florida beach-bum set (Then *Weather*) (573397).
To 1.0am.
2.00 The Learning Zone: Summer Nights: Perfect Pictures Essentials (81777). 4.00 Languages: Get by in Spanish and Bon Mot (98427). 5.00 Business and Work: Germany Means Business (13156). 5.30 *The Essential History of Europe* (67327). **To 6.00am**.
REGIONS. Wales: 12.00pm Welsh Lobby. Scot: 12.00pm Scottish Lobby. NI: 12.00pm Going, Going, Gone.

ITV/London

6.00 GMTV (74151). **8.00 Disney Adventures** (599668). **9.25 The Adventures of Grady** Greenspace (6938842). **9.50 James Bond Jr** (6530939). **10.15 Sunday Heroes** (7363303).
10.25 Sunday Live. From Sipton, North Yorkshire (80390200).
12.10 Link (3076858).
12.30 CrossTalk (35674).
1.00 News and Weather (76584945).
1.10 The Agenda (5220262).
2.00 Capital Holidays (2228).
2.30 The Green Berets John Wayne and Ray Walston (1968 US). Frightful piece of gung-ho propaganda for the American side in the Vietnam War, which Wayne somewhat ill-advisedly saw as a patriotic campaign (472910).
5.00 Upstairs, Downstairs. Elizabeth Berrington returns from abroad (R) (3755).
6.00 Local News, Weather (631620).
6.25 News and Weather (620129).
6.35 Dr Quinn, Medicine Woman. Jane Seymour and her perfect hair continue to dispense medical care in 1880s Colorado. The coming of the railroad heralds changes (S) (347755).
7.30 Faith in the Future. "Another chance" (why thank you to this series) to Second Thoughts, Lynda Bellamy plays a Cornish detective drama. Lane has big problems when the main murder suspect is found shot dead in his home (S) (1484).
9.00 The Knock. Customs and Excise drama. The consignment of heroin arrives in Lyon (S) (1620).
10.00 News and Weather (969216).
10.15 Elton John - Tarantulas and Tiaras. A video diary of a year (1995 to be precise) in the life of Elton John, which included the Brit Awards, the Oscars, a new album release and a massive 108-show world tour. See *Preview*, p28 (S) (226620).
11.30 The Lighthousemen (Simon Wincer 1988 Aus). Post-Goldfist tale of Australian heroism and British stupidity in the First World War. Peter Phelps plays a recruit to an Aussie cavalry division trying to take a Turkish-held town in Palestine (S) (209762).
1.40 The Chart Show (R) (S) (7302427).
2.40 Texas Adios (Fernando Baldi 1966 It). Vengeance and hard eye-contact in this early pasta western about a sheriff (Franco Nero) who kills the man he suspected killed his father, only to find that the murderer is his half-brother's dad. Or something like that (694175).
4.20 Night Shift (R) (S) (30584682).
4.35 Flux. "Mayhem and madness from Liverpool", apparently (R) (S) (1231717).
5.30 News (95663). **To 6.00am**.

Channel 4

6.20 Trans World Sport (R) (9366858).
7.15 Madeline (4901842).
7.40 The Real Life Adventures of Professor Thompson (S) (9480533).
8.10 Droopy, Master Detective (2055151).
8.30 Two Stupid Dogs (6109007).
8.55 Biker Mice from Mars (S) (6111842).
9.20 Saved by the Bell (R) (6937113).
9.45 Cadillac and Dinosaurs (S) (813945).
10.15 Sister Sister (S) (5710465).
10.40 Mission Impossible (1729945).
11.40 The Waltons (R) (2441668).
12.40 Stella Dallas (King Vidor 1937 US). Loud and uncouth Barbara Stanwyck marries high-society John Boles and can't stand the pace – sacrificing all for the daughter she loves. Famous, tear-jerking melodrama featuring Stanwyck's best performance (31489216).
2.40 Cockabiddy. Animation (5086259).
2.50 The Flamingo Road (Michael Curtiz 1949 US). Joan Crawford, reunited with the team behind *Mildred Pierce*, plays a showgirl who's framed by the campy sheriff of a small Florida town, Sydney Greenstreet (26071131).
4.30 Love and Marriage. Six couples prepare for wedding bliss. Joanna Lumley tells all (R) (S) (736).
5.00 The Lost Betjemans. Series of travelogues written and fronted by John Betjeman, and only fairly recently unearthed. First stop, Marlborough, scene of his hated school days (R) (8950823).
5.35 Hollyhocks (R) (S) (310552).
6.05 Babylon 5 (S) (821587).
7.00 Tour De France. Time trials between Bourg Saint Maurice and Val d'Isère (2026).
7.30 Kingdom of the Crabs. Nonsuch, an island close to Bermuda, where crabs call the shots (S) (4653).
8.00 Encounters: The Plant Files. Following US government special agents investigating the illegal trade in rare plants (S) (9262).
9.00 The Final Passage. See *Preview*, p28 (3884620).
10.35 The House Party 2 (George Jackson and Doug McHenry 1991 US). Sequel to the hip-hop comedy and surprise hit. Rappers Kid'n Play – Christopher Reid and Christopher Martin – go to college (S) (76367587).
12.20 Days and Nights in the Forest (Satyajit Ray 1969 India). Social comedy about four young men driving together in the country which hides a tragedy about imperialism's warping of the Indian psyche. A classic (74303886).
2.30 The Island of the Blessed. Danish drama about a woman imprisoned for murdering her daughter (R) (7847224). **To 3.15am**.

ITV/Regions

REGIONS
As London except 2.00pm *The Royal Show* (S) (2228). 2.30 *Cartoon* (7845853). 2.50 *Film: Guss of the Mop* (S) (2228). 3.15 *The Village Show* (S) (93026). 3.45 *Magazines* (538397). 11.30 *Film: Return from the River* (S) (2228). 11.55 *Film: The Last Days of Pompeii* (S) (2228). 12.30 *Film: The Last Days of Pompeii* (S) (2228). 1.30 *Film: The Last Days of Pompeii* (S) (2228). 2.30 *Film: The Last Days of Pompeii* (S) (2228). 3.30 *Film: The Last Days of Pompeii* (S) (2228). 4.30 *Film: The Last Days of Pompeii* (S) (2228). 5.30 *Film: The Last Days of Pompeii* (S) (2228). 6.30 *Film: The Last Days of Pompeii* (S) (2228). 7.30 *Film: The Last Days of Pompeii* (S) (2228). 8.30 *Film: The Last Days of Pompeii* (S) (2228). 9.30 *Film: The Last Days of Pompeii* (S) (2228). 10.30 *Film: The Last Days of Pompeii* (S) (2228). 11.30 *Film: The Last Days of Pompeii* (S) (2228). 12.30 *Film: The Last Days of Pompeii* (S) (2228). 1.30 *Film: The Last Days of Pompeii* (S) (2228). 2.30 *Film: 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SPORT

THIRD TEST: England face an uphill struggle at Trent Bridge

26

BOXING: Steve Collins prepares for another big pay day

22

WIMBLEDON 96: Frustration for men's semi-finals as rain delays a finish in one and a start in the other

Graf keeps date with Sanchez Vicario

JOHN ROBERTS

Tennis Correspondent

It was not yet noon, and the sun was still teasing us. Steffi Graf had completed her overtime, a final set to defeat Kimiko Date, 6-2, 2-6, 6-3, and was ready to nurse her sinuses. Arantxa Sanchez Vicario had practised and was resting in preparation to renew her rivalry with Graf in the women's singles final today.

Meanwhile, the four men whose names almost escaped everyone en route to the semi-finals were wondering how long the weather would hold. Eleven days at Wimbledon had reinforced their faith in taking one match at a time, though not necessarily in the space of 24 hours.

Todd Martin, the last seed on the lawn, and his American compatriot MaliVai Washington were sent out to make the best of it. The Dutchman Richard Krajicek and Australia's Jason Stoltenberg, conquerors of Pete Sampras and Goran Ivanisevic respectively, waited and hoped. Martin tried to push things along, winning the opening three games against Washington, but his nerve seemed to tighten when he served for the set at 5-3. Although broken at this stage, Martin regained the initiative and secured a lead, 7-5, but Washington had been sufficiently encouraged to make the running in the second set.

In common with his opponent, Washington experienced difficulty when it came to serving out the set. Martin saved the first of three set points at 4-5 with a cross-court forehand. On the second, Washington found the net with a forehand.

When Martin hit a forehand wide to leave a third set point hanging, a spectator shouted, "Come on, Washington!" "OK," Washington said, glancing up, and proceeded to terminate a brief rally with a smash for 6-4. Although Martin took a 4-1

YESTERDAY AT WIMBLEDON

Steffi Graf beats Kimiko Date to reach women's singles final

Martin and Washington all square in first men's semi-final

Krajicek and Stoltenberg have to bide their time

lead in the third set, spectators anticipated a lapse. Sure enough, he was broken when serving for set at 5-3, a forehand clipping the net cord and drifting wide.

A confident crosscourt backhand created a set point for Martin in the next game, but Washington served it away with an ace, after which neither player had another opportunity before the shoot-out.

Unseeded Men's Singles Finalists

1990 Bill Tilden (US) (2) bt Wilmer Allison (US) 6-3 9-7 6-4.
1993 Vic Seixas (US) (2) bt Kurt Nielsen (Den) 9-7 6-3 6-4.
1995 Yanyan Tang (US) (1) bt Kurt Nielsen (Den) 6-3 7-5 6-1.
1999 Alex Orlowski (US) (1) bt Rod Laver (Aus) 6-4 6-3 6-4.
1992 Rod Laver (Aus) (1) bt Martin Mulligan (Aus) 6-2 6-2 6-1.
1983 Chuck McKinley (US) (4) bt Fred Stolle (Aus) 9-7 6-1 6-4.
1967 John Newcombe (Aus) (3) bt Wilhelm Bungert (Ger) 6-3 6-1 6-1.
1989 John McEnroe (US) (2) bt Chris Lewis (NZ) 6-2 6-2 6-2.
1985 Boris Becker (WG) bt Kevin Curren (SA) (1) 6-3 6-7 7-6 6-4.

By now, ominous clouds were gathering, and the rain first began to spit during the tie-break. Washington asked the umpire to request the crowd to be quiet during rallies – such as they were – but he was unable to capitalise on a 3-1 lead.

He did, however, vigorously fight off two more set points when serving at 3-6, and Mar-

tin subsequently double-faulted on a fourth opportunity. Composing himself, Martin immediately delivered an ace to create a fifth set point, and he converted this one with a powerful service return for 8-6.

Play was then suspended for the first time, for 35 minutes, after which Washington appeared to return to the court the more eager. He pounced on his opponent's rare loose serves, and was the beneficiary of Martin's tendency to be tentative with his volleys.

A combination of these factors cost Martin the fourth set, 3-6, and enabled Washington to square the match. Having denied his opponent four game points at 3-2, Washington passed him with a forehand return off a second serve to give himself a break point. And when Martin again missed his first serve, Washington's return unnerved him into hitting a backhand volley over the baseline.

They had been playing for two hours and 43 minutes, and the result was still in the balance – 7-5, 4-6, 7-6, 3-6 – when further rain delayed the start of the final set. The All England Club again did its best to entertain the dampened Centre Court spectators – showtime with Sir Cliff Richard on Wednesday, an audience with Sir Peter Ustinov yesterday. Who next, Michael Fish?

More reports, results, page 27



Service with style: MaliVai Washington in action against Todd Martin yesterday

Photograph: David Ashdown

THE INDEPENDENT CROSSWORD

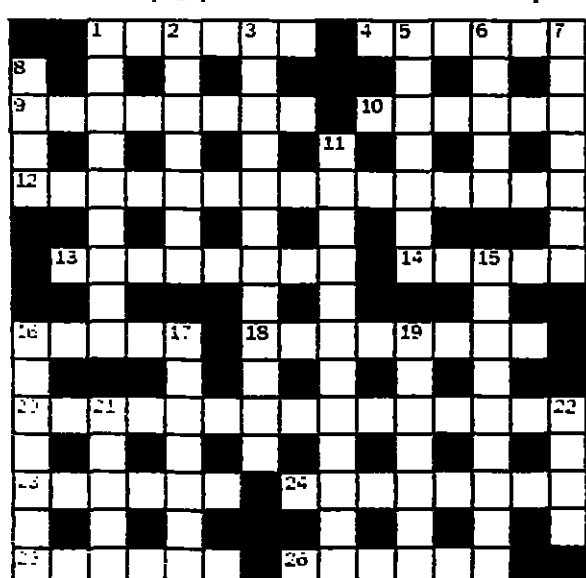
Lost for words?

Turn to the Franklin Bookman Dictionary and Thesaurus.

No. 3032, Saturday 6 July

By Phil

Friday's Solution



1 DOWNER
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- 1 Back in less than a minute! (6)
2 Due providing benefit (6)
3 Giving power to reverse infatuation (6)
4 Person made by note as benchmark (6)
5 Unprovable trigonometric proposition (6)
6 Formal term (6)
7 Fine argument (6)
8 English chap moving back-ward in charge (6)
9 Nuptial hymn in past used for reflection (6)
10 King found by single hope-ful in the middle (6)
11 Could it measure the effect of a blow on the nose? (6)
12 Ideal place to find gold in one creek? On the contrary, quite the reverse! (6)
13 Am I the an upset resident of a capital city? (6)
14 City where the cream's a bit off (6)
15 Theologian attending University supplying content of excellent quote (6)
16 What's right for a theatre audience? (6)
17 Pass blocked by solitary officer (6)
18 Civil era am served up in-cludes drop of hooch – so it's not this! (6)
19 Unexceptional edition of Bible getting English to rant (6)
20 Get a grip on second cliff (5)
21 Mundane arrangement to re-enter (7)
22 Fair! There's a charge to go round it (4)
23 Shielded Prince after affair involving King – dead? Dead (6)
24 Bumping road? I rate risk "ap-palling" (3-6)
25 Noticed a fight (something that may be seen in a ring?) (7)
26 Credit? I hose trading around credit (7)
27 Discussion over each University building in France? (7)
28 Enemy in the immediate future used up? It's a portent of the end (5)
29 Unpleasant row (4)

THE FRANKLIN SCRAMBLE

Make the longest word you can from HAWKSLER Friday's Scramble: OBSERVANT

Win a Franklin Bookman Dictionary and Thesaurus worth £100

The first correct solution to this week's puzzle opened next Thursday win a Franklin Bookman Dictionary and Thesaurus worth £100. Answers and the winner's name will be published next Saturday. Send solutions to Saturday Crossword, P.O. Box 4018, The Independent, 1 Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5BL. Please use the box number and postcode and give your own postcode. Last week's winner was Alan Reid, Wheatley, Doncaster.

Published by Newspaper Publishing PLC, 1 Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5DL and printed at Merton Colour Press, St Albans Road, Wotton
Back issues available from Future Newspapers, 1881 306000

Saturday 6 July 1996

Registered as a newspaper with the Post Office

In tomorrow's
Independent
on Sunday



Ben Ainslie, the Olympic sailor, is the focus of a feature in tomorrow's Independent on Sunday. The article will explore his life and career, from his early days as a child sailor to his success as an Olympic champion. It will also look at his role as a team manager and his plans for the future.

The feature will be part of a special section on sports, which will also include profiles of other athletes and a look at the latest in sports science.

Ben Ainslie's story is one of dedication and hard work. He has been sailing since he was a child and has won numerous titles, including the Olympic gold medal in 1992.

Tomorrow's Independent on Sunday will be a great read for anyone who loves sports. It will provide a comprehensive look at the world of sports and the athletes who compete at the highest level.

Ben Ainslie: The sailing champion



Ben Ainslie is a world-class sailor and Olympic champion. He has won the gold medal in the Soling class at the 1992 Barcelona Olympics. He is also a team manager and has won several other titles, including the America's Cup.

Ben Ainslie's story is one of dedication and hard work. He has been sailing since he was a child and has won numerous titles, including the Olympic gold medal in 1992.



Ben Ainslie is a world-class sailor and Olympic champion. He has won the gold medal in the Soling class at the 1992 Barcelona Olympics. He is also a team manager and has won several other titles, including the America's Cup.

Plus: The Tim Henman diary and extensive coverage of Wimbledon.

Plus: An old team-mate gives an insight into Damon Hill on the eve of the British Grand Prix at Silverstone.

Plus: Scottish golfer Gordon Sherry in close-up.

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Conjuring tricks with caskets and stones

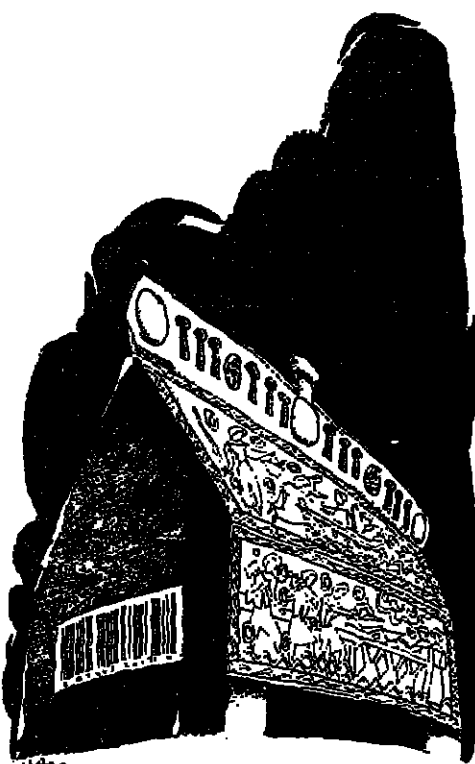
Imagine we were to report today that the Prince of Wales was reinstituting the practice of "touching" as a way of curing disease. It was once taken for granted. Doctor Johnson, remember, was touched in his youth by Queen Anne, and the practice was, oddly enough, briefly revived by George VI, another member of the Royal Family in need of a boost. The reaction of almost all readers would be incredulity: a spoof. What royal person has an aura, other than that debased one, celebrity? Outside a few small faiths, nobody on the planet today, and certainly no Westerner, is believed to be a living transmitting-rod for divinity. The Prince, like the rest of us, is common clay.

But the magic of touch lives - transferred, it seems, to objects. Ours is often characterised as a materialist age. You could interpret this week's fuss over the sale of the Thomas a Becket casket in that way - an example of mere lust to own property, augmented (in the disappointed visages of the respective curators from the Victoria & Albert and British Museums) by broken dreams of huge queues of visitors. But there was more to it than that. The object acquired an historical halo, in this instance backlit by rays from newly fashionable Catholicism and childhood memories of Ladybird histories of England. As the hype and the cash bids mounted, Reason left the stage.

We are talking here about venerable and venerated objects and the cloudiness of argument which seems to engulf them. The fate of the Becket casket became a complicated political and historical business. There was the bureaucratic rivalry. There was a whiff of vestigial anti-Americanism (never mind the purchaser is a Canadian). There was the scrambling of Tory politicians - and Labour in office would probably be the same - who were trying to avoid letting the national "heritage" down. (Some national heritage: the object was made in France to hold the bones of a Norman who did not speak English and owed his first allegiance to an Italian.)

When a French businessman buys a suit of armour and his daughter tries it on and it fits, the possibility that it might once have been worn by Joan of Arc is worth a frisson - on that side of the Channel as here - but not much more. Museum directors in Domrémy, Rouen and Paris might salivate, but no one in their right mind should think of this as any more than an old suit of armour with historical associations - unless they are Action Française veterans, Le Penites or others on a political ramp. God protect Joan's armour, if that is what it is, from conception in some tawdry neo-fascist campaign.

Much the same needs to be said of the Stone of Scone. We are dealing here with two pernicious theories abroad in the modern



world. One is the doctrine of perfect location, as in the Stone having to be in Scotland, the Parthenon friezes in Athens, naïve American skeletons in the Dakotas and Becker's casket in the V&A. And why stop there? Why shouldn't all Rembrandts be on the Stadhouderskade and all Monets in the Quai d'Orsay? Ah, the answer to that is they were painted for sale and so do not belong to the patrimony.

This takes us to the second doctrine, that of original ownership. This is, of course, a sub-clause in many nationalist manifestos. Nana Mouskouri and her cohorts, British and Greek, are asserting the essential continuity of Greekness. Aristotle to Aristotle Onassis, and so assert that the Elgin marbles belong in Athens. Similarly, the Bravehearts of 1996 who identify so proudly with the 13th-century feudal Scotland but who forget the fact of 1603. The union of the crowns surely made the acquisitions of an earlier English king (Edward I) part of the patrimony of the new monarch of England and Scotland (James I and VI), especially since he could also claim descent from Edward's vanquished adversary. At that, one hears the angels dancing on the pin head. It is a gigantic silliness made the more ludicrous by an opportunist Government promising X-ray inquiries to show it is the Real Thing.

What matters instead are a principle and

a practice. The principle is that there can be no final equilibrium position in the distribution of the world's supply of objects of beauty or historical interest. There certainly must not be some national test, or else the contents of the National Gallery of Scotland would scatter to the four winds and the moor of Culloden - let alone Bannockburn and Prestonpans - would have to be dug up to allow the return of those German and English bones. Any existing distribution of objects reflects history, money, chance and comparative advantage. It is not fair because there never can be some suprahistorical measuring rod. It just is.

But here is where the practice comes in. In this world of mass tourism, of Internet imagery and endless simulations of reality, the location of the object surely becomes less and less important. What matters is access to it. What matters, for example, are museum admissions charges: it is when the British Museum starts charging Greek tourists exorbitant amounts that they are being denied their rights.

The obligation on the keepers of objects has to do with good custodianship and curatorship, liberal opening hours and generous arrangements for filming, photography, and copying. Where the objects are and who owns them is secondary. After all, none of them are magic.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Poor people are not abusing the legal aid system

Sir: Paul Valley ("Natural born litigants", 2 July) should consider the plight of many poor people in this country who do not have access to justice.

There are hundreds if not thousands of potential litigants who are truly deserving of their legal remedy who are unable to pursue their meritorious cases because of the absence of funding. Furthermore, those plaintiffs who do qualify for legal aid have been paying very significant contributions to their legal aid for many years despite the inaccuracies in the media to the contrary.

One of my clients who sustained life threatening injuries as a result of a simple fall, is in receipt of family credit and she pays in excess of £60 per month for the duration of the case. Scarcely it would be popular if more poor people paid even more. Other deserving clients who have had their lives ruined in appalling medical negligence cases cannot proceed because, despite their meagre incomes, they are outside eligibility levels and are unable to fund the expensive investigations.

It is very difficult in those circumstances to offer Lord Mackay's words of encouragement that people should "take a robust

approach to life and accept that not every knock requires a legal response". Balancing civil liberties, public interest and policy objectives is never easy but the recent attack by the Lord Chancellor's junior minister upon Cyril Smith, who wishes to pursue a medical negligence action, is totally disgraceful. Should we not demand or expect standards of reasonable competence from our professionals?

I applaud government efforts to prevent abuses by rich people utilising funds that were intended for the poor, but the current hysterical campaign that poor people *en masse* are abusing the legal aid system by pursuing trivial cases, is appalling. It is not true. The legal aid system is vigorous in ensuring that only meritorious cases proceed.

ANDREW McDONALD
Legal Aid Solicitor
Redcar, Cleveland

Sir: Lord Mackay wishes to cut legal aid to those whose cases are "weak, trivial and undeserving" by introducing financial changes said to be based on the principle that people who can afford to pay for their own legal help should do so

("Legal aid shake-up cuts costs but stirs a storm", 3 July).

When Norman Lamont took his seat in the House of Commons, he received legal aid of £4,000 towards his solicitor's bill. When William Waldegrave, Chief Secretary to the Treasury, Lord Trefgarne, former Defence Minister and other such deserving poor wanted advice from their own private solicitors on how to handle questions and criticism from the Scott Arms-to-Iraq Inquiry, they received legal aid of £750,790 to do so. Presumably their help from the taxpayer was not means tested. Even then some of them, notably Geoffrey Howe QC frequently squealed how beastly unfair it was.

Most people who require legal aid are not in such a fortunate position. They are already subject to stringent tests on their own means and upon the merits of their case. If they have to go to law to assert or defend their rights, it is usually because there is no other avenue of redress open to them. Rights which cannot be asserted or defended because the Government chooses to deny access to competent legal help are not worth having at all. Perhaps that is the real purpose of these reforms. MYLES HICKEY
Dowse and Co, London E8

Admission to the LSE on merit

Sir: As someone who once sent his children to Islington state schools and is now a fellow member of the London School of Economics Court of Governors, I am well aware of the past achievements in educational policy-making and the current views on fees of Margaret Hodge MP (Section Two Opinion: "LSE must rule out top-up fees", 4 July).

As a working class kid who luckily got to university in the 1960s, I, like many of my academic colleagues, am working to ensure that admission to the LSE is on merit and potential, not on ability to pay. Indeed, the Academic Board - in voting for top-up fees by a majority of 4:1 - showed it was no longer willing to countenance declining access and degraded educational standards, while intoning meaningless mantras about access, which merely serve to buttress middle class privilege.

Mrs Hodge is right to say that half of the LSE's undergraduates are from public schools, but wrong to say that "the college makes no positive effort to recruit more widely". Our

high intake from independent schools owes more to the quality problems in inner city schools and the inadequate maintenance grants and student loans which are the fundamental barriers to access for working class kids today.

We have no control over much of this, but have played a major role in the debate on improving access through a better income-contingent national loan system, enabling students to spread the payments for high quality education from which they will fundamentally benefit.

I hope that our own top-up fees will help finance and extend our initiatives to recruit more widely. I no longer believe politicians will provide adequate funds to do that, as they did for me and many others in the 1960s, but I will be the first to congratulate Mrs Hodge when she persuades her party otherwise and they announce the relevant additional taxation plans. Professor LESLIE HANNAH
Pro-Director
London School of Economics
London WC2

The need to fight for animal rights

Sir: The argument goes that animals can't have "rights" because rights demand duties and responsibilities (Roger Scruton: "Herbie taught me, then I ate him", 3 July). Who says non-human animals don't have duties and responsibilities? See a flock of birds taking turns to fly at the apex on migration: see how most species nurture and care for their young; and the duties and responsibilities taken in many colonies of animals such as bees, elephants and primates.

The fact that non-human animals are not tuned into voting, driving cars or writing symphonies is bogus (after all, most humans are the bogus over don't do those things either) and is only used as an excuse to deny other species "rights".

If we really want to discuss this on a philosophical level and use the semantics of "rights" as equating to "duty" and "responsibility" then I suggest non-human animals deserve more rights than we do. After all non-human animals bear the heaviest burdens of all to keep us humans satisfied. We deny other species rights not from any high indeed intellectual stance but because we are bullies and can get away with it by making elaborate excuses to ignore the obvious. When sympathetic humans see non-human animals showing pain, suffering, joy or contentment we call them anthropomorphic. When non-human animals show caring, altruism or reason we call this base "instinct".

We have to fight for the conveniently ignored but innate rights of the non-human animal not to be used and abused by the human species.

SARA STARKEY
Narbridge, Kent

Sir: Roger Scruton concludes (3 July) that animals have no rights. He is certainly at odds with some of the greatest philosophers of our time who were all concerned at mankind's brutality towards animals. To name a few: Benjamin Franklin, Gandhi, Tolstoy, Voltaire, Wordsworth, George Bernard Shaw and many more. They all happened to be vegetarians too. What is needed is a charter of animal rights. NTIN MEHTA
The Young Indian Vegetarians
West Croydon, Surrey

Blair's 'odious' cult of leadership

Sir: Further to your letters (3 July) "Tony Blair: hardly a dictator", I think the writers are quite wrong. The past two years have seen the building of a "cult of leadership" around Tony Blair that many members of the Party find quite odious.

The internal democracy of the Labour Party that was once the strength (and weakness) of the Party has been turned into little more than a mechanism for rubber stamping the edicts of the leader. While I share the writers' contention that we have suffered under 18 wasted years of Tory rule, I have to say that Tony Blair is viewed by many at every level of the Party as dictatorial, anti-democratic, and entirely cut off.

It is not just on devolution that genuine anger is focused. The reported policy of hitting "dole scroungers" for a hundred million pounds of savings may find nauseating. That those on the lowest rung of society should be scapegoated by the Labour Party is a bridge too far.

This week I heard Party members ask for the first time the question "will a Blair government be any better than the Tories?" A week ago that would have been unthinkable. Members previously loyal are now doubtful, while opponents previously silent are now vocal.

Perhaps this week Tony Blair finally found the straw that broke the camel's back. Certainly for me and many many members enough is enough. We cannot remain silent and still retain self-respect. Mr Blair has gone far in the past two years, perhaps this week he has gone too far. IAN WHITE
Sheffield

Royal roots in Scotland

Sir: The powerful mystique of the Stone of Scone is entirely due to its association with monarchy ("Major tries royal magic to appease the Scots" 4 July).

It should be remembered that our present Queen descends from King Kenneth MacAlpine of Scotland and from Robert the Bruce, as well as Edward I. It was the accession of her ancestor James VI of Scotland to the English throne as James I that eventually, and peacefully, combined the two kingdoms. JENNIFER MILLER
London SW15

LETTER from THE EDITOR

I am being outed. The Conservatives have put me on a list of allegedly Blairite intellectuals. The intellectual bit is nice, though this company is curiously mixed - it includes one radical Tory and an admirer of Sir James Goldsmith. The common thread seems to be that we have all written books critical of the government and constitution and so created "an environment in which Blairism can flourish".

Quite right: it is time to come clean. The Islington Eight have been meeting in a basement below Granita restaurant. There we thought up the famous and brilliant slogans ("new Labour, new Biscuit", "Stakeholding when conditions permit", "If you want a barrister for a neighbour, vote Labour"). There, Simon Jenkins, that well-known incendiary from the *Times*, poured the Lapsang Souchong, while the sinister figures of Frank Field, Will Hutton and Professor David Marquand were busily mass-producing woolly cardigans and sniggering about how they were going to undermine John Major with a Bill of Rights and self-government for Huddersfield. What visions we had! Ah, well ...

Seriously, though, some readers complain that the *Independent* is too cynical about Labour; others that we are overtly pro-Labour. The truth is, we will never be the bag-carriers or loyalists of any party; and Blair, I fear, hasn't even read my books. On joining the *Independent*, before it launched, I was instructed by Tony Bevis, the political editor, that unless all the party headquarters were furious about the paper, we weren't doing our job. This seems a high ambition - but a worthy one.

Very many people have written in about last week's letter, when I raised the problem of how far we should go as a newspaper in reporting the details of horrible crimes. There were strong words from both sides of the argument. One letter came from an infant school teacher who had found the Dunblane tragedy almost unbearable. She wrote that "in order to cope with this tragedy we did need information about it". But that didn't mean knowing every-

thing. She questioned the prominent front-page pictures of the children who died, adding: "My son wanted to know what they had done to get on to the front of our paper. I replied that they were very special children. Never forget that six-year-olds can read pictures and that newspapers lie around in houses in a way that books need not." Another writer said that wanting to know everything was a primitive instinct which was damaging and contagious, while a third wrote that the *Independent* should be for "the responsible, socially conscious citizens ... The grisly details disgust them".

One Asian reader advised against self-censorship and noted that Western papers were far readier to use pictures of dead foreigners

But others didn't agree at all. One Asian reader said he read this paper because it was "candid, blunt and sometimes excessively informative, rather than selectively informative ... I would advise against self-censorship." He noted, rightly, that Western papers were far readier to use pictures of dead foreigners. Another agreed: "I don't think you should exclude 'the nasty bits' in the Sophie Hook murder case. Readers are entitled to all the facts and will seek them in other papers if they feel they are being over-edited." So, no final conclusion, though my instinct remains cautious and will carry on erring that way.

Finally, apropos the return of the Stone of Destiny to Scotland, the leader of the SNP, Alex Salmond, was being interviewed by a Scottish radio reporter. Right, she said challengingly, now that the Stone Stone is coming home, don't you think it's time to return the Elgin marbles to Elgin?

Andrew Marr

QUOTE UNQUOTE

Tony Blair can't have it both ways. He can't lecture me on loyalty one day and then turn the policies of the party upside down, just within 24 hours - Llew Smith, *Labour MP on the devolution referendum*. Men don't seem to be up to much - basic slime really. All the most efficient, clever and funny people I meet are women - Stephanie Beacham, star of the TV series 'No Bananas'.

The only thing worse than working in Slovakia is having a day off in Slovakia. There's no TV. I actually read the Bible from cover to cover - Dennis Quaid, *film-maker*. They wanted me to run down the street in high heels and suspenders but I think that was taking it a bit too far - Gary Lineker, *former England football star, on his latest advert for crisps*.

It's like James Dean. If you die young, you live longer - fan at the Paris grave of the singer Jim Morrison, 25 years after he died, aged 27. Sadly, flowers have a very short life, but what is even sadder is that some children's lives are even shorter - Roger Moore, *actor turned Unicef ambassador*.

One thing is certain: everyone is being taken for a ride on the Government's privatised railway - Clare Short, *Shadow Transport Secretary*.



Cliff Richard conjuring sunshine out of a rainy day at Wimbledon

David Ashdown

Please allow Sir Cliff to have a moment of informal fun

Sir: What a bunch of prissy buttock-clenchers you all are! Cliff Richard's so-called "sing song" ("Making a racket at Wimbledon", 4 July) was an impromptu concert prompted by a BBC commentator, and encouraged by an international audience. Far from being a nation of "cheery losers" Sir Cliff was joined by a phalanx of cheerful tennis players from around the world who entertained a Centre Court who might otherwise have gone home just wet and miserable.

Don't put Cliff down just because he responded in a friendly way having been put on the spot. I bet you would have enjoyed putting him down more if he had refused to sing, and then you could have written an even longer editorial about prissy, ageing buttock-clenching rock stars. COLIN BRENNAN
Sevenoaks, Kent

Sir: While your staff may cringe at the sight and sound of Sir Cliff, he has

maintained his popularity with the general public for more than three decades. Surely he should be admired for his continuing talent, stamina and business acumen, along with his dedication to charitable works - the latter being, I believe, the reason for his knighthood, rather than his services to the music industry.

There is nothing naïf about a man who has visited some of the poorest places on earth: encouraging medicals to battle against malnutrition and disease in Bangladesh, sitting at the bedside of patients dying from AIDS in Uganda, trekking through Kenya with Masai warriors, and bringing hope to thousands of impoverished children in Haiti. Allow him a moment of informal fun now and again, please. SHIRLEY COLLINS
Tear Fund
Teddington, Middlesex

Sir: Yes it was naïf. And it cheered up hundreds of miserable people at

Wimbledon, and thousands watching on TV (except for a few Scrooges - clenching their buttocks apparently - in their Canary Wharf bunker).

I belong to that small group of people who wouldn't go to a Cliff Richard concert if you paid them; but anyone who can conjure sunshine out of a rainy day on Centre Court deserves a knighthood. JANET FOX
Birmingham

Sir: Your paper collectively cringes and the nation collectively whinges because Sir Cliff tries to cheer up a damp Wimbledon afternoon. Why this urge to slag off anything that's not your regulatory cool? Can you not contain your retentive cynicism for 10 minutes and just enjoy yourself? What a shame the famous Whingeing Pom isn't just a stereotype any more. K A LEIGH
(New Zealand)
Newcastle upon Tyne

Bristol would have noticed a few familiar locations in that film. The sight of a double decker bus trundling down Clifton's very own Regent Street is enough to elicit fond memories in the mind of this Bristol University graduate. GORDON SPIERS Richmond, Surrey

London lookalike

Sir: In your list of films made in London, "and looking like London" (4 July), *Truly Madly Deeply* was certainly filmed partly in London, but anyone fortunate enough to have lived in Clifton Village in

Second rate MPs

Sir: The standard reason given by MPs to justify a pay rise ("Major's pay increase takes him to £143,000", 4 July) is to encourage high quality candidates. This seems to imply that our present MPs, who settled for the current salary, are second rate. They may have a point. ALEXANDER HAMILTON
London W14

Letters should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, The Independent, One Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5DL. (Fax 0171-293 2656; e-mail letters@independent.co.uk) and include a daytime telephone number. Letters may be edited for length and clarity. We regret we are unable to acknowledge unpublished letters.

the saturday story

Has Diana been diddled?

By Glenda Cooper

If it was the wedding of the decade, it's the divorce of the century. The nation breathed a sigh of relief on Thursday night, hoping we would now be spared the everlasting saga of Charles and Camilla, Diana and Hewitt, Charles and Jonathan Dimbleby, Diana and Martin Bashir.

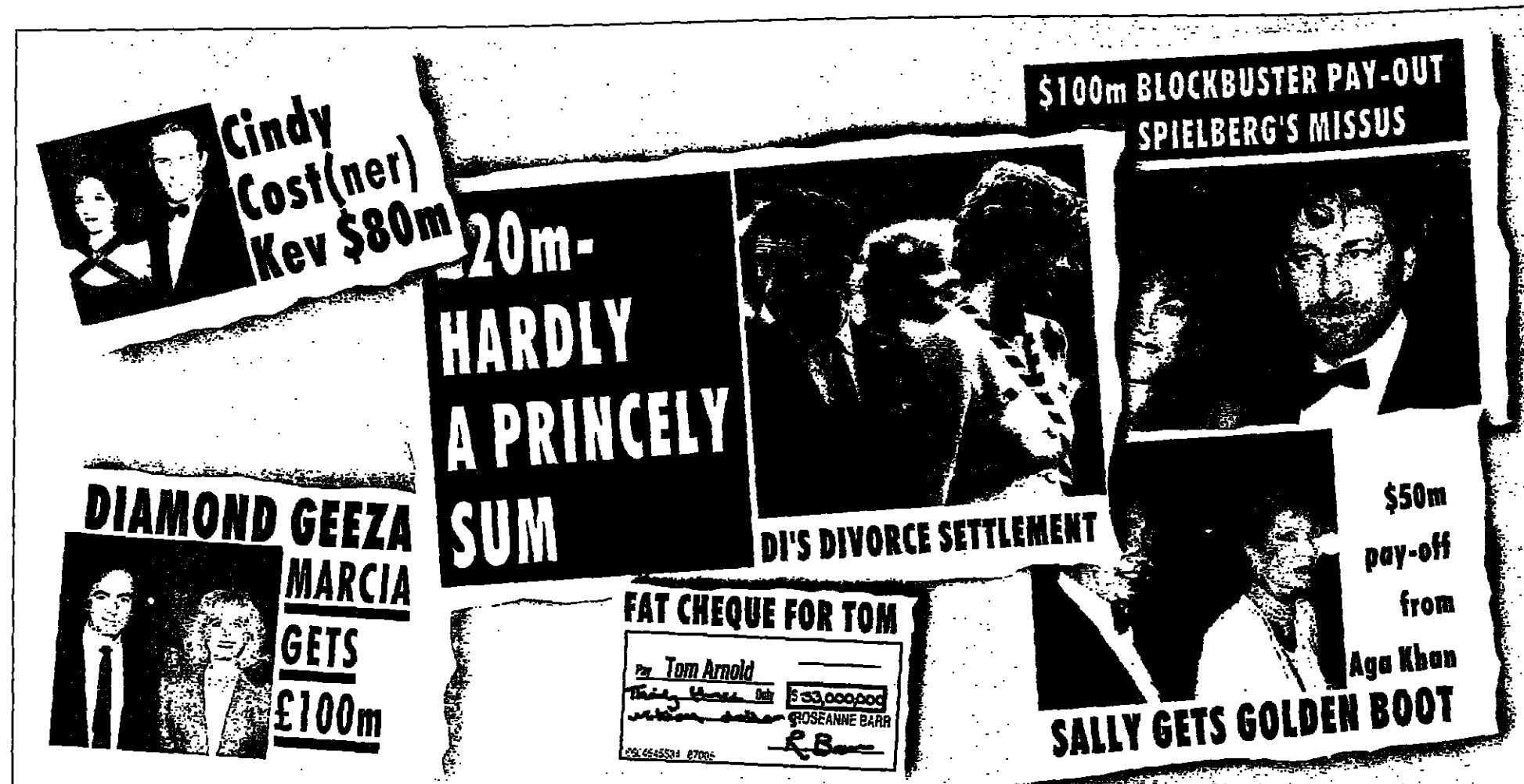
According to reports, the Princess of Wales has got an "extremely generous" offer of between £15m and £20m in a lump sum, £500,000 a year living expenses, her apartments in Kensington Palace, retention of the title Her Royal Highness and complete access to the children. It's not bad for a former nursery school assistant with not a single O-level and a former addiction to frilly collars.

Good - but not that good. The Princess may have got 10 times the amount won by her former sister-in-law, the Duchess of York, but it's still peanuts compared to the divorces of the super-rich. As the Princess returns to counting her Catherine Walker dresses, she could ponder the fact that if she'd married Steven Spielberg, Adnan Khashoggi or the Aga Khan, she could have really moved into the Ex-Wives Club.

The problem for the princess is that, having married into the British Royal Family, she has to be divorced in the British courts, which have not been famed for their generosity when it comes to doling out the dosh to wives of multi-millionaires.

Consider the fate of poor Katrina Dart, whose bid to up her divorce settlement was quashed this week by three judges, including Lord Justice Buxton. Married for 16 years to the US burger-box tycoon Robert Dart, she could have been awarded up to £200m of her husband's £400m fortune had she been divorced in the US. Unfortunately for the former Mrs Dart, she and her husband moved to London in 1993. Shortly after, Mr Dart renounced his US citizenship and divorced Katrina over here.

Mrs Dart claimed her lifestyle required an "absolute minimum of many, many, many tens of millions". The judges thought £8.8m and £5,000



The Princess may have got 10 times the amount won by the Duchess of York, but it's still peanuts compared to the divorces of the super rich such as the Spielbergs, the Khashoggis and the Aga Khan

maintenance was enough and ordered her to pay the £1.5m legal costs. Outside court, her solicitor Margaret Bennett said soberly: "This will mean a major cut in her lifestyle. The private jet will have to go."

A leading family barrister, Jeremy Rosenblatt explained: "The English courts are different - they look at need rather than entitlement. Everyone assumes they should get half their husband's assets but the court doesn't necessarily think so when it comes to the super-rich. With Katrina Dart or Maya Flick, the judge thought their needs were met at £10m."

"What Bob Dart did is known as forum shopping - shopping around to find the best place to have your case heard. He was resident in America but moved over here. She obviously thinks he moved deliberately. But if the English legal system has decided something, the American legal system is not going to query it."

England is also the birthplace of the so-called "millionaire's defence". In this country, a very rich man does not have to disclose his total wealth. Judges will assess the family needs and may allot the wife an appropriate sum for life while the husband's holdings remain

untroubled. The man who originated this, Baron Thyssen-Bornemisza, claimed to be worth £400m. His wife said his fortune was nearer £1,200m.

Nigel Evans, editor of *Majesty* magazine, says the princess was fortunate to settle out of court: "If she'd gone to court, she wouldn't have got anything like this sort of amount because of the attitudes of the British courts. She was very aware of this and played her hand well."

Nevertheless, perhaps the Princess of Wales has sold herself too cheaply. Two years ago, the Prince's aides let it become known that Diana's bill for "grooming" was costing Charles £3,000 per week or £160,000 a year. Add to that £12,000 for the gym and £8,000 on therapy and the figures mount up.

But her demands are pitiful when you compare them to those of Maya Flick, who was married to Friedrich Flick of the Mercedes car dynasty. Mrs Flick, a real pro, is currently appealing against her £9m divorce settlement (her husband is worth an estimated £200m) on the grounds that it was not enough to make ends meet.

Mr Justice Thorpe, the Fam-

ily Division judge who ordered the settlement, was sympathetic toward her. He had said it was wrong to decide the case on the basis that "if the wife could not manage at a rate of £250,000 yearly, she ought to be able to do so". Even he, however, was taken slightly aback at some of Mrs Flick's necessities - £4,000 a year to keep a Labrador dog,

the late Jacqueline Onassis and you get the picture.

"I think she probably spends about the same amount as them. She spends an awful lot on alternative medicine where these other women might spend it on golf clubs or riding societies," added Ms Lewis. "I think there is a certain level where money loses its impor-

British courts are not famed for their generosity toward millionaires' wives

£5,000 for knick-knacks in the home, £12,000 for phone bills, £5,000 for "stocking a drinks tray for casual visitors" and £50,000 for family holidays - a list which puts Diana's office expenses in the shade.

"The Princess of Wales could live more cheaply, of course she could," says Ewa Lewis, social editor of *Tatler*. "The point is she doesn't have to, so why should she?"

"I think you've got to forget about comparing her to other royals and compare her to other fifth-gear women." (Fifth gear-women are apparently those married to multi-millionaires. Think Ivana Trump,

It doesn't matter what you're spending; it's irrelevant. You know what they say - if you have to ask the price, you can't afford it. The Princess will buy a pair of designer shoes for £160 where we would say spend £40; she'll just say I want them. Money is no object."

The problem is that what ever Prince Charles is worth, he is unlikely to be as rich as some of the other husbands whom fifth-gear women have been able to pick up. His income from the Duchy of Cornwall is around £4m before tax and expenses, and he is said to have to go cap in hand to the Duchy's bankers

to take out a loan to finance his wife's settlement.

The Windsors' private wealth is still unclear. There is suggestion that the Prince has separate investments and bank deposits to the capital value of £40m, although his advisers dispute this. "We really still don't know what the Royal Family's wealth is," said Nigel Evans. "The Windsors' wealth is the last secret of the Royal Family."

Whatever it is, the final figure is unlikely to match the Arab tycoon Adnan Khashoggi's £5bn worth. His wife Soraya cashed in by clawing a £1.5bn slice back in 1982. The Begum Princess Salimah Aga Khan, former model Sally Croker Poole, won an estimated \$50m from her husband and then went on to sell her jewellery collection for £17m - a sale which her former husband, the Aga Khan, failed to block.

The Princess should also consider that the pluses of the Royal Family (people currying, free accommodation and security measures) also contain drawbacks. Ivana Trump's settlement from Donald was a relatively modest £6m with a £500,000 villa and £25,000 a year for life. How-

ever, she has made a fortune from her novels and her home-shopping business - something that Diana could not hope to emulate.

"The Duchess of York has gone down the money-making route - modelling, chat shows. I can't see Princess Diana going that way," said Ewa Lewis. "You can't have the Princess of Wales modelling for a little-known designer or the mother of the future king walking down the catwalk in God knows what. She has to keep a certain dignity."

Ms Lewis says the princess has never shown signs of wanting to earn money - "it would be out of character". So, if Diana wanted to gain a really big divorce settlement, she should have taken up with a show business star. Hollywood is the best place to go to for serious alimony.

Figures are speculative, but Kevin Costner's wife, Cindy, who was married a similar length of time as Diana, has been given \$80m. Sylvester Stallone has paid out \$30m to his first two wives and Clint Eastwood gave \$40m to his long-time companion Sondra Locke.

Until May, the real winner in showbiz alimony lottery however was Amy Irving. Steven

Spielberg's wife, who walked off with \$100m in 1988 after a four-year marriage. However, Neil Diamond has surpassed that, saying he had given his ex-wife Marcia £100m. "She deserves half my fortune," he said. "I wish her all the happiness \$150m can bring." No doubt Prince Charles is silently uttering the same sentiments.

Jeremy Rosenblatt says the princess's settlement should not be undervalued: "If she'd been an ordinary 35-year-old woman, she'd have been expected to go out and get a job, she would have been given money for the children." As it is, her millions will give her independence to start up her own charitable foundation (as Nigel Evans suggests) and keep up with the other fifth-gear women.

Happily single, the princess can date again, but she should take care if she wants to tie the knot again. It's not only men who are paying out high amounts to former spouses.

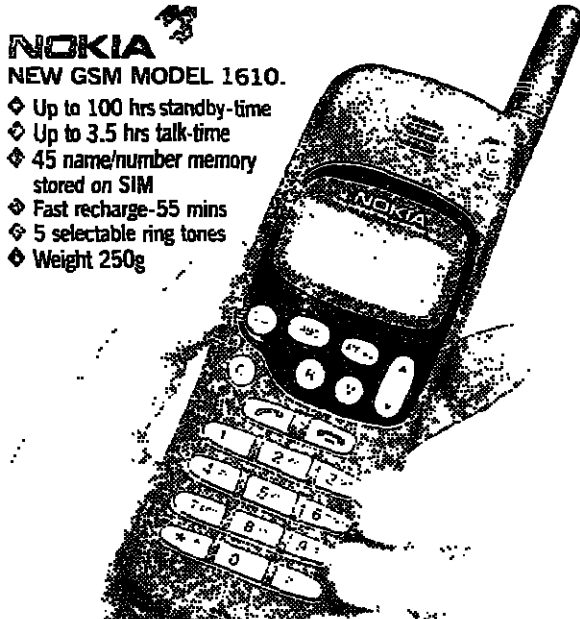
Larry Fortensky, nicknamed Elizabeth Taylor's "Cinderella", dismissed the £5,000-a-month maintenance she offered as "minuscule", saying: "Liz has to support me in the manner to which I have become accustomed." In her tempestuous 1988 divorce from one-time rock star Peter Holm, Joan Collins faced a bill of \$80,000-a-week living expenses from him. And Jane Seymour, the British actress, was ordered to pay her ex-husband David Flynn £2.5m and £7,000 a month in 1992.

But it is Roseanne Barr, the American comedienne who describes the dollars that her ex-husband Tom Arnold got out of her as "millions, millions, millions, millions and millions, the pig". Barr may have several regrets about the marriage but the largest must be the fact she failed to sign a pre-nuptial agreement which would have safeguarded her £66m fortune. Under Californian law, Mr Arnold may have got up to £33m.

So Diana, don't undo all your hard work. If you marry again, make sure he's rich, stay in England and for goodness sake make sure you sign a pre-nup.

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Jo Brand's week

Nick Hornby is flavour of the month and his new book, *High Fidelity*, seems to be doing well. I read *Fever Pitch* and enjoyed it a lot, even though I wasn't one of the women for whom the revelations of football as an acceptable, even fashionable obsession came with the reading of that tome. I knew nothing about *High Fidelity* until a friend of mine and I, in a book shop the other day, chanced upon it and thought perhaps it should be read. The girl behind the counter, who was probably late teens or early twenties, told us two late thirties old bats that it was "brilliant", adding that she had learnt an unbelievable amount about how her boyfriend ticked. My friend asked if she was still with this bloke. "Oh no," she replied. So if your relationship's a big doggy, best leave this book on the shelf for a bit.

Occasionally, little snippets of information from around the world in the news demonstrate that although we are now supposed to be a global village, we have a long way to go before our experience is pretty much the same. It seems a wolf, believed to be responsible for the killing of at least 18 children, has been shot dead in northern India. Myths have arisen about this wolf and it had been described by some villagers as a man-like beast who drove a van, looked like a pig and could fly. I have seen many such creatures driving very badly on the motorways of Britain.



Netanyahu: domestic discord Reuter

Only difference, judging by the way they overtake, is they think they can fly.

Andrew Lloyd Webber is very worried about the future of British musicals and has said that things look "parlous". When he's not taking tips from John Major on vocabulary, Sir Andrew is sitting in his counting house and gleefully counting his vast fortune. The future doesn't look parlous for him. I wouldn't have thought. However, if musicals, many of which are very popular, are going under, what hope is there for all the theatre that doesn't contain tunes you can hum? I'm sure if the Government really had its way, the only productions on offer in our theatres would be the big money-makers like *Cats*, *Les Misérables* and anything with Elaine Paige in it. Not exactly a broad spectrum, and the death knell of anything we could call culture.

It is sometimes the little snapshots of people's lives, rather than the big impact they make on politics, which give you the best insights into the character and idiosyncrasies of powerful people. For example, Benjamin Netanyahu has just had a bit of domestic involving his children's nanny, who appears to have been unceremoniously dumped on the street following an altercation with



Mrs Netanyahu over some burnt soup. The nanny says that Mr N is unstable and Mrs N says the nanny is unstable and prone to violent outbursts. Who is one to believe? The third, ex-air hostess wife of a right-wing politician whose extreme views means he looks set to destroy the peace process in Israel, or a 21-year-old, employed for six months by the family with no problems. Difficult one. Perhaps a quick look across the Atlantic to compare and contrast with America's First Lady... enough said.

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Blair: sitting comfy Peter Macdiarmid

Nice to see Cliff Richard keeping the spirits up at Wimbledon with a selection of his finest hits performed a capella. As Sir Cliff commented himself, the British have an ability to take something horrible and turn it into something nice, as opposed to the Wimbledon experience itself which seems to work the other way round completely.

A genteel and rather old-fashioned sport appears to have been turned into an expensive, yet somehow cheap day out for people who are good at squealing. The only interesting players are the ones who have tantrums, but sadly they are also the feeblest so they never seem to get very far. As usual, everyone had a collective orgasm when they thought a British player would get across the court without falling over. Bring back Euro 96.

In these times when image means everything and one discovers facts (like most people who voted for Ronald Reagan did so not because they agreed with his policies but because he looked like a nice bloke), it is so important to strike just the right note image-wise, which may have been the reason for Tony Blair to don a cardigan to symbolise all that is comfy about the Labour Party. I'm in Cardiff at the moment and was asked this week to have my photo taken with the prospective candidate for Cardiff North Labour Party, the only Tory-held seat within a huge ring of burning cottages. I was in the middle of a long day and I looked knackered and scruffy as they wheeled the photographer on. My suggestion that it might do more good for Labour, if in this state, I had my photo taken with the Tory candidate, was ignored. Oh well, I did offer.

the commentators

Gay capital of Europe

Forget Berlin and Paris, London is streets ahead. And it's all down to the English psyche, says Nick Walker

Today, 250,000 people are expected to march through London and then assemble on Clapham Common to celebrate the 25th Gay Pride, or to give it its full title: Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, Transgender, Some Friends, the Occasional Mum and Dad, John's Straight Flatmate, Susan, and Anyone Else who Comes Along for the Fun Fair and Free Music, Pride '96.

London is the gay capital of Europe. Similar celebrations to London Pride elsewhere in Europe rank as school discos by comparison. Over the past eight years, London has been transformed. Soho is now a gay village. Just as New York has Christopher Street and San Francisco has the Castro, London has Old Compton Street — Comptons. The Edge. The Village. The Iron Bar. The Yard. Bar Code. The Old Compton Street Cafe. Balans. A hairdressers. A cab company. And all this within a street or two. Homosexuality is emblazoned across Soho in chrome and neon.

Paris, Berlin, Madrid, Amsterdam have all got a lot going for them, sure, but there is something in the English psyche that is peculiarly homosexual, something that would inspire a friend of mine to comment that the French, by comparison, just don't, well, you know, gay very well.

I was brought up in Scotland. By the age of 10, I had learnt a simple playground equation — English equalled posh equalled gay. All three were to be avoided as one. To this day, I have relatives who still refer to effete Scotsmen as English-Scotsmen. Ask anyone north of the border, and you will be told — the English are a bunch of fairies.

Take Hugh Grant: a man whose red-blooded heterosexuality can be doubted by few. But 10 minutes in the playground of my youth, glibly stops beautifully stopped, it would take one foppish flick of that fringe, and his number would be up — complete poof. You just know Grant runs like a girl, doesn't play football and spent his playground days learning to skip.

John Major — a man who actively tries to personify an England of warm beer and warm beer — doesn't so much bang the Commons dispatch box with clenched masculine fist as flop down a limp-wristed slap. You half expect him to purse his lips and the words "Oooo, matron!" to issue forth. All the notions that Imperial England gave to the world — wit and decadence, literary leanings and intelligence, England has always been perceived as being this way, and that way. What else do you get from a public school education? You learn how to "fag".

England never really had a choice. What do you expect from a country whose figurhead is a Queen? The role of hostess to the continent's gay capital was scribbled on Britannia's

dance card before the guest list was drawn up and the invitations sent out. When former French prime minister Edith Cresson said that the Anglo-Saxon male is less interested in the opposite sex than his Gallic counterpart and that one out of four Englishmen is homosexual, her arithmetic could be called into question, but she had a point. The English gay very well.

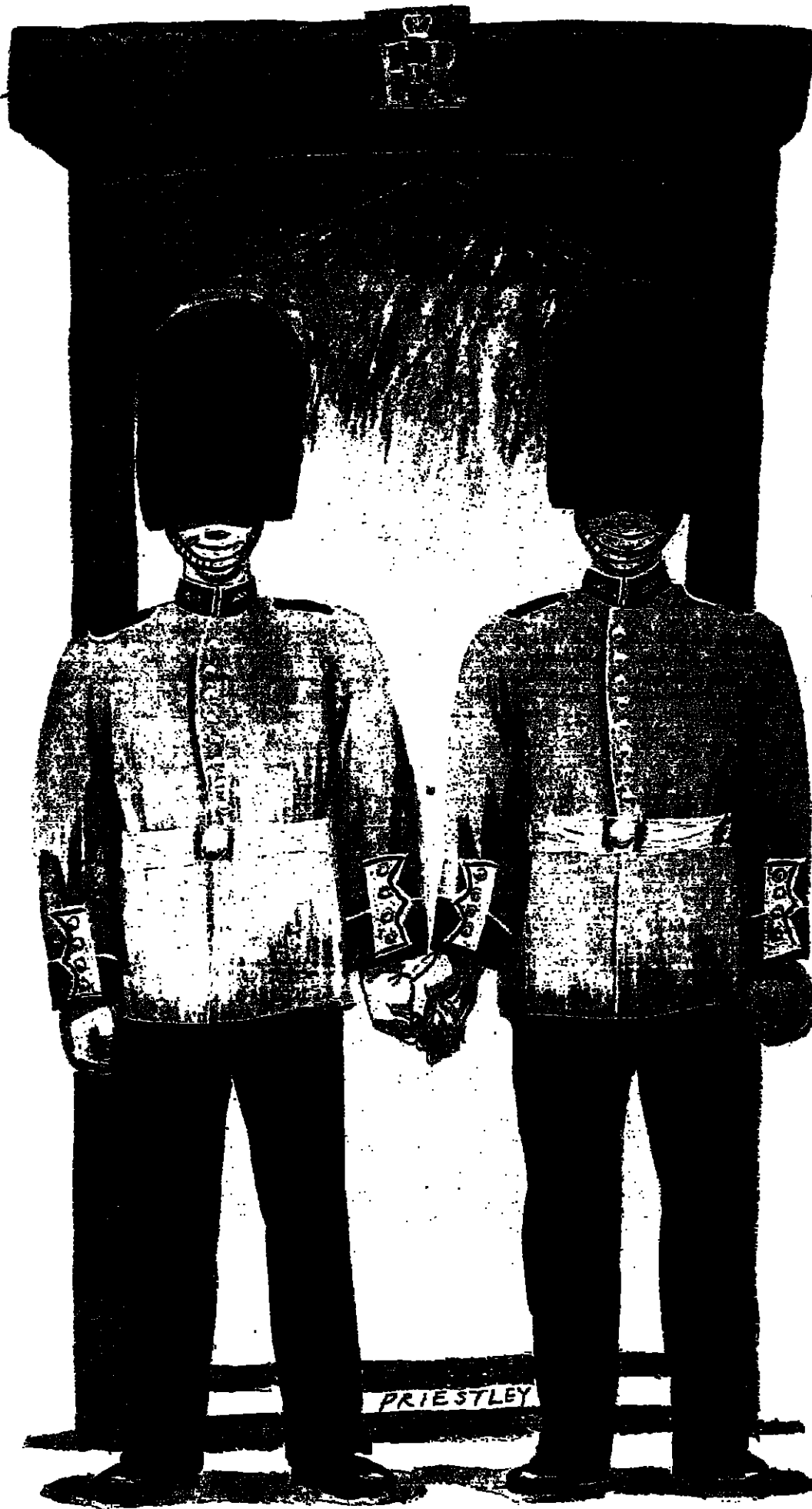
The Americans have to be thanked partly. Walk down Old Compton Street and you see the American influence right down to the soles of the Timberland boots. The gay village is, after all, an American concept. Gay rights began with the Stonewall riots in Sheridan Square on Christopher Street in New York's Greenwich Village.

London's status as the gay capital of Europe is partially an expression of the fact that England is an American cultural colony, and nowhere is this expressed with such apple pie enthusiasm as on Old Compton Street. It's partly a hangover from the early Eighties and the Village People, the checked shirt and moustached "clone" look. Tinker, tailor, soldier, construction worker. The gay scene didn't just ape masculinity, it mimicked American masculinity.

"The pattern of gay culture is very similar in Australia, America and England. There is something about the Protestant liberal experience in the English speaking world that is articulated in gay culture," says Terry Harding, a consultant with the events organisation, Pure. Heavy stuff, but Harding, himself a native of Australia who moved to London in the Eighties, is on the right track.

At the end of the day, what earns London the title of gay capital is its bars, its clubs, its shops. Yes, they are just bars, only shops. Yes, as such they are vulnerable. Look to New York where the regime of a right-wing mayor has seen the end of some of the best gay clubs in the world. Of course, Old Compton Street has given London its gay village, but it has only done so for a short eight years; and to see "Gay London" as only running the length of a small street in Soho is to ignore everything that Oscar Wilde et al got up to in Covent Garden 100 years previously.

Still the London gay scene has emerged out of a culture that — consciously or not — is as limp-wristed as you like, and whose only notion of masculinity is imported with its jeans and its lager. And (horror upon horror) the neighbours in France and Scotland have been twitching their curtains for years. The only person who will be surprised by this is the Englishman. And people say gay men don't know who they are. Happy Gay Pride.



DAVID AARONOVITCH

Drunk on history



This week, one of my more adventurous colleagues, as reported in this paper, volunteered to drink genuine ancient Egyptian beer, as sunk by Pharaoh himself. Archaeologists (as they are called) had discovered and analysed the sediment at the bottom of a couple of long-buried jugs, linked this sludge with a few grains of emmer wheat found on a tomb floor — and some enterprising archaeologists (as they are not called) had done the rest. The bottles were retailing at 50 quid a throw.

The process of beer-making could be seen on several extant wall-paintings and deduced from hieroglyphics, apparently. According to one of the brewers, the ancient Egyptians had had several different types of beers — beers, he explained, "for high days, feast days, one for toothache and one injected as an enema if you had piles".

This worried me. As a visitor to the temples of Thebes and the Valley of the Kings, I have seen representations of feasts and holidays. But I must have missed the panels depicting Thutmose IV being administered a beer enema. And what would the hieroglyphs for such an activity consist of?

"I see what you're saying, Professor. The three vertical lines represent a fountain, or flow." "Correct, Doctor! And the rounded W clearly suggests a pair of slightly parted buttocks. I think we can deduce..."

And do we know that the ancient Nile-dwellers had piles because they have been discovered (albeit in rather desiccated form) under the bandages of mummies? Or is there a papyrus in the Cairo Museum of Antiquities telling us that Amenophis I would have given the Nubians a damn good snuffing had it not been for his appalling piles?

I do not mean to impugn the value of the research involved — although one suspects that, as with opinion polling, there is a distinct moment when science gives way to artistic licence. Certainly this is true in the fashionable business of facial reconstruction. Recently, the Jorvik Viking Centre in York, where a whole Norse village has become a major attraction, spent large sums on having the faces of several 10th century rapers and pillagers constructed from skulls found in the area. Tucked away, however, in an article about this process was the revelation that "Facial

Image Technique cannot accurately reproduce ears, nose, lips, or, of course, skin tones". Which doesn't really leave very much.

Jorvik also pioneered another form of reliving the past — smelling it. Having discovered — and put on display — a Viking latrine (complete with 1,000-year-old stools), Jorvik is said to have employed a Mr Dale of Dale Air Products to recreate the authentic odour of the place. This presumably had to be done by examining the diet of Ragnar the Raddled et al, and deducing what would have happened as these foodstuffs made their peristaltic way from one orifice to another, and beyond. Mr Dale has also recreated a "Roman soldier's armpit", as well as a mixture of horse, sweat and bourbon for the Wild West part of Disneyland Paris.

There is a distinct moment when science gives way to artistic licence

But to what purpose is this mania for authenticity? It cannot help us in any way to understand the past. Real history is about the conditions of labourers, the construction of nations, of wealth amassed and power lost, of motions passed in legislatures, not latrines.

Of what use is it to us to "know" what a Dark Ages dung heap smelled like, or to be able to purchase the beverage that made Akhenaten the success he was? After all, in any real sense, we cannot experience these things as they were once experienced, even if we reproduce them faithfully. You would have to live your life smeared in beaver fat, wear a partly cured elk pelt and possess a mouth full of blackened abscessed stumps, before really being able to "contextualise" the aroma of a Jorvik latrine. If your eyes were covered in kohl, your hair in henna, your mouth still watering from a meal of dates, the room reeking of myrrh, then perhaps you might be able to taste the Amarna beer as Pharaoh did. All else is equivalent to those cutesy catalogues full of Celtic trivets and plaster cherubs — the tamed past substituting for the threatening present.

Fuelled by drugs and hypocrisy

Almost everyone is on something that would get an Olympic athlete banned, says Charles Arthur

Even though it's not in the *Radio Times* schedule for the Olympics, we know that there is one event that is guaranteed plenty of TV exposure: the naming of the first athlete to be sent home after testing positive for drugs — or, more accurately, "banned substances".

Those athletes who do test positive — such as Andrew Davies and Andrew Saxton, the Welsh weightlifters sent home from Barcelona in 1992 — can expect to return home to a hail of abuse. "Pariah of sport," said the then chairman of the Sports Council for Wales, "horrible," said the then Minister for Sport, Robert Keyes.

When (and it almost certainly is when) it happens this time, let us hope that none of the strong language comes from any of the 14 male MPs and lords who, we hear, have been taking artificial testosterone shots in order, as one prescribing doctor, Malcolm Carruthers, puts it, to "rev the engine and take the handbrake off". Apparently, our rulers had been finding the pressures of maintaining their seats and the long hours at the House too telling, and discovered that they needed something extra to keep them going.

And we can be sure, can't we, that no female representative taking hormone-replacement therapy (HRT) is artificially (and of the effects of aging will be first to the media baronies to condemn somebody for taking an artificial performance enhancer.

But — on the principle that it should be those without sin who cast the first stone — who is really in a position to lob the first chunk of abuse? Although we choose largely to ignore it, the fact that Olympic (or aspiring) athletes stand apart from the rest of society not only for their abilities. The rest of us now comprise a society that depends so deeply on drugs to give us just that little bit extra to get us through the day that perhaps not a single one of us could reasonably expect to make the grade if we, like those athletes, were subjected to random urine testing.

Leave aside testosterone and HRT: how many people do you know who suffer from asthma and have to use an inhaler regularly? Or who take hay-fever tablets or remedies so that they can work or drive or go for a walk without their eyes and nose streaming? Sorry, that



The drugged Ben Johnson wins at the 1988 Olympics, only to be disqualified

Alisport

would test positive under the Olympic rules. Perhaps you're one of the 2 million people on Prozac — now prescribed to many young mothers, who find the first five years of their children's lives exhausting. Or maybe you are on

You know, of course, that all of those would get you banned from amateur sports.

Maybe you can pass all those tests — you treat your body as a temple, or nearly. But you want to have a drink after work, or over a business

MPs and lords, we hear, have been taking testosterone shots to 'rev the engine and take the handbrake off'

some other antidepressant. Not for nothing was Valium so well known as "mother's little helper". Or are you one of the million people taking Ecstasy regularly, to give you that pep to get through a long night? Or one of the uncouth millions smoking cannabis to relax after an infuriating day at work? Perhaps you're about to start a long drive home after a tiring day. Why not pop one of those concentrated caffeine tablets to give you an amphetamine lift without the illegality?

lunch to seal that contract? Yes, that's on the IOC's list, too (which primly states: "Tests may be conducted for ethanol. The results may lead to sanctions"). You'll all have to go to the back of the queue of people lining up to be rude about so-called "disgraced" athletes.

Perhaps it's no accident that the International Olympic Committee (IOC) first introduced its list of "banned substances" in 1967, back when drugs were really starting to permeate into

everyday Western culture. Now there's barely a single niche in our lives that they haven't touched. In May, German medical students were revealed to have found a means of overcoming the stress of exams: a beta-blocker (which steadies the heart rhythms) and a Valium before the test.

If the drug is available, we'll find a way to use it. Stimulants to cope with the pressures of downsized offices, narcotics to escape the pressures of city life, antidepressants to let us fit in where otherwise we'd be kicking and punching people off the pavement. Let's accept it, despite what Nancy Reagan might have hoped for, we all long ago just said "yes".

Not only that, we are actively searching for new ways to get a leg up here and there. Maybe you haven't heard about the "memory pill"? (Or maybe you have heard, but forgot?) A team of New York scientists this week announced that they are trying to pinpoint the proteins required in the brain to turn short-term memories into long-term ones. Known as CREB1 and 2, they could give us all splendid retention abilities — which might, who knows, halve the overall amount of pill-popping by German medical students, among others.

But where do all these advances, which take the rest of us forward into a world where we can manipulate our moods and our memory at will, leave athletes? Rather than being the cream of our society, they are left somewhere outside it. They are living in a world where they have to dodge the drugs that lie in wait for them at every turn, in all those remedies and pick-me-ups. It is as challenging as being a matador who evades a herd of raging bulls. One wrong move, and the testers will gore you.

Bearing that in mind, it's clear that the athletes who test positive don't deserve our scorn. They have already submitted to an existence which is wholly outside that which the rest of us can imagine. Nowadays, to be an Olympic athlete takes not just talent and training, but also the mental strength to live like an ascetic. The drugs-takers aren't outcasts, except from the strange world of athletics. They're not pariahs; they're just like all the rest of us. And we should welcome them back into the fold, not scorn them for leaving an artificial existence outside our own. Anything else is just hypocrisy.

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Jobs surge causes Wall St pandemonium

DAVID USBORNE
New York
and DIANE COYLE

There was pandemonium on Wall Street yesterday when share and bond prices plummeted after figures showing a surge in new jobs took US unemployment to a six-year low last month. Average hourly earnings jumped by 9 cents, the biggest monthly increase on record.

The latest evidence that the US economy is building up a strong head of steam boosted President Bill Clinton's re-election campaign, but in the financial markets it raised the spectre of inflation. It means the Federal Reserve is almost certain to increase interest rates before the summer is out - some economists reckon before the next scheduled policy meeting on 20 August.

The White House wasted no time in making political hay, seizing on the news as evidence that its economic policies were working. In a hastily arranged appearance before television cameras, President Bill Clinton hailed the falling unemployment figures.

"We have the most solid American economy in a generation. And it's good news when Americans can have high job growth, strong investment and low inflation," he declared. The Dow Jones share price index, more than 117 points lower at lunchtime, closed 115 down at 5,588.14. Bond yields shot up to 7.19 per cent, their highest level for more than a year. The shock came only two days after the Fed's policy-making Open Market Committee opted to leave US interest rates unchanged.

The upset sent shares in London lower too, with the FTSE 100 index closing more than 17 points lower at 3,743.2. "This has spooked the markets," said Brian Fabbri at the investment bank Paribas in New York, speaking above the uproar on the trading floor.

David Shulman, chief economist at Salomon Brothers, was among those forecasting a significant correction in share prices. "Stocks are going to go down. My guess is that a 5 per cent dip is coming out of this right now," he said. In his statement, President Clinton looking to his race for re-election against Republican candidate Bob Dole, sought to extract the greatest political advantage from the data. Claiming that his administration had created 10 million new American jobs, he said: "We promised to take these economic challenges head-on. Our critics said it wouldn't work. Today's news once again proved them wrong."

Many traders may have been in a lazy mood after the Independence Day holiday on Thursday, when the American markets were closed. They were jolted awake, however, when the industrial average lost 86 points in the first 30 minutes of yesterday's half-day trading, triggering the New York Stock Exchange's curbs on automatic trading.

Some on Wall Street cautioned against overreaction, however. Maria Fiorini Ramirez, president of the investment firm of the same name, said: "I think the economy is in a better balance than the market is pricing itself to." The culprit behind the nose-dive in US shares was a far bigger-than-expected increase in employment - the third such surprise this year. The number of people employed on non-farm payrolls rose by 239,000 to 119.5 million, and April's and May's increases were revised up. Manufacturing employment was down 7,000 during the month, but surged by 233,000 in services. The growth in jobs took the unemployment rate down to 5.3 per cent, lowest since June 1990. "Unemployment could drop to 5 per cent by the end of the year," J P Morgan said.

Lyonnais accuses Sumitomo chiefs in copper scandal

NIC CICUTTI

Credit Lyonnais Rouse, the broking arm of the French state-owned bank, yesterday said that copper deals it entered into with Sumitomo Corporation were always fully authorised by senior officials inside the Japanese company. The French firm's statement yesterday made it the fourth company to turn the spotlight of the inquiry for the £1.2bn losses incurred by Sumitomo firm on the Japanese firm itself.

Merrill Lynch, the giant US securities firm, Winchester Commodities of the UK and Global Minerals and Metals of New York have all said Mr Hamanaka was not acting alone but had the backing of his company. Roy Leighton, chairman of Credit Lyonnais Rouse, said: "[We] are satisfied that all credit lines and contractual documentation were properly processed and authorised by officials designated by Sumitomo to have such powers."

"Such authorities were not exclusively in the hands of Mr Hamanaka. Credit Lyonnais Rouse has consistently provided the London Metal Exchange and regulators with timely reports on client positions and other matters in accordance with their requests." Mr Leighton indicated yesterday that Sumitomo had provided his firm with additional proof that those signing relevant documents on its behalf were properly authorised to do so. It is understood that the names of those who approved Mr Hamanaka's trades, or who may have acted independently of him, have already been passed on to UK regulators, including the Securities and Futures Authority and the Securities and Investments Board.



All credit lines extended to Sumitomo were approved by Credit Lyonnais credit committees in London and Paris and followed internal procedures based on SFA requirements. Mr Leighton's comments renewed speculation, which initially surfaced soon after the extent of Sumitomo's losses were revealed, of the extent to which executives within the firm knew and approved of the rogue trader Yasuo Hamanaka's activities. Sumitomo has repeatedly claimed that while some of his book was known, Mr Hamanaka lost the bulk of his money on separate unauthorised activity, which he kept track of in a secret under-the-counter book.

However, Sumitomo's position was also rebutted yesterday by Ashley Levett and Charles Vincent, two Winchester Commodities traders, who dealt with the Japanese firm. The two dealers, who retired from the businesses in the past few months and now live in Monaco, claimed in separate interviews yesterday that key trades they carried out were approved at Sumitomo board level. This included one of the biggest deals entered into by Sumitomo in 1993, codenamed Radir, involving the purchase of a million tonnes of copper over two years, worth up to £1.9bn.

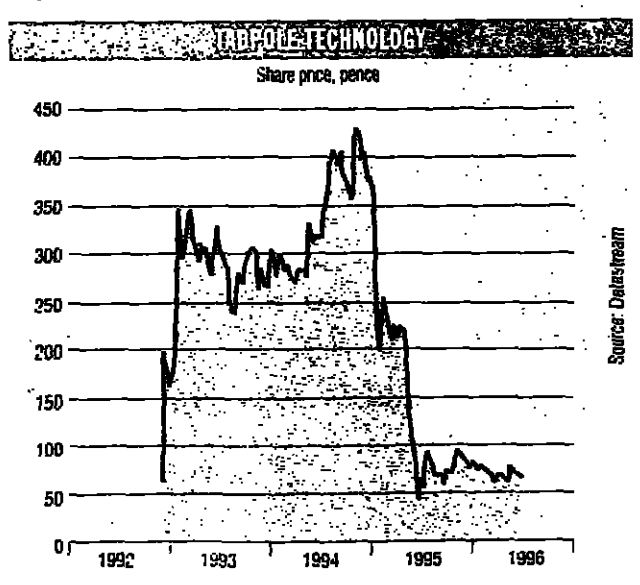
Meanwhile, one influential copper trader yesterday claimed that Sumitomo still has a long position in copper totalling 1.5m tonnes and disposing of it could depress prices down to \$1,500 a tonne over the next 18 months. Herbert Black, a Canadian dealer who co-owns American Iron & Metal, said the rate at which it was being disposed of should be speeded up. "I think they are holding at least a million and a half tonnes, and I think the Chinese are long an additional quarter of a million tonnes."

Mr Black said: "There should not be a backwardation at this time. I think the LME is opening the door to future lawsuits because Sumitomo has already acknowledged that they had fraudulent positions." Comment, page 19

Tunnel operators ahead in price war

CHRISTIAN WOLMAR

The Channel price war seems to be paying off for Eurotunnel with sharp increases in traffic in the build-up to the crucial summer months. The company, which in May slashed its main return fare from £266 to £129, had a record month in June with 177,825 cars and motorcycles and 5,917 coaches going through the tunnel. Over the first six months of the year, Eurotunnel has increased its tourist traffic by 89 per cent compared with the first six months of last year when the tunnel was still suffering from teething problems and was not fully operational.



Grey quits Tadpole with £110,000 pay-off

MAGNUS GRIMMOND

George Grey, the founder of troubled notebook computer maker Tadpole Technology, resigned yesterday as chief executive with a pay-off expected to be around £110,000. His departure comes just over a year after the ousting of Geoff Burr, head of Tadpole's US operations, who received £116,000 to ease his search for a new occupation.

Mr Grey has been replaced by the 50-year-old Bernard Hulme, veteran of British computer maker ICL and most recently in charge of the international business of California-based Santa Cruz Operations, a leader in the US software market for the UNIX operating system.

News of the management changes pleased the stock market, which fell out of love with Tadpole after a series of profit warnings and mounting losses caused the share price to plunge last year. Tadpole's shares rose 3p to 61p yesterday, still some way off the 440p they hit in November 1994.

Mr Grey, who founded the company in 1984 and still owns around 2.9 per cent of the shares, came under pressure to resign last year after losses mounted and the Stock Exchange ordered an investigation into dealings in the shares. He was paid £104,000, including his pension in 1995-96. His pay-off will be linked to his salary, although he will also receive around nine months' pay for the current year.

He was seen as the wrong man to carry the company forward, according to Robert Booth, finance director. "Tadpole has always been regarded as an amazing company. We have had a number of industry firsts for our technology, but we never had the sales and marketing expertise to market the products." There had been no pressure from institutional shareholders. "We came to our own conclusion. It has been obvious for some time that our problems lay in the marketing area."

Blowing the lid on what top managers actually do

ROGER TRAPP

Wall Street financier Stephen Roach's recent change of heart may have helped put "downsizing" out of fashion, but that does not mean organisations are going to stop getting smaller. Indeed, management consultants Richard Koch and Ian Godden suggest that the process has a lot further to run. In their new book *Managing Without Management*, they say too many managers are taking too much out of the companies for which they supposedly work.

Going beyond the enthusiasm for such concepts as "downsizing" and "empowerment", they argue that "management" is now constraining the growth of large corporations and preventing them from taking the next strides in growth and shareholder value creation. It is taking an increased share of the wealth, it is adding complexity to the decision-making processes and organisation structure and it is not devoting its time and effort to the marketplace.

There is nothing revolutionary about taking a dim view of management. The Canadian academic Henry Mintzberg effectively blew the lid on what managers did all day in his 1973 book *The Nature of Managerial Work*. But where Mr Koch, who is credited with turning around Filofax, and Mr Godden, a partner with international consultancy Booz-Allen & Hamilton, differ is in their view that this life of attending endless meetings and reacting to crises is the way it has to be.

They stress that they do not really want to abolish management - just most managers. Doing this requires dividing management into three categories: high-value, low-value and negative-value to customers. The latter should "definitely be abolished, more because of what it does to an organisation's ability to serve customers than because of its cost". The others should be reallocated from management to "doing".

This is essentially what ABB - the Swedish-Swiss engineering group whose chief executive is famous for cutting 90 per cent of headquarters' staff - has done. Personnel work, for instance, is carried out by line managers rather than by a huge corporate department. Similar initiatives have been adopted by US rival General Electric. But Mr Koch and Mr Godden claim these two organisations are still too complex and too focused on internal issues as opposed to those of the customer.

Achieving a life without management depends on other factors, though. In addition to simplicity, this personal and unconventional leadership can become "the substitute for costly and inefficient management". The problem, of course, is that many more people will lose their jobs. Some, no doubt, will be able to join or form the smaller organisations the authors say are increasingly taking the large corporations' market share. But, as Mr Koch admitted this week, there will be significant social and political repercussions.

Neither he nor his co-author has the solution for dealing with that situation. But they regard it as inevitable and see their book as an attempt to start the debate before it is too late.

Somerfield gets a cool welcome

NIGEL COPE

Somerfield has received a lukewarm response from potential investors ahead of the publication of its results on Monday and a pathfinder prospectus later next week. One analyst said the £500m float had only "an even money" chance of getting away while a leading City fund manager said the company's bankers were "becoming nervous" about its prospects. It is possible that the flotation will be pulled if the pricing fell below a certain level. The adverse reaction follows admissions by the company that the new issues market has become more difficult in recent weeks. "There have been a lot of flotations and there is a bit of indigestion out there," one source close to the company said. One analyst said: "From what I hear, the institutions aren't that interested."

There have been a number of recent new issues which have been priced at the upper end of expectations and then proved a disappointment. One example is Jarvis Hotels which came to the market last month priced at 175p. Yesterday the shares closed at 172p. Somerfield chief executive David Simons said the feedback from City investors had been positive. Tony MacNary of NatWest Securities, which is broking the issue, said that "more than half of institutions were favourably disposed towards the float with the obvious caveat of the price."

STOCK MARKETS					
Index	Close	Day's change	Change(%)	1996 High	1996 Low
FTSE 100	3743.20	-17.40	-0.5	3857.10	3639.50
FTSE 250	4367.20	-3.80	-0.1	4568.60	4015.30
FTSE 350	1884.80	-7.20	-0.4	1945.40	1816.60
FT All Share	2186.10	-2.55	-0.1	2244.36	1954.06
New York	5588.14	-114.88	-2.0	5778.00	5032.94
Tokyo	22232.42	-60.49	-0.3	22668.80	19734.70
Hong Kong	11177.13	-4.69	-0.0	11594.99	10204.87
Frankfurt	2501.49	+6.10	+0.2	2583.49	2253.36

INTEREST RATES					
Short-term	Medium-term	Long-term	US long-term	US short-term	US medium-term
3m	6m	12m	2yr	3m	6m
7.19	7.19	7.19	8.12	7.19	7.19
7.19	7.19	7.19	8.12	7.19	7.19
7.19	7.19	7.19	8.12	7.19	7.19

CURRENCIES					
Index	Close	Day's change	Change(%)	1996 High	1996 Low
£/US\$	1.5551	-0.0050	-0.32	1.5834	1.5200
£/Yen	165.65	+0.42	+0.25	166.00	164.00
DM/£	2.3761	-0.0091	-0.38	2.3900	2.3600
¥/£	170.432	+0.219	+0.13	171.000	169.000
£/DM	0.4209	-0.0004	-0.10	0.4250	0.4150



COMMENT

There were too few traders around for the half-day holiday session to make it the howler it might have been. But the bears could be out in force again come Monday, when the full complement of dealers return to their desks.

Cash is such a comfort when the Dow hiccups

Is this the big one? With Wall Street down over 100 points by the close of play London time yesterday, it certainly looked as if that long-expected correction in US equity markets might finally be under way. Once again, it was the monthly jobs report that threatens to burst the bubble in share prices.

In the event, the day's fall in the Dow Jones index turned out to be less dramatic than its 171-point drop following March's strong employment figure. There were too few traders around for the half-day holiday session to make it the howler it might have been. But the bears could be out in force again come Monday, when the full complement of dealers return to their desks.

Their case is a mighty strong one. The bond-to-equity yield ratio matched its 1987 pre-crash peak yesterday, levels of new issues have set a record this year thanks to hi-tech offerings, and the flow of new investment in mutual funds has been unsustainably high. Furthermore, yesterday's employment figures make clear that the US economy is accelerating rather than slowing, and that wage inflation is creeping up not falling back. Other forward-looking economic indicators have been delivering the same message. It is a racing certainty that US interest rates must begin to move up again from here on in.

If you think the reaction of shares had been enough, just look at bonds which have taken on the pallor of the terminally ill. The benchmark Treasury long-bond yield

returned to its May 1994 level. This is where the real danger for equities lies: the last time bonds were at this level, the Dow Jones index was more than 50 per cent lower than it is now. What that indicates is that equities have become seriously overvalued.

None of this necessarily means Wall Street is heading for a mini-crash, dragging London with it. Financially, the world is a more stable place than it was in February 1994 or October 1987. Inflation is lower, currencies have corrected their serious misalignment, and above all, the industrial countries have set their economic policies on a course of fiscal retrenchment and anti-inflationary rigour that will ultimately underpin the financial markets. None the less, being out of Wall Street is a much more comforting feeling than being in it right now.

Sumitomo's role raises serious doubts

It is easy enough to dismiss the claims of a couple of recently established copper trading firms that Yasuo Hamanaka did not act alone, and that other senior people in Sumitomo knew more than they care to admit about what was going on.

They would say that, wouldn't they, because both Hampshire-based Winchester Commodities and Global Minerals and Metals of New York have a lot of explaining to do about their close relationship with

Mr Hamanaka. His business made the owners of these two recently established firms wealthy beyond a lottery winner's dreams in a very short space of time.

But the picture is transformed when the same claim about wider involvement by the Sumitomo hierarchy is made by the commodities subsidiary of one of the biggest banks in the world, Crédit Lyonnais. Furthermore, the statement by Crédit Lyonnais Rouse is only a more detailed version of what Merrill Lynch, another big name that must be listened to, said in a statement a fortnight ago.

Both have said that their dealings with Sumitomo, which have been central to the events in the copper markets over recent years, were authorised not just by Mr Hamanaka but at senior levels in the Japanese company, and with all the paperwork completed and delivered in proper order.

This is a serious blow to Sumitomo's credibility. The affair has come full circle from the company's original claim that Mr Hamanaka was a Nick Leeson-like rogue trader to an overwhelming suspicion that Sumitomo knew far more than it has so far admitted. It may well be that Mr Hamanaka did indeed go off the rails and attempted to defraud the company, as his employers have alleged.

But the charge Sumitomo must fight to disprove is that during Mr Hamanaka's long career it also approved of and financed his regular attempts to corner the copper mar-

ket and manipulate prices. In the Barings case, the worst that could ultimately be said about Mr Leeson's superiors is that they were incompetent. They connived to give him as much finance as he needed for his reckless trades, but they didn't understand the risks he was taking, or that he was trading on their account. The verdict on the Sumitomo lot, once the regulators have done their work, could end up a good deal more serious.

Posties lay a golden egg

A penny off postage may not quite cancel a glance at the Post Office's latest figures shows why it has become too much of a cash cow to be sacrificed on the altar of privatisation. Sir Michael Heron, the organisation's chairman, has a couple of other good reasons why the Post Office won't be privatised this side of the millennium. The way he figures it, either the Conservatives will be out of office shortly or they will be returned by such a slender majority that ministers won't be able to risk incurring the wrath of the Tory shires by refoaming the idea of Royal Mail privatisation.

There is, however, a more compelling case for keeping the business in the state sector and it lies in the quite staggering contribution the humble postie now makes to

the public finances. Over the next three years the Treasury will raise close on £1bn from payments made by the Post Office through the mechanism of the External Finance Limit. These sort of cash-book financial controls may make the blood boil around at the Post Office. But since they are enough to finance half-a-penny off income tax or abolish inheritance tax altogether ministers are unlikely to want to alter them.

Do not be lulled into supposing that Post Office profits have peaked, just because they fell last year for the first time in six years. The fall is largely due to the decision to pump extra investment income back into the Royal Mail and take some asset write-downs in Parcelforce.

The 1p rise in postal prices being introduced on Monday will be enough to add £150m to the bottom line alone, while the Post Office is about to be saddled with even tighter efficiency targets by Government which should extract another £500m out of the Royal Mail's cost base over the next few years.

Faced with those sort of sums, why should any Government be in a hurry to kill the goose that lays the golden egg? The Post Office learnt long ago not to expect too many favours from the present administration. Unfortunately for its executives, the Post Office may be an even more tempting target for Labour in its search for electorally pain-free ways of financing public spending pledges on health and education.

Merrydown toasts Dogs' success with Rhubarb

MAGNUS GRIMOND

Fresh from its success with Two Dogs, the alcoholic lemonade from Australia, the East Sussex cider maker Merrydown is launching alcoholic rhubarb on unsuspecting UK drinkers.

Rhubarb Rhubarb, named by Two Dogs inventor Duncan MacGillivray, is 5 per cent proof and revives memories of a generation ago when Merrydown sold its own rhubarb wine.

Merrydown is hoping the tipple will repeat the success of Two Dogs, which it revealed yesterday had helped return it to the black last year after two years of losses.

The alcoholic lemonade, launched last August, has with its main rival, Bass's Hoopers Hooch, retained 90 per cent of a market estimated to be worth £150m at the end of last year despite the appearance of over 50 copycat products. Merrydown is now preparing to launch into 16 European countries.

Richard Purdey, Merrydown chairman, said yesterday that Two Dogs' contribution was "undeniably a very useful boost in accelerating our recovery", which saw losses of £2.7m turn into profits of £2.03m in the year to March. The figures were boosted by the absence of

£2.2m of exceptional charges taken the previous year, but underlying margins tripled to 7.6 per cent. A final dividend of 2.5p, raising the total to 4.5p for last year, compares with just 1p before.

Demand for Two Dogs was spurred by last summer's hot

Midlands brewers pay £7.5m for Mercury stake

Two Midlands brewers are paying £7.5m for a two-thirds stake in Mercury Taverns, a group formed specially to buy 111 pubs from Bass in 1993, writes Magnus Grimond. The price being received by NatWest Ventures and Murray Johnstone values Mercury at £11.4m, which compares with the £23m that the Mercury management, backed by the venture capitalists, paid for the original business in 1993. Mercury is understood to remain highly geared.

The latest transaction, which will leave management with one-third of Mercury's equity, involves the formation of a 50:50 joint venture between Burton-on-Trent-based Marston, Thompson & Evershed and Wolverhampton & Dudley breweries. The two

brewers will take on the beer supply agreements for Mercury, dividing up the 129 tenanted pubs and 31 managed houses roughly equally between them. The estate is predominantly in the Midlands, but Marston will take on Mercury's East Anglian pubs, while Wolves & Dudley will supply South Wales, the North East and London.

The business is expected to add around 5 per cent to Marston's volumes and around half that to the throughput at Wolves & Dudley. Supply agreements with Bass, Carlsberg Tetley and Scottish Courage will be terminated over the next few months.

Mercury made profits of £1.3m in the year to September, at which date net assets were valued at £13.3m.

weather and a shortage of supply, but Mr Purdey said they had been "very pleasantly surprised" by the continued strength of demand during the second half, including the winter.

However, he warned that the "sales, marketing and logistical phenomenon" of Two Dogs' introduction was unlikely to be repeated. A new £500,000 advertising campaign is just starting in the UK.

The core cider business also did well out of last year's summer. Mr Purdey said volumes of the group's brands, including Merrydown Vintage and Merrydown Original, exceeded the 15 per cent growth recorded by the market. The group increased its market share from 3.7 per cent to 4 per cent and Mr Purdey reaffirmed his view that Merrydown would do well out of the industry's consolidation.

This had seen some brands disappear and more emphasis on brand-building by the remaining players, he said. Prices had recovered 15 to 20 per cent since hitting bottom in January 1995, when the recent price war amongst cider groups was at its height.

Mr Purdey said that Merrydown would reveal in September how it proposed to deal with the impending 50 per cent duty increase on stronger ciders over 7.5 per cent alcohol. Merrydown's shares closed a penny higher on the news at 140p. They have more than doubled since touching a low of 67p in January 1995.

On the road: Robert Hawley has just returned from Japan

125,000 Sids chase British Energy



On the road: Robert Hawley has just returned from Japan

Private investors had submitted 125,000 applications for shares in the nuclear generator British Energy by last night, making the public offer about half-subscribed, writes Michael Harrison.

The number of applications is running above the level at the same stage in the flotation of Railtrack when 100,000 investors had signed up for shares with six days to go before the offer closed.

The Government's advisers on the British Energy sale estimate that about £250m worth of applications have so far been submitted by small investors compared with the £500m or so of shares being set aside.

They also denied suggestions that institutional interest in the offer was proving weak in the US and Japan, saying bids for shares from US institutions had been delayed by Thursday's public holiday while the Ener-

gy roadshow, led by chief executive Robert Hawley, had only just returned from the Far East. The public offer closes next Wednesday and, with share shops having logged 1.7 million registrations, it is expected to be at least twice subscribed.

The institutional offer is already fully subscribed at 200p-230p a share valuing British Energy at around £1.5bn, the middle of the Government's £1.2bn-£1.96bn range. The final valuation could rise if institutional demand picks up before the international book-building exercise closes next Friday.

Some investors have been deterred by worries of falling electricity prices hampering British Energy's ability to pay dividends. But the early levels of public and institutional interest suggest that the offer has been priced sufficiently low to succeed.

Merger gives Harveys listing

NIGEL COPE

Lord Harris, the Carpetright chairman and Conservative Party benefactor, secured his second stock market vehicle yesterday when the £8m merger between Harveys, the home furnishings chain and Cantors, the furniture retailer, was confirmed.

The Harris family, which controlled a 45 per cent stake in the Harveys home furnishings chain, will see its stake in the new company reduced to just over 30 per cent, valuing it at £16m.

Sir Harry Solomon, the Harveys chairman, will become chairman of the new company which will be re-named H&C Holdings. Lord Harris will stay as a non-executive director. Most of the stores will be re-branded as Harveys.

Sir Harry said: "The industry is very fragmented and this provides us with a unique opportunity to be a major player. We had a number of options. We could have gone it alone or bought other companies. But his gives us a quotation."

Harveys' textile ranges, such as curtains, will be introduced to Cantors furniture stores. The number of stores will be expanded from 300 to 400 over the next three to four years. Around 12 stores will close as part of a rationalisation programme.

The Cantor family, which owned a 40 per cent stake prior to the deal, will see its shareholding cut to 17 per cent. Cantors' chairman Nick Jeffries said: "It is sad that Cantors will not be the major trading name, but it will not disappear. This is

a good deal and I'm very enthusiastic about it."

However, Cantors staff criticised the company for failing to keep workers informed.

As part of the deal, Cantors has announced a placing of an open offer to raise £8.3m to fund the costs of the merger and to provide working capital. The one-for-three placing and offer is priced at 165p.

The merger is on the basis of 883 Cantors shares for every 50 Harveys. This values each Harveys share at £29.14.

Lloyd's capacity remains steady

PETER RODGERS

Managing agents in the Lloyd's market expect insurance capacity to rise only marginally next year to £10.17bn from £9.99bn, Lloyd's said yesterday.

The tiny rise in the figures, released as the market prepares for Monday's start of the first of a ground-breaking series of capacity auctions, suggests agents are still cautious about the outlook for insurance rates. Capacity is a measure of the total amount of insurance premiums the market can accept in 1997.

The auctions will allow members to bid for capacity on the syndicates of their choice, turning membership into a tradable commodity with a market price. Paul Sandilands, managing director of Richmond Underwriting, said he expected much more interest in the auctions than the first time round last year, when the procedures were on trial.

He expected corporate investors in the market would show "a significant interest for the first time" and prices to rise. One advantage of the auctions

is that members can readjust their portfolios by buying and selling in the market. Some agents, including Mr Sandilands, believe that eventually the only way to get in and out of the Lloyd's market will be at auction.

The first will be completed a few days ahead of the key meeting of Lloyd's members in the Royal Festival Hall on Monday week to approve the £3.1bn reconstruction and renewal plan on which the rescue of the market is based.

With hopes rising that the vast majority of members will vote in favour, Lloyd's also appears to be making headway in negotiations to remove the most serious obstacle to the rescue.

This is the threat that the US authorities will deem the plan to include the issue of a security, which would prevent the rescue going ahead in its present form in the US. Lloyd's said: "Hopes remain high that we can resolve this by the end of next week."

Lloyd's is expected next week to announce profits for 1993, the latest accounting year, of more than £1bn.

IN BRIEF

• Redland told analysts trading volumes had recovered to near normal levels following a seasonally weak first quarter. Redland said the upturn, which began in April, continued into June "and is expected to continue in the second half of the year". German housing permits, a key lead indicator of demand for Redland's German sales, fell 3 per cent year-on-year in the four months to 30 April.

• Deutsche Babcock's shares slumped as much as 30 per cent to DM50 (£21) amid market rumours of a financial crisis at the German engineering group. It was the latest bout in a wave of speculation that has wiped almost 70 per cent off Babcock's share price since the beginning of the year.

• Ladbroke sold its long leasehold interest at 20 Farringdon Road in London, which is occupied by broker Merrill Lynch, for £67.3m to Capital & Income. The proceeds will be used to reduce debt and provide funds for reinvestment in its core leisure businesses.

• Minorco sold its interest in Liberty International, formerly TransAtlantic Holdings, to SBC Warburg and UBS, for £56.6m. Before the sale, Minorco held 4.7 per cent of the ordinary shares and 9.81 per cent of the preference shares.

• Bardon bought EL Gardner of the US for a total sum of \$25m (£16m). The company said \$10m was paid in cash on completion and \$15m in a 12-month loan note. The book value of Gardner's net assets at 31 May was \$10.8 m.

• Newman Tonks, the building materials group, sold its Norwegian hardware and locks unit for £16.45m to Swedish group ASSA Abloy. The company said the sale reduces the group's gearing, which reached over 80 per cent on the acquisition of NT Dor-O-Matic Inc in March, to around 50 per cent.

• Pearl Assurance said the Government approved its plan to reward shareholders with a huge payout from surplus life insurance funds, raising hopes that other British insurance companies could follow suit. Its owners, Australian Mutual Provident Society, will gain nearly £1bn, while Pearl's 2 million policyholders will receive 90 per cent of a special £350m bonus.



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ELECTRICITY



GAS



TELECOMS



RETAIL



WATER

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"ScottishPower reserves the right to extend the Increased Offer."

market report/shares

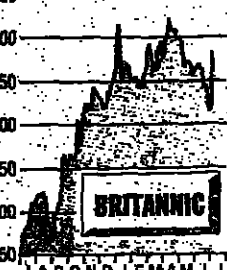
US rate fears set Footsie on a roller-coaster ride

DATA BANK

FT-SE 100
3743.2 - 17.4
FT-SE 250
4367.2 - 3.9
FT-SE 350
1884.8 - 7.2
SEAQ VOLUME
677.3m shares
31,420 bargains
Gilt Index
92.69 - 0.33

SHARE SPOTLIGHT

share price, pence



It was an astonishing, volatile session for shares. At one time the FT-SE 100 index was posting a 29.4 gain, representing a 75.9 advance since the start of trading on Thursday.

Then the dreaded US employment figures appeared. Once again they showed the US economy was moving ahead. But that was not what stock markets around the world wanted with the obvious implication that transatlantic interest rates would be pushed higher.

New York slumped; so did other markets with Footsie at one time down 31 points. By the close shares had got their second breath and the index was off 17.4 at 3743.2.

The roller-coaster ride did not encourage much trading. Once again investment activity was moderate with much of the swings due to the defensive sensibilities of market makers.

Government stocks weak-

ened, unsettled by the ragged retreat of US bonds.

The US-inspired threat of higher domestic interest rates left building shares feeling the pinch. Banks and composite insurers were victims of US bonds with only Bank of Scotland resisting the downward tug. It was encouraged by next week's marketing for the sale of insurance group Standard Life's 32.3 per cent stake. The shares rose 5p to 241p after touching 249.5p.

Life insurers resisted the slide. Pearl Assurance, controlled by Australian Mutual, has agreed a deal with the Department of Trade & Industry over its so-called orphan funds. It should result in a bonus, split between policy holders (90 per cent) and shareholders (10 per cent). Legal & General, up 6p at 67.2p, has already concluded a similar deal.

But the insurers still talking



MARKET REPORT

DEREK PAIN

Stock market reporter of the year

to the DTI sprang to life, completely ignoring such considerations as American employment numbers. Britannic jumped 43p to 357p and Refine 15p to 473p. United Friendly, which had already arranged an orphan deal, rose 20p to 765p.

Barry International, the insurer, eased 3p to 357p as Minorco was confirmed as Thursday's seller. It sold an effective 5 per cent stake to SBC Warburg and UBS.

Zeneca had another active session with the shares climbing 23p to a peak of 1,464p. US approval for its Kadian capsules for morphine doses seemed to be the major influence.

Other blue chips higher included BSkyB, the satellite television station, up 9p to 453p, on reports it had produced new digital specifications and a nudge from Warburg.

An upbeat trading statement helped Redland, the building materials group, to muster a 6p gain to 408p with RMC pulled 14p higher to 1,450p.

Pearson encountered selling down 15p at 642p; Mirror Group and United News and Media felt the impact of the latest hostilities in the newspaper price war with Mirror off 3p at 203p and United 4p at 666p. British Airways shrugged off

the threatened pilots strike, gaining 2p to 538p.

Eurotherm recovered 29p of Thursday's fall, closing at 544p. Manchester United slipped 7p to 455p as rumours swirled around the City that finance director Robin Lauder was signing on for Leeds United, now controlled by Caspian, the media group.

Conrad, back from suspension after failing to capture Leeds, traded at 4p, down 12.5p.

Upton & Southern, the department stores group rescued by ex-Texas do-it-yourself chief Ron Trenter, held at 3.75p. There is talk it is on the verge of clinching the takeover of a well known store.

Chepstow Racecourse held at 1.11p. Stan Clarke, chairman of the St Modwen property group and owner of Uttoxeter and Newcastle racecourses, has lifted his stake to 12.85 per cent, buying 13,150

shares. He has held an interest in the Welsh course since 1994, the year when he bid unsuccessfully for United Racecourses, owner of Epsom, Sandown and Kempton.

Belcanto, a supplier to support vessels for the offshore oil and gas industry, is paying a special dividend of 20 cents a share, enough to lift the shares 3p to 46p.

Dring's of Bath, a specialist stonemason floated by stockbroker Ellis & Partners, traded on AIM at 4p against a 3p placing.

Electronic Data Processing held at 89p. Stockbroker Albert E. Sharp regard the shares as a sell. It believes that given the company's record of undershooting forecasts the shares look fully valued even if it does stage a modest recovery next year.

Analyst Richard Lucas is looking for £2.5m (against £2.9m) this year with £2.7m next.

TAKING STOCK

What is going on at Enniskillen, the aggregates group? The shares rose 3p to 51p at 50p. On Thursday Lafarge, the French group, mounted an agreed 46p share bid. There was speculation Redland, which has 41 per cent following an unsuccessful hostile bid two months ago, had decided to return to the fray. Its offer was 35p. Lafarge has built a 41 per cent shareholding.

English National Investment Co, where Bahamas-based investor Joseph Lewis has a significant influence, jumped 14p to 94p.

There was talk of an investment presentation for AutoNomy, with Internet test searching technology, where ENI has an option on 20.1 per cent. BCE, also involved in AutoNomy, edged forward to 19.25p.

Alcoholic Beverages

Stock	Price	Change
Guinness	1.10	+0.05
Heavenly Brew	0.85	+0.02
Johnnie Walker	1.20	+0.01
White Horse	0.90	+0.03

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Foreign Exchange Rates

STERLING				DOLLAR				D-MARK	
Country	Spot	1 month	3 months	Country	Spot	1 month	3 months	Country	Spot
US	1.5581	5-3	7-4	1000	1000	2-1	0.0857	9845	9800
Canada	2.2822	11-3	10-37	10326	29-24	24-81	1000	0.0857	9800
Germany	2.0761	48-41	140-30	10326	29-24	24-81	1000	0.0857	9800
France	2.0063	128-13	165-24	10326	29-24	24-81	1000	0.0857	9800
Italy	2.0063	48-43	162-96	10326	29-24	24-81	1000	0.0857	9800
Japan	172-43	75-70	225-18	10326	29-24	24-81	1000	0.0857	9800
South Africa	2.0063	48-43	162-96	10326	29-24	24-81	1000	0.0857	9800
ECU	123-23	15-11	55-40	10326	29-24	24-81	1000	0.0857	9800
Belgium	48-85	12-7	32-25	10326	29-24	24-81	1000	0.0857	9800
Denmark	92-50	16-18	445-25	10326	29-24	24-81	1000	0.0857	9800
Netherlands	265-15	55-57	17-14	10326	29-24	24-81	1000	0.0857	9800
Ireland	100-70	7-3	20-14	10326	29-24	24-81	1000	0.0857	9800
Norway	100-70	20-20	20-20	10326	29-24	24-81	1000	0.0857	9800
Spain	100-70	21-31	39-48	10326	29-24	24-81	1000	0.0857	9800
Sweden	100-70	0-6	1-8	10326	29-24	24-81	1000	0.0857	9800
Switzerland	100-70	10-16	135-12	10326	29-24	24-81	1000	0.0857	9800
Australia	100-70	20-21	37-45	10326	29-24	24-81	1000	0.0857	9800
Hong Kong	100-70	10-11	23-10	10326	29-24	24-81	1000	0.0857	9800
Malaysia	100-70	0-1	0-1	10326	29-24	24-81	1000	0.0857	9800
New Zealand	100-70	42-57	133-55	10326	29-24	24-81	1000	0.0857	9800
Saudi Arabia	100-70	0-0	0-0	10326	29-24	24-81	1000	0.0857	9800
South Africa	100-70	0-0	0-0	10326	29-24	24-81	1000	0.0857	9800
Thailand	100-70	0-0	0-0	10326	29-24	24-81	1000	0.0857	9800

OTHER SPOT RATES			
Country	Spot	Dollar	Sterling
Argentina	13534	0.0887	0.1020
Australia	10722	0.7035	0.1020
Canada	12827	1.0047	0.1020
France	22453	6.5320	0.1020
Germany	52763	3.4050	0.1020
Italy	12545	4.8885	0.1020
Japan	25518	16.4000	0.1020
South Africa	37478	23.8400	0.1020
Spain	100-70	0-0	0-0
Sweden	100-70	0-0	0-0
Switzerland	100-70	0-0	0-0
Thailand	100-70	0-0	0-0
United States	100-70	0-0	0-0

Notes: Forward rates quoted N/A to 100 are at a discount (below spot) and N/A to 100 are at a premium (above spot). Dollar rates quoted N/A to 100 are at a discount (below spot) and N/A to 100 are at a premium (above spot). Gold rates quoted N/A to 100 are at a discount (below spot) and N/A to 100 are at a premium (above spot).

Tourist Rates			
Country	1 Day	2 Days	3 Days
Australia (Dollars)	13534	27068	40602
Canada (Dollars)	10722	21444	32166
France (Dollars)	22453	44906	67359
Germany (Dollars)	52763	105526	158289
Italy (Dollars)	12545	25090	37635
Japan (Yen)	25518	51036	76554
South Africa (Rand)	37478	74956	112434
Spain (Pesetas)	100-70	0-0	0-0
Sweden (Kronor)	100-70	0-0	0-0
Switzerland (Francs)	100-70	0-0	0-0
Thailand (Baht)	100-70	0-0	0-0
United States (Dollars)	100-70	0-0	0-0

Interest Rates			
Country	Rate	Country	Rate
UK	5.75%	Germany	2.50%
Base	5.75%	France	2.50%
Norway	3.50%	Italy	2.50%
Investment	3.50%	Japan	2.50%
Italy	2.50%	Spain	2.50%
Australia	8.00%	Sweden	2.50%
Denmark	2.50%	Switzerland	2.50%
Advances	2.50%	Thailand	2.50%

Bond Yields			
Country	5 yr	10 yr	30 yr
UK	7.1%	7.4%	8.0

Trigger
sale off

the Ascot Gold Cup last month - would be completed after his defeat at the Royal Meeting. But news of an injury to the chestnut's off-fore forced the transaction, involving a move to Saudi Arabia, to be put on hold, and now it has been called off altogether.

7-4 Sporting Goods
B-1 Comic Mkt., 10-1 Public Wk., 16-1 Orders

...

7-4 Sporting Goods
B-1 Comic Mkt., 10-1 Public Wk., 16-1 Orders

...



One of the yearly 4,000 drug tests takes place at the IOC-approved laboratory at King's College, London, yesterday

Photograph: Adam Scott

Tough battle to beat cheats

It is difficult to believe that one of sport's toughest battles is being fought in three small rooms that look like a cross between a school science lab and a local freezer store, in a university building in a leafy London street.

Thirty upright freezers line the walls, but their trays are not packed with frozen pizza and ice cream, but urine samples. Cancers can be finished and reputations smashed in Britain's drug control centre, one of only 24 across the world accredited by the International Olympic Committee.

There nearly all of the British team going to Atlanta next week have been tested, although none of the 18 white-

coated staff would know the identity of the owners of any of the samples. To them the 4,000 tests that the centre, part of King's College, London, carries out each year are anonymous, although they do not treat them any less seriously for that.

Incoming samples – each competitor tested provides two, identified as A and B – are carefully checked and labelled, and methodically stored. Any irregularities in the procedures will be seized on by any competitor who is discredited by the test and then aims to restore their reputation on appeal or in the courts.

After preparation, a rain-dropped-sized part of the A sample is minutely analysed in a

Mike Richards visits a laboratory where sport seeks a clean bill of health

£50,000 grey metal box about as large as an office photocopier, better known to scientists as a mass spectrometer. The method is capable of detecting steroids, stimulants and a host of hormones, but the laboratory is constantly trying to improve its techniques.

Only between one and two per cent of tests prove positive, a figure which is mirrored by the world's other testing sites, but the centre's director, Dr David Cowan, admits athletes can slip

through the net, and may do so at the Olympics.

"Obviously I hope there are no problems in Atlanta. If the athletes have been properly informed about the sensitivity of the testing and deterred from taking drugs, that will be a success story," Dr Cowan said.

"But they might be taking other substances. That's why it is so important work goes ahead to detect new substances and why research is so important. We can never say we've solved it and become complacent."

In Atlanta, the IOC will be using even more advanced machines to detect cheats than at King's, where the testing was conducted for Euro 96 and the last rugby union World Cup. But

even then some drug-takers may go unnoticed.

"It is no secret that there are these banned substances which we cannot detect, things like growth hormone," Dr Cowan said. "At least we can detect them but we cannot prove they have been administered. There could be athletes out there who are taking those."

Despite that warning, Dr Cowan, one of the centre's founders 18 years ago, is essentially optimistic. "If you ask me if I, with all my expertise and experience in the field, could beat the test consistently and take drugs, I am not sure. They are so sophisticated I would be gambling."

Charles Arthur, page 17

Christie delays his quest for gold

Lindford Christie, who pulled out of last night's grand prix meeting here as a precaution because of a sore hamstring, will next race on Wednesday, when he will run in the 100 metres at the Nice Grand Prix, writes Mike Rowbottom in Oslo.

Christie, beaten over 100 and 200 metres in Lausanne last Wednesday, flew back to Britain yesterday after receiving treatment at the Munch clinic of Dr Hans-Müller Wolffhardt.

The Olympic 100m champion, who announced last week that he will be defending his title, is clearly feeling the strain of five races in six days, having competed at Paris and Gateshead before his competition in

Switzerland. In making the decision, Christie has been obliged to forgo seeking the £85,000 worth of gold bars on offer to winners at all of the self-styled Golden Four events – Oslo, Zurich, Brussels and Berlin. But that possibility will be a small price to pay if he can regain top fitness for the Olympics.

He knows there is still a large gap to make up on his sometime training partner Frankie Fredericks, who ran within 0.01sec of the 100m world record in Lausanne, a performance all the more remarkable for the fact that it was achieved in a headwind of 0.4 metres per second.

Before setting off for the

Games, Christie is due to run in the Crystal Palace Grand Prix on Friday night. But the world 200 and 400m champion, Michael Johnson, will not, after his disagreement with the British Athletic Federation over their refusal to let him run the one-lap event in London. Johnson, who has turned down the offer of running the 200m at Crystal Palace because it does not suit his racing plan, is reportedly ready to sue the BAF for breach of contract.

The BAF spokesman, Tony Ward, said yesterday that no writ had been received. "There was a considerable amount of faxes and proposals going back and forth between ourselves and

Brad Hunt's group of athletes," Ward said. "But we did not have contact with them."

Meanwhile Britain's other Olympic champion, Sally Gunnell, is putting her feet up on doctor's orders after the injury scare which forced her to pull up halfway through her 400m hurdles race in Lausanne. Her emergency treatment by Roland Biedert, who operated on her right heel to remove a bone spur before Christmas last year, consisted of an experimental homeopathic injection into her left heel which consisted, among other things, of oil of poison.

Dr Biedert, who has also treated athletes such as Roger Black, Noureddine Morceli,

Christie and Irina Privalova at his clinic in the Swiss Alps, said he had never used the treatment on an elite performer but that it had been effective in 90 per cent of local cases.

"She has a good chance she can compete in Atlanta but it is not a 100 per cent chance," Biedert said.

Gunnell was relieved to learn that she would not require a further operation, but she faces a nervous week. She will only start light running after the weekend, and will not go to Atlanta until she has done some effective hurdling work in training. "If I thought I was only going to make up the numbers, I would probably not bother," she said.

A case of cautious optimism

Equestrianism

Britain's equestrian teams will aim to wipe out memories of their Barcelona blank when they compete in Atlanta with mixed hopes of medal success.

The show jumpers and the three-day eventers returned empty-handed from the last Games despite pre-event confidence, while the dressage riders were at least true to form in failing to secure their first Olympic medal.

This time there is again optimism, though rather more guarded than four years ago, since the Atlanta conditions of heat and humidity will be something of an unknown quantity for the European horses.

The sensitive animal welfare issue has prompted much concern over how the climate will affect the horses and a great deal of research has been carried out into questions of acclimatisation and how the events should be run.

One result is that the three-

day event, which makes particular demands during the cross-country, has been modified to provide extra "cooling-off" periods before the most strenuous part of the test.

It is the eventers who carry Britain's best hopes of a medal, with the competition now changed to stage separate team and individual events.

Previously, team medals have been awarded on an aggregate best-three scores basis from one competition.

Britain will be among the team favourites, having won the world and European titles in the past two years. They have picked eight horse-rider combinations, from which the team of four plus three individuals will be chosen.

The squad's most experienced rider is Ian Stark, who is ready for his fourth Olympics. The 42-year-old Scot has already collected three silver medals – two team and one individual – and could be a key figure in Britain's bid to capture gold for the first time since 1972.

Rugby League

DAVE HADFIELD

Both Workington Town and Paris St-Germain have had boosts for the match tomorrow that could decide who will be relegated from Super League.

Workington, two points adrift at the bottom, are the more desperate for the win and are able to give a debut to the former Brisbane Broncos and Penrith full-back, Butch Patnowa.

Paris can make themselves virtually safe by winning, and are relieved to have another Australian, the creative forward Ian Russell, fit for action.

Another bonus for coach John Kear is that three players called up for national service in the French army last week have been allowed on leave – Laurent Lucchese, Freddie Banquet and Fabien Devecchi are all in the squad and likely to play.

London Broncos, who are at home to Sheffield Eagles in today's only game, are without their injured captain, Terry Matterson. The likely solution

French leave aids Paris

Rugby League

DAVE HADFIELD

is to move Peter Gill from stand-off to his more normal position in the pack for this meeting of two clubs whose hopes of a top four finish have faded.

Leeds' side to play Oldham tomorrow is shrouded in uncertainty, with Kevin Iro and Francis Cummins facing fitness tests and four other players – Neil Harmon, Harvey Hassan – all at the end of their contracts and not yet agreeing new deals.

The Australian centre, Andrew Patmore, is out of Oldham's side and may now need an operation on a torn groin muscle. Warrington will be without captain Paul Cullen at Halifax, after a two-match suspension for a reckless challenge on Wigan's Jason Robinson last week.

Bramley forward Dean Hall has failed in his appeal against a 15-month ban for using his elbow to the head of an opponent. The appeals tribunal ruled yesterday that the suspension, one of the longest ever imposed in Britain, was justified by the

Wells swells his tally

Cricket

MICHAEL AUSTIN
reports from Leicester
Essex 163; Leicestershire 304-6

Becoming an opening batsman rated low in the ambitions of Vince Wells when the summer dawned. During the past fortnight in that role, he has amassed a cool 557 runs, adding 150 not out to two double hundreds.

Just as James Whitaker, his county captain, regarded the innings win over Yorkshire a fortnight ago as his own career highlight, Wells has enjoyed his finest sequence, by far, of an eight-year career that began in Kent. Wells and half-century maker David Mills shared an unbroken century partnership in the seventh wicket before rain ended play before tea.

Fourth in the table, Leicestershire established a 141-run lead, with full bonus points in the offing and a 24-point maximum looking probable.

In his past four innings, Wells has made 200 against Yorkshire, six against them in the Sunday League, followed by 201 in the NatWest game against Berkshire. Not bad for a converted middle-order batsman, whose first inkling of a protracted uplift to the top was the knee injury that forced Nigel Briers to retire in May.

This pitch has not been the most accommodating for batsmen, which put Wells' five-and-a-quarter hour innings, with 22 fours, into sharper profile. It was an epic of concentration, while others around him succumbed to the ball moving around and the occasional sharp lifter, notably one

from Steve Andrew that accounted for Phil Simmons.

Leicestershire lost three wickets in 10 balls bridging lunch but the Essex attack was mostly unconvincing. Even Mills seemed to possess a bat the width of a garage door. The fast bowler has always fancied himself as a stroke player and his assurance fortified Wells, especially after Simmons, Whitaker, Attab Habib and Paul Nixon had departed in swift succession.

Wells' most prolific stroke was the extra-cover drive, sweetly timed and condemning Essex to hard labour. The penal servitude is not yet over for them, though their temporary escape may come from an unpromising weather forecast. They must bat better second time to avoid a fifth consecutive defeat in Championship games against Leicestershire.

Roseberry ready for survival game

DAVID LLEWELLYN

reports from Maidstone
Kent 363; Durham 217-6

Big things were expected and needed from the more experienced of the Durham batsmen, when they set out after Kent's seemingly inadequate first innings total at Maidstone yesterday. Too often this season the bowlers have produced the goods only for their efforts to be wasted, which is probably why Durham are bottom of the County Championship without a win to their name, while Kent are second.

Initially, though, the Kent bowlers appeared to have discovered a "corridor of certainty" as they allowed the West Indies' Test opener, Shervin Campbell, plenty of room to cut and drive his way into confidence. Even the departure of the former England low-flier, John Morris, and the opener, Stewart Hutton, both victims of the admirable Martin McCague, appeared mere hiccup. The Mote wicket, everyone had agreed, was full of runs, it just needed someone to tap the vein.

However, the premature fall of Campbell and the brisk departure of Darren Bleakiron

changed all that. Suddenly, talk of a first-innings lead was turned into calculations of the follow-on figure.

The Durham side, and the umpires and scorers, had another problem – an outbreak of food poisoning. So worried were they that a local umpire was called up, ready to stand in if either Nigel Plews or Roy Palmer had to make a quick dash for safety.

Durham's captain, Mike Roseberry, was none too happy, either, having spent much of the previous night suffering with the stomach upset, but he was well aware that what was needed for his side was for him to stay there rather than cut a dash. For much of his 89-run stand with the silver-haired Phil Bainbridge, Roseberry was content to let his partner have the strike. Bainbridge made good use of it – he struck a series of lusty blows and had reached his third half-century in four matches by the time Matthew Fleming got him with a slower ball.

Roseberry, who had made seven when Bainbridge arrived and had added 14 when the partnership was broken almost two hours later, had reached a deserved half century by the time a downpour ended play at tea, with the follow-on avoided.

Glamorgan hit four centuries

Round-up

Glamorgan re-wrote their record books at Bristol yesterday when four batsmen passed 100 in the same innings. Captain Matthew Maynard (145) and Tony Cottey (101) built on the opening stand of 240 by Hugh Morris (108) and Stephen James (118).

However, there had been a sudden threat to Glamorgan's fortunes early in the day when the left-arm seamer Mike Smith, in prime form at present, dismissed Morris, Alun Evans and James in 20 balls, before Maynard and Cottey put the visitors back on course for a massive score.

Worcestershire's off-spinner Vikram Solanki took a career-best 5 for 116 at Old Trafford but Lancashire still reached 392, thanks largely to Jason Gallian's 140. Gallian was supported by Neil Fairbrother (46), Ian Austin (47) and Steve Elworthy (45).

Mushtaq Ahmed celebrated his return to Taunton with a Pakistan win over Somerset by 105 runs, a new two-year contract with the West Country club and a match analysis of 10 for 108, five in each innings. Only Peter Bowler (52) and Simon Ecclestone (57) offered much resistance for Somerset.

CRICKET SCOREBOARD

Britannia Assurance County Championship

Second day of four, 11.0 today

Gloucestershire v Glamorgan

BRISTOL: Gloucestershire (1st), with all first-innings wickets standing, are 406 runs behind Glamorgan (2nd).

Gloucestershire won toss

Gloucestershire – First innings

Overnight: 233 for 0

Overnight: 227 for 0

Overnight: 227 for 0

Overnight: 227 for 0

Overnight: 227 for 0

Overnight: 227 for 0

Overnight: 227 for 0

Overnight: 227 for 0

Overnight: 227 for 0

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Overnight: 227 for 0

SOMERSET – First innings 189 (P D Bowler 68; Mushtaq Ahmed 5-38)

PAKISTAN – Second innings

Overnight: 107 for 1

Overnight: 107 for 1

Overnight: 107 for 1

Overnight: 107 for 1

Overnight: 107 for 1

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Overnight: 107 for 1

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Overnight: 107 for 1

Court circular

The fastest men in SW19

The top tennis players are rarely slow in getting forward but some of them would seem to be slower than others. It is a known fact on the circuit, says the triple champion Pete Sampras, that Goran Ivanićević is the fastest server in the game. "When he [Sampras] gets on a roll he feels he can go for any part of the line," said Philippoussis, who served 44 aces at Wimbledon.

Sampras, beaten in the quarter-finals this year, disagrees and brings the Croat Ivanićević into the argument. "You've got to watch when Goran gets it in. You just have to guess at certain points," Sampras said of Ivanićević, who shot down 115 aces at the championships, serving once at 127mph.

Ask the 1991 winner, Michael Stich, and he can't tell the two men apart. "Goran and Pete are the most difficult to play on grass," Stich said.



The Centre Court yesterday offered a view that has been all too familiar this week. Photograph: David Asldown

Stich's service for charity

The 10th seed at Wimbledon, Michael Stich, only reached the fourth round this year but has been pouring a lot of his energy into promoting a charitable foundation, which he and his wife, Jessica Steck, have founded.

The Michael Stich Stiftung Charity assists HIV-infected children. With capital provided by Stich, plus the proceeds of a tennis event in Mannheim, it has made heartening progress. "We would like to share some of our good fortune with those that need it," Stich said.

Such only one of eight players to win at least one title every year since 1990, Stich launched his foundation in November 1994, soon after being runner-up in the US Open. He married Jessica in September 1992 and served on the ATP Tour Player's Council in 1993.

Donations or ideas for the foundation should be sent to: Michael Stich Stiftung, Feldmühlestrasse 31, 40639 Munich, Germany. Phone/Fax 49 89 17 54 11.

Monday is 'people's day'

With a third week looming at Wimbledon, All England club officials have confirmed that tickets for Sunday will be valid until the championships finish - whenever that is.

"If you have a ticket for Sunday it will be valid for subsequent days. They are not part of the rain cancellation scheme," said a club spokesman.

If Monday play is required, no decision over prices has been made but the club are trying to ensure that any unused tickets for the show courts are offered to the general public. The last time Monday play was needed, in 1992, 7,798 turned up creating a 'people's day'.

The record for a third Monday at Wimbledon was set in 1988 when 15,257 came in through the gates.

QUOTE OF THE DAY

"I have nothing to lose... I will have to attack, see what happens and see if the luck is with me this time." Arantxa Sanchez Vicario

STATISTICS OF THE DAY

1 - number of unseeded men's Wimbledon champions.
44 - aces served by Tim Henman.
26 - minutes spent on court by Steffi Graf yesterday.
10 - percentage of Centre Court seats given over to corporate hospitality.

TODAY'S WEATHER

Morning fine, then showers. Maximum temperature 18C

THE INDEPENDENT CRICKET LINES

International Tour Line
0891 881 485
All Counties News and Results
0891 525 075

Derbyshire 0891 525 370
Durham 0891 525 371
Essex 0891 525 372
Glamorgan 0891 525 373
Gloucestershire 0891 525 374
Hampshire 0891 525 375
Kent 0891 525 376
Lancashire 0891 525 377
Leics. 0891 525 378
Middlesex 0891 525 379
Northants 0891 525 380
Notts. 0891 525 381
Somerset 0891 525 382
Surrey 0891 525 383
Sussex 0891 525 384
Warwickshire 0891 525 385
Worcs. 0891 525 386
Yorkshire 0891 525 387

THE INDEPENDENT WIMBLEDON MATCHLINE

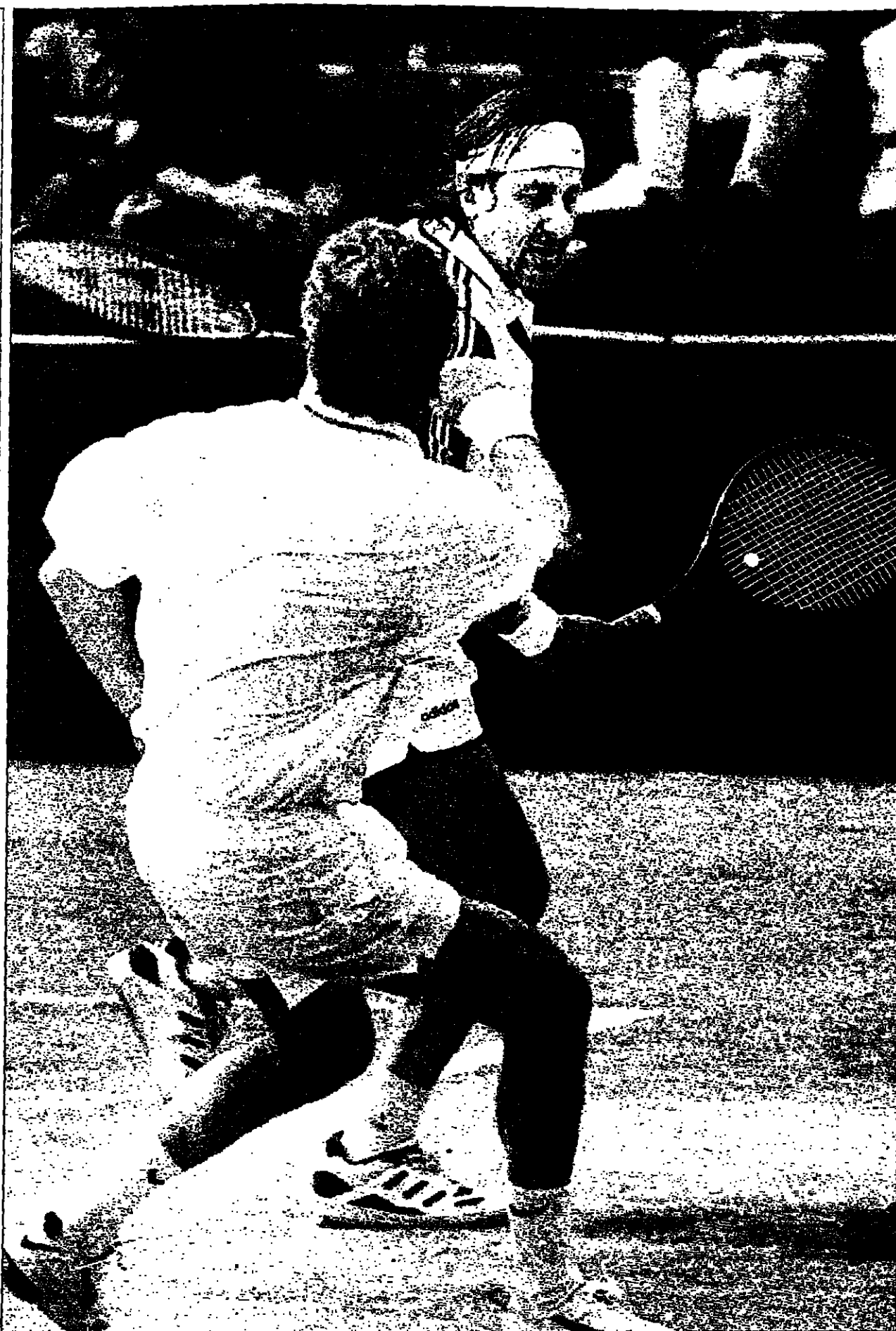
0891 555690
• Latest scores and results
• Today's completed results

VISITORLINE

0891 555691
• Getting there
• Order of play
• Weather outlook
• Booking tickets for '97

FAXLINE

0891 662246
Dial the above number from a handset linked to a fax machine and choose from the following options:
• Knockout chart
• Order of play
• Visitor info



Double act: Tom Okker (left) and Ilie Nastase have a joke during their victory over Tony Roche and John Newcombe in the quarter-finals of the men's over-45 doubles at Wimbledon yesterday. Photograph: David Asldown

Graf's aggression v Sanchez Vicario's attrition



There was little doubt Steffi Graf was ill yesterday. Her nose was bunged up, her husky voice betrayed the effects of a heavy cold and her forehead was covered in beads of sweat. Most people would have taken the day off. She reached a Wimbledon final.

The German, poised at one set all with Kimiko Date when their women's singles semi-final was suspended on Thursday night, finished off her Japanese opponent 6-2, 2-6, 6-3 in 26 minutes. Any longer, you suspect, and her health would have told against her.

Not that she volunteered any information about her illness, nor did she use it to provide a defence for losing her first set of the tournament. Fresh and prominent in her memory banks is Martina Navratilova's comment that she dreams up injuries to act as excuses should she lose.

"I've got... just sinuses, whatever," she said. "After Martina's comment, I'm not going to say anything more." Given her pallid appearance she did not need to.

Which just proves how long-distance appearances can deceive because there had been no tangible evidence of frailty in the six-times champion as she won the deciding set, by the way, in a display of power and vigour that was a far cry from the frailty she showed in her first set.

Her strokes were hurried, her service ailing and she was trying to generate power with the conditions against her.

"I don't think she could have played much better tennis," Graf said of the six successive games that Date took off her as day turned to night. "She played some great shots, very deep and flat. It was difficult to do something. Had she been saved by the dark? I wonder how much longer she could have kept it up," she replied, dismissing that theory before throwing a crumb to her opponent. "The court was slow, the balls were really heavy and these things were favouring her a little bit. So maybe it would have been more difficult."

Date, the 12th seed, certainly would have preferred to have continued on the Friday. A slow starter at the best of times, having to begin again yesterday handed the advantage to Graf, who rarely fails to seize these opportunities.

The most obvious difference in Graf's play was her serve. On the previous day only 48 per cent of her first serves were finding the target while she announced her renewed accuracy yesterday with an immediate ace. It proved a portent as she surrendered only five points on her five service games.

The air was lighter and the lawns quicker, too, so Graf's groundstrokes were coming faster at Date. The 25-year-old Japanese won virtually every rally that lasted long enough to allow her to dictate the tempo but her opponent's power rarely allowed her this luxury.

The crucial game was the

The champion's health may decide today's women's final. Guy Hodgson reports

With that Graf merely had to serve out the set to ensure a repeat of last year's final against Arantxa Sanchez Vicario. Which gets one out of 10 in terms of a surprise but no one will complain if today's match emulates the quality of 12 months ago. One of Wimbledon's great matches, it included a turning point of a game that lasted 20 minutes.

Since then Sanchez Vicario has also been on the losing side in another epic, the final of the French Open last month. A trend would appear to be setting set although the Spaniard

swears she is taking heart from her role as the gallant vanquished. If luck had not deserted her, she argues, Graf would be the one worrying about the immediate past.

Graf had enough problems with Date, who is a chase-and-retrieve clone of Sanchez Vicario, so is aware that dealing with the prototype will not be easy. "Arantxa doesn't really miss," she said. "She doesn't give you easy points. You have to play every single point and that's difficult over a course of two sets. You have to be the aggressor. You can never let up."

If Graf wins today it will be her 100th title and her 20th Grand Slam, the latter total second only to Margaret Court. Fully fit you would expect her to win, the doubt revolves around her health. A sneeze this morning and her chance might be blown away.

Henman to generate interest

Tim Henman, the man who put pride back into British tennis with his exploits at Wimbledon this year, will be competing in the Bournemouth International Open at the West Hants Club from 9 to 15 September.

Off to Ghana for a crucial Davis Cup tie in the Euro/Africa Zone Group Two next week, Henman will join the former French Open champion, Sergi Bruguera, and his fellow Spaniard, Alberto Costa, in the Bournemouth line-up.

The 21-year-old British No 1 has had a remarkable 12 months. Last June, he was ranked only 276th in the world. But he should climb into the top 40 for the first time when the latest batch of world rankings are announced on Monday.

John Feaver, the former British Davis Cup player who will be tournament director at Bournemouth, believes that the emergence of Henman and other British players such as Luke Milligan will mean a greater attendance than would otherwise have been expected at the West Hants Club.

WIMBLEDON RESULTS

Men's singles Holders: P Sampras (GB) Semi-final T Martin (US) vs M Washington (US) 7-6 4-6 7-6 3-6 Final S Graf (GER) vs K Date (JPN) 6-2 2-6 6-3	Women's singles Holders: S Graf (GER) Semi-final S Graf (GER) vs K Date (JPN) 6-2 2-6 6-3 Final S Graf (GER) vs K Date (JPN) 6-2 2-6 6-3	Men's over-35 doubles Holders: P Sampras (GB) and L Shriver (US) Quarter-finals M J McEnroe (US) and L Shriver (US) vs P Sampras (GB) and L Shriver (US) 6-3 6-4 Semi-finals M J McEnroe (US) and L Shriver (US) vs P Sampras (GB) and L Shriver (US) 6-3 6-4 Final M J McEnroe (US) and L Shriver (US) vs P Sampras (GB) and L Shriver (US) 6-3 6-4	Women's over-35 doubles Holders: P Sampras (GB) and L Shriver (US) Quarter-finals M J McEnroe (US) and L Shriver (US) vs P Sampras (GB) and L Shriver (US) 6-3 6-4 Semi-finals M J McEnroe (US) and L Shriver (US) vs P Sampras (GB) and L Shriver (US) 6-3 6-4 Final M J McEnroe (US) and L Shriver (US) vs P Sampras (GB) and L Shriver (US) 6-3 6-4
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POWDER
MEDICATED TALC FOR FUNGAL INFECTIONS

Serve Regularly to beat Athlete's Foot

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SPORT

THIRD TEST: England face an uphill struggle at Trent Bridge

BOXING: Steve Collins prepares for another big pay day

26

22

WIMBLEDON 96: Frustration for men's semi-finals as rain delays a finish in one and a start in the other

Graf keeps date with Sanchez Vicario

JOHN ROBERTS

Tennis Correspondent

It was not yet noon, and the sun was still teasing us. Steffi Graf had completed her overtime, a final set to defeat Kimiko Date, 6-2, 2-6, 6-3, and was ready to nurse her sinuses. Arantxa Sanchez Vicario had practised and was resting in preparation to renew her rivalry with Graf in the women's singles final today.

Meanwhile, the four men whose names almost escaped everyone en route to the semi-finals were wondering how long the weather would hold. Eleven days at Wimbledon had reinforced their faith in taking one match at a time, though not necessarily in the space of 24 hours.

Todd Martin, the last seed on the lawn, and his American compatriot MaliVai Washington were sent out to make the best of it. The Dutchman Richard Krajicek and Australia's Jason Stoltenberg, conquerors of Pete Sampras and Goran Ivanisevic respectively, waited and hoped. Martin tried to push things along, winning the opening three games against Washington, but his nerve seemed to tighten when he served for the set at 5-3. Although broken at this stage, Martin regained the initiative and secured a lead, 7-5, but Washington had been sufficiently encouraged to make the running in the second set.

In common with his opponent, Washington experienced difficulty when it came to serving out the set. Martin saved the first of three set points at 4-5 with a cross-court forehand. On the second, Washington found the net with a forehand.

When Martin hit a forehand wide to leave a third set point hanging, a spectator shouted, "Come on, Washington!" "OK," Washington said, glancing up, and proceeded to terminate a brief rally with a smash for 6-4. Although Martin took a 4-1

YESTERDAY AT WIMBLEDON

Steffi Graf beats Kimiko Date to reach women's singles final

Martin and Washington all square in first men's semi-final

Krajicek and Stoltenberg have to bide their time

lead in the third set, spectators anticipated a lapse. Sure enough, he was broken when serving for set at 5-3, a forehand clipping the net cord and drifting wide.

A confident crosscourt backhand created a set point for Martin in the next game, but Washington served it away with an ace, after which neither player had another opportunity before the shoot-out.

Unseeded Men's Singles finalists

1990 Bill Tilden (US) (2) bt Wilmer Allison (US) 6-3 9-7 6-4.
1963 Vic Seixas (US) (2) bt Kurt Nielsen (Den) 9-7 6-3 6-4.
1956 Tony Trabert (US) (1) bt Kurt Nielsen (Den) 6-3 7-5 6-1.
1989 Alex O'Connell (US) (1) bt Rod Laver (Aus) 6-4 6-3 6-4.
1982 Rod Laver (Aus) (1) bt Martin Mulligan (Aus) 6-2 6-2 6-1.
1983 Chuck McKinley (US) (4) bt Fred Stolle (Aus) 9-7 6-1 6-4.
1967 John Newcombe (Aus) (3) bt Wilhelm Bungert (Ger) 6-3 6-1 6-1.
1983 John McEnroe (US) (2) bt Chris Lewis (NZ) 6-2 6-2 6-2.
1985 Boris Becker (WG) bt Kevin Curren (SA) (1) 6-3 6-7 7-6 6-4.

By now, ominous clouds were gathering, and the rain first began to spit during the tie-break. Washington asked the umpire to request the crowd to be quiet during rallies – such as they were – but he was unable to capitalise on a 3-1 lead.

He did, however, vigorously fight off two more set points when serving at 3-6, and Mar-

tin subsequently double-faulted on a fourth opportunity. Composing himself, Martin immediately delivered an ace to create a fifth set point, and he converted this one with a powerful service return for 8-6.

Play was then suspended for the first time, for 35 minutes, after which Washington appeared to return to the court the more eager. He pounced on his opponent's rare loose serves, and was the beneficiary of Martin's tendency to be tentative with his volleys.

A combination of these factors cost Martin the fourth set, 3-6, and enabled Washington to square the match. Having denied his opponent four game points at 3-2, Washington passed him with a forehand return off a second serve to give himself a break point. And when Martin again missed his first serve, Washington's return unnerved him into hitting a backhand volley over the baseline.

They had been playing for two hours and 43 minutes, and the result was still in the balance – 7-5, 4-6, 7-6, 3-6 – when further rain delayed the start of the final set. The All England Club again did its best to entertain the dampened Centre Court spectators – showtime with Sir Cliff Richard on Wednesday, an audience with Sir Peter Ustinov yesterday. Who next, Michael Fish?

More reports, results, page 27



Service with style: MaliVai Washington in action against Todd Martin yesterday

Photograph: David Ashdown

THE INDEPENDENT CROSSWORD

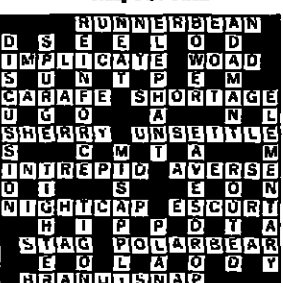
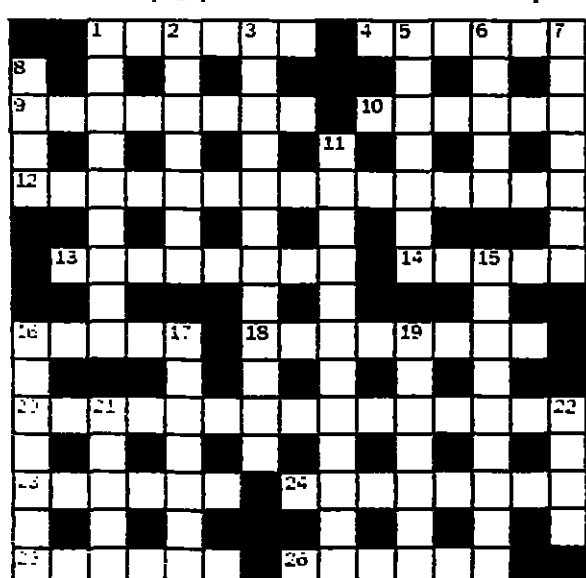
Lost for words?

Turn to the Franklin Bookman Dictionary and Thesaurus.

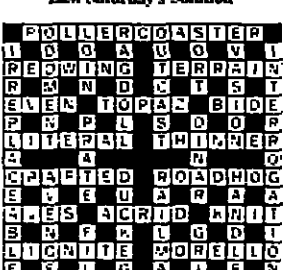
No. 3032, Saturday 6 July

By Phil

Friday's Solution



Last Saturday's Solution



- ACROSS**
- Back in less than a minute! (6)
 - Due providing benefit (6)
 - Grating power (3) reverse infatigable in weather (8)
 - Person made by note as benchmark of progress (6)
 - Unprovable trigonometric proposition, a variety of emotional form (4) (8)
 - Five argument: It's loaded! (4-2-2)
 - English chap moving back-ward in charge (5)
 - Nagging toy in part used for reflection (5)
 - King found by single hope-ful in the middle (1,2)
 - Could it measure the effect of a blow on the nose? (4-5-6)

- DOWN**
- What's right for a theatre audience? (5,4)
 - Pass blocked by solitary officer (7)
 - Civil ends are served up in-cludes drop of hooch – so it's not this! (5,4)
 - Unexceptional edition of Bible getting English to rant (7)

- ACROSS**
- Get a grip on second cliff (5)
 - Mundane arrangement to re-enter (7)
 - Fair! There's a charge to go round it (4)
 - Shielded Prince after affair involving King – dead? Dead (6-6)
 - Bumping road? I rate risk "ap-palling" (3-6)
 - Noticed a fight (something that may be seen in a ring?) (7)
 - Credit? I hose trading around credit (7)
 - Discussion over each Univer-sity building in France? (7)
 - Energy in the immediate fu-ture used up? It's a portent of the end (5)
 - Unpleasant row (4)

THE FRANKLIN SCRAMBLE

Make the longest word you can from HAWKLESD Friday's Scramble: OBSERVANT

Win a Franklin Bookman Dictionary and Thesaurus worth £100

The first correct solution to this week's puzzle opened next Thursday win a Franklin Bookman Dictionary and Thesaurus worth £100. Answers and the winner's name will be published next Saturday. Send solutions to Saturday Crossword, P.O. Box 4018, The Independent, 1 Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5BL. Please use the box number and postcode and give your own postcode. Last week's winner was Alan Reid, Wheatley, Doncaster.

In tomorrow's
Independent
on Sunday

Ben Ainslie, the Olympic sailor, is the focus of a feature in tomorrow's Independent on Sunday. The article explores his journey from a young sailor to an Olympic champion, highlighting his dedication and the challenges he has faced.

The feature also includes insights into Ainslie's training regimen and his thoughts on the upcoming Olympic Games. It is a comprehensive look at one of the most talented sailors in the world.

Ben Ainslie's story is a testament to the power of passion and hard work. His journey from a local club to the pinnacle of the sport is inspiring for anyone who dreams of achieving greatness.

The Independent on Sunday is proud to present this exclusive feature. It is a must-read for anyone interested in sports, particularly sailing, and for anyone who admires the spirit of an Olympic champion.

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